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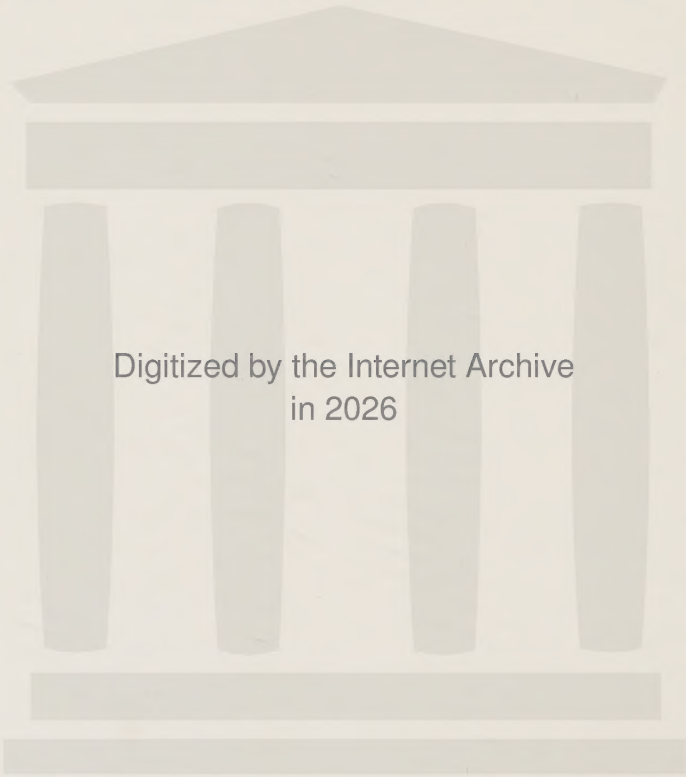
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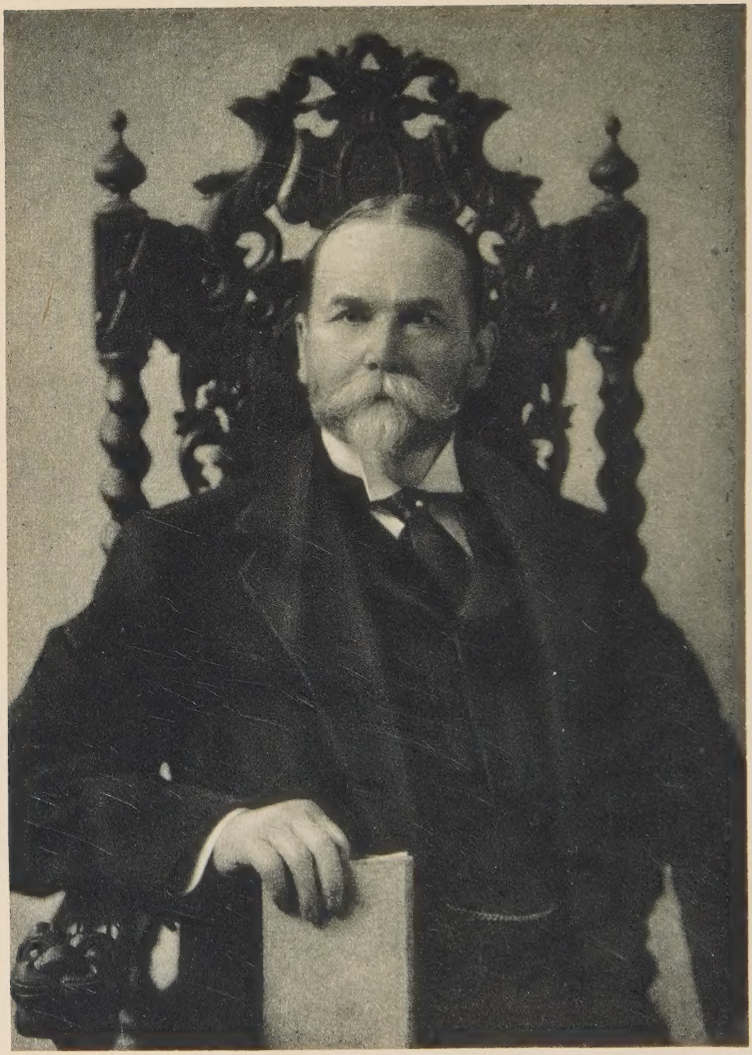

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ů as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ṫh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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G

GUNSAULUS, Frank Wakeley, an American poet, and educator; born at Chesterville, O., January 1, 1856. He was educated at the Ohio Wesleyan University, and became a Methodist preacher in 1875, and in 1879 he took charge of a Congregational church in Columbus. In 1885 he became pastor of the Brown Memorial Church in Baltimore, and two years later he was called to Plymouth Church, Chicago, with which latter pastorate he united the labors of president of the Armour Institute. His published works include *November at Eastwood* (1881); *Metamorphoses of a Creed* (1884); *Songs of Day and Night* (1888); *Monk and Knight* (1891); *Phidias and Other Poems* (1891); *Loose Leaves of Song* (1893), and lectures on *Savonarola; John Hampden; Oliver Cromwell,* and *The Higher Ministries of Contemporary English Poetry.*

UNPLEASANT VISITORS.

More came into the vaulted room just as the abbot and Erasmus had partaken of the excellent beer which was brewed by the monks of Glastonbury. After sipping a little more and remarking upon its good quality they started, with the proud head of the institution, to look at the interesting and sacred relics. Old Fra Giovanni breathing whispers to Vian, who came close to Abbot Richard, came and went with surprising free-

dom, as they proceeded from spot to spot. This beautiful youth amidst these ancient buildings, this fresh boyhood in this atmosphere of antiquity — the contrasts and the suggestions made the scholar and the statesman silent. Abbot Richard, however, talked incessantly.

"For fifteen centuries and more, the cross has stood on this spot; and yet some fear that base men will some day be wicked enough to raze these buildings to the earth. The saints forefend us!"

He listened for a reply, but Erasmus said only this: "There will be no change but for the better, I am sure."

"Ah, if I could be sure!" urged the abbot. "Heretics are everywhere, and kings are silent. Would that the sword were drawn but once! they would disappear."

"Nay," said More; "ideas alone may conquer ideas. Saint Peter once drew his sword; and his Master bade him sheath it again."

"Yes, good friend!" added Erasmus; "ideas cannot be swept back by institutions — for institutions are only the forms of old ideas."

He was just going to say that new ideas often supplanted them with new institutions, when the abbot, somewhat nettled, said, "And what if these old ideas be true ideas?"

"Then," cautiously replied Erasmus — "then they need no swords; they and their institutions will stand forever."

"Ah!" said the abbot, "the Holy Church is an institution of God, not the embodiment of any human ideas."

Thomas More remembered the story of the young Christ as the "Son of Man" standing in the temple and saying, while Sabbath and temple were being transformed, "A greater than the temple is here."

Erasmus said meditatively, in Vian's hearing, "Even the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath"— and he wanted to say that man was God's child, and dearer to Him than all else; but they were nearing Glastonbury Thorn.

The abbot was eloquent; and Vian wondered at what was sure to be plain to him at a later day — what could

Master Erasmus have meant by that quotation about the Sabbath which the boy had already seen in the Vulgate?

"This is but an ordinary bush to profane eyes," said Abbot Richard, as if he would prevent any outburst of rationalism and irreverence on the part of Erasmus, whose words, especially when spoken in Vian's presence, he dreaded; "but it is something else to the eye of history and to the heart of faith."

"Sometimes, your Reverence, the over-zealous heart of faith makes the eye of history very near-sighted," remarked the unimpressible scholar.

It was a thrust which the abbot was glad Vian did not notice; but it nearly staggered the credulous and loquacious Churchman.—*Monk and Knight.*

CARE AND CARELESSNESS.

I care not that the storm sways all the trees
  And floods the plain and blinds my trusting sight;
I only care that o'er the land and seas
  Comes sometimes Love's perpetual peace and light.

I care not if the thunder-cloud be black
  Till that last instant when my work is done;
I only care that o'er the gloomy rack
  Flames forth the promise of a constant sun.

I care not that sharp thorns grow thick below
  And wound my hands and scar my anxious feet;
I only care to know God's roses grow
  And I may somewhere find their odor sweet.

I care not if they be not white but red—
  Red as the blood-drops from a wounded heart;
I only care to ease my aching head
  With faith that somewhere God hath done His part.

I care not that the furnace-fire of pain
  Laps round and round my life and burns alway;
I only care to know that not in vain
  The fierce heats touch me throughout night and day.

I care not that the mass of molten ore
  Trembles and bubbles at the chilly mold;
I only care that daily more and more
  There comes to be a precious thing of gold.

I care not if, in years of such despair,
  I reach in vain and seize no purpose vast;
I only care that I sometime somewhere,
  May find a meaning shining at the last.

—*Songs of Night and Day.*

GUNTER, ARCHIBALD CLAVERING, an Anglo-American novelist; born at Liverpool, October 25, 1847. His parents removed to California in 1853. He was educated in England and in the United States, graduating from University College, San Francisco. He followed his profession of mining and civil engineering in the West until 1874, when he became a stockbroker in San Francisco. In 1877 he removed to New York, and has since devoted himself to literature. He wrote a play, entitled *Cuba,* while he was pursuing his collegiate studies. Later plays are *Two Nights in Rome,* produced in New York in 1889; *Fresh, the American* (1890), and more recently, in quick succession, *Courage; After the Opera; The Wall Street Bandit; Prince Karl,* and *The Deacon's Daughter.* He has also dramatized several of his own novels; of which the first, *Mr. Barnes of New York* (1887), has been published in several languages. Other novels are *Mr. Potter of Texas* (1888); *That Frenchman* (1889); *Miss Nobody of Nowhere* (1890); *Small Boys in Big Boots* (1890); *Miss Dividends* (1892); *Baron Montez of Panama*

and Paris (1893); *A Florida Enchantment* (1893); *A Princess of Paris* (1894), and its sequel, *The King's Stockbroker* (1894); *The First of the English* (1895); and *Adrienne de Portalis* (1900). In 1905, Mr. Barnes commenced the publication of *Gunter's Magazine,* a periodical of fiction.

THE PARIS SALON.

In one of the larger rooms of the *Salon* a mass of people are striving to see one of the pictures of the season. French, English, Italians, Americans, Austrians, Germans, every nationality of the world are grouped together in the crowd while from its depths pours out a confused variety of tongues, accents, dialects and languages that, massed together, make a lunacy of idea and babel of sound.

"*Magnifique!*"

"Disappointing!"

"*Splendida!*"

"It will get a medal!"

"*Ich halte nicht viel davon!*"

"*Mon Dieu! Quelle foule!*"

"I prefer Gérôme!"

"This 'orrid jam is worse than Piccadilly!"

"It reminds me of 'la Cigale!'"

"Je-rue-sa-*lem!* It looks like Sally Spotts in swimming!" This last comes from a cattle King from Kansas, who makes the remark on the edge of the crowd, but now excitedly forces his way toward the picture; and as he has the form of a Goliath and strength of a Samson Mr. Barnes, who has been most of the past year in the United States, but has run over to Europe to avoid the American summer, concludes he is a good man to do the pushing and squeezing for him, and quietly drops into his wake.

"Cracky! It *is* Sally Spotts!" repeats the Westerner.

And he is right; the belle of an Ohio village has wandered to Paris and is now as celebrated for her beauty, though not, alas, for her virtue, in this capital

of nations, as she once was as Sally Spotts in her rural American home. Her old father and mother mourn her as dead and are happier than if they knew that the little innocent child that knelt and prayed with them each night before sleeping, lived as "La Belle Blackwood," that celebrity of the *demi-monde,* whose beauty makes so much of the attraction of this famous picture, for which she posed as the model.— *Mr. Barnes of New York.*

GUTHRIE, THOMAS, a Scottish clergyman, orator and philanthropist; born at Brechin, July 12, 1803; died at St. Leonard's, near Hastings, England, February 24, 1873. He was the son of a banker; studied at Edinburgh, and was licensed to preach in 1825. Afterward he studied medicine at Paris, and was subsequently for some time employed in his father's bank. In 1830 he was presented to the small parish of Arbirlot, from which in 1837 he was transferred to the Old Grayfriars' parish in Edinburgh, where he achieved a distinguished reputation as a preacher and philanthropist. He left the Established Church of Scotland at the disruption in 1843, and became one of the ministers of the Free Church. In 1854 he was obliged to give up public speaking, and became editor of the *Sunday Magazine.* He was one of the founders of the "Ragged," or Industrial, School of Edinburgh. Mr. Guthrie's works are contained in some twenty volumes, and consist mainly of sermons and republications from *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine.* Among these are *The Gospel in Ezekiel; The Way to Life; On the Parables; Out of Harness; Studies of Character; Man*

and the Gospel; Our Father's Business; and the *City and Ragged Schools.* An edition of his *Works,* with an *Autobiography,* and a *Memoir* by his sons, was issued in 1874.

SUBSIDENCE OF LAND AND HOME.

There is a remarkable phenomenon to be seen on certain parts of our coast. Strange to say it proves, notwithstanding such expressions as "the stable and solid land," that it is not the land but the sea which is the stable element. On some summer day, when there is not a wave to rock her, nor breath of wind to fill her sail or fan a cheek, you launch your boat upon the waters, and pulling out beyond lowest tide-mark you idly lie upon her bows to catch the silvery glance of a passing fish, or watch the movements of the many curious creatures that travel the sea's sandy bed, or creeping out of their rocky homes, wander amid its tangled mazes. If the traveler is surprised to find a deep-sea shell imbedded in the marbles of a mountain peak, how great is your surprise to see beneath you a vegetation foreign to the deep! Below your boat, submerged many feet beneath the surface of the lowest tide, away down in these green crystal depths, you see no rusting anchor, no mouldering remains of some shipwrecked one, but in the standing stumps of trees, the mouldering vestiges of a forest, where once the wild cat prowled, and the birds of heaven, singing their loves, had nestled and nursed their young. In counterpart to those portions of our coast where sea-hollowed caves, with sides which the waves have polished, and floors, still strewed with shells and sand, now stand high above the level of strongest stream-tides, there stand these dead, decaying trees — entombed in the deep. A strange phenomenon, which admits of no other explanation than this, that there the coast-line has sunk beneath its ancient level.

Many of our cities present a phenomenon as melancholy to the eye of a philanthropist, as the other is interesting to a philosopher or geologist. In their eco-

nomical, educational, moral, and religious aspects, certain parts of this city bear palpable evidence of a corresponding subsidence. Not a single house, nor a block of houses, but whole streets, once from end to end the homes of decency, and industry, and wealth, and rank, and piety, have been engulfed. A flood of ignorance, and misery, and sin now breaks and roars above the top of their highest tenements. Nor do the old stumps of a forest still standing up erect beneath the sea-wave, indicate a greater change, a deeper subsidence, than the relics of ancient grandeur, and the touching memorials of piety which yet linger about these wretched dwellings, like evening twilight on the hills — like some traces of beauty on a corpse. The unfurnished floor, the begrimed and naked walls, the stifling, sickening atmosphere, the patched and dusty window — through which a sunbeam, like hope, is faintly stealing — the ragged, hunger-bitten, and sad-faced children, the ruffian man, the heap of straw where some wretched mother, in muttering dreams, sleeps off last night's debauch, or lies unshrouded and uncoffined in the ghastliness of a hopeless death, are sad scenes. We have often looked on them. And they appear all the sadder for the restless play of fancy. Excited by some vestiges of a fresco-painting that still looks out from the foul and broken plaster, the massive marble rising over the cold and cracked hearthstone, an elaborately carved cornice too high for shivering cold to pull it down for fuel, some stucco flowers or fruit yet pendant on the crumbling ceiling, fancy, kindled by these, calls up the gay scenes and actors of other days, when beauty, elegance, and fashion graced these lonely halls and plenty smoked on groaning tables, and where these few cinders, gathered from the city dust-heap, are feebly smouldering, hospitable fires roared up the chimney.

But there is that in and about these houses which bears witness to a deeper subsidence, a yet sadder change. Bent on some mission of mercy, you stand at the foot of a dark and filthy stair. It conducts you to the crowded rooms of a tenement, where — with the exception of some old decent widow who has seen better days, and when

her family are all dead, and her friends all gone, still clings to God and her faith in the dark hour of adversity and amid the wreck of fortune — from the cellar-dens below to the cold garrets beneath the roof-tree, you shall find none either reading their Bible, or even with a Bible to read. Alas! of prayer, of morning or evening psalms, of earthly or heavenly peace, it may be said the place that once knew them knows them no more. But before you enter the doorway, raise your eyes to the lintel-stone. Dumb, it yet speaks of other and better times. Carved in Greek or Latin, or our own mother-tongue, you decipher such texts as these: "Peace be to this house;" "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it;" "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" "Fear God;" or this, "Love your neighbor." Like the mouldering remnants of a forest that once resounded with the melody of birds, but hears nought now save the angry dash or melancholy moan of breaking waves these vestiges of piety furnish a gauge which enables us to measure how low in these dark localities the whole stratum of society has sunk.

GUTHRIE, THOMAS ANSTEY ("F. ANSTEY"), an English novelist and humorist; born at Kensington, London, August 8, 1856. He was graduated from Cambridge in 1875, and was called to the bar in 1880, but never practiced. He devoted himself to writing novels and short stories and became a popular favorite in Great Britain and the United States. He is perhaps best known by the novel *Vice Versa* (1882). He has since written *The Giant's Robe* (1883); *The Black Poodle and Other Stories* (1884); *The Tinted Venus* (1885); *A Fallen*

Idol (1886); *The Pariah* (1889); *Tourmalin's Time Cheques* (1890); *Voces Populi* (1890); *Mr. Punch's Young Reciter; Mr. Punch's Model Music Hall; The Pocket Ibsen* (1893); *Puppets at Large* (1897); *Love Among the Lions* (1898); *The Brass Bottle* (1900); *A Bayard from Bengal* (1902).

THE SIREN.

Long, long ago, a siren lived all alone upon a rocky little island far out in the Southern Ocean. She may have been the youngest and most beautiful of the original three sirens, driven by her sisters' jealousy, or her own weariness of their society, to seek this distant home; or she may have lived there in solitude from the beginning.

But she was not unhappy; all she cared about was the admiration and worship of mortal men, and these were hers whenever she wished, for she had only to sing, and her exquisite voice would float away over the waters, until it reached some passing vessel, and then every one that heard was seized instantly with the irresistible longing to hasten to her isle and throw himself adoringly at her feet.

One day as she sat upon a low headland looking earnestly out over the sparkling blue-green water before her, and hoping to discover the peak of some far-off sail on the hazy sea-line she was startled by a sound she had never heard before — the grating of a boat's keel on the pebbles in the little creek at her side.

She had been too much absorbed in watching for distant ships to notice that a small bark had been gliding round the other side of her island, but now, as she glanced round, she saw that the stranger who had guided it was already jumping ashore and securing his boat.

Evidently she had not attracted him there, for she had been too indolent to sing of late, and he did not seem even to have seen her, or to have landed from any other motive than curiosity.

He was quite young, gallant-looking, and sunburnt, with brown hair curling over his forehead, an open face and honest gray eyes. And as she looked at him, the

fancy came to her that she would like to question him and hear his voice; she would find out, if she could, what manner of beings these mortals were over whom she possessed so strange a power.

Never before had such a thought entered her mind, notwithstanding that she had seen many mortals of every age and rank, from captain to the lowest galley slave; but then she had only seen them under the influence of her magical voice, when they were struck dumb and motionless, after which — except as proofs of her power — they did not interest her.

But this stranger was still free — so long as she did not choose to enslave him; and for some reason she did not choose to do so just yet.

As he turned toward her, she beckoned to him imperiously, and he saw the slender graceful figure above for the first time — the fairest maiden his eyes had ever beheld, with an unearthly beauty in her wonderful dark blue eyes, and hair of the sunniest gold — he stood gazing at her in motionless uncertainty, for he thought he must be cheated by a vision.

He came nearer, and, obeying a careless motion of her hand, threw himself down on a broad shelf of rock a little below the spot where she was seated; still he did not dare to speak least the vision should pass away.

She looked at him for some time with an innocent, almost childish, curiosity shining under her long lashes. At last she gave a low little laugh: "Are you *afraid* of me?" she asked; "why don't you speak? but perhaps," she added to herself, "mortals *cannot* speak."

"I was silent," he said, "lest by speaking I should anger you — for surely you must be some goddess or sea-nymph?"

"Ah, you *can* speak!" she cried. "No, I am no goddess or nymph, and you will not anger me — if only you will tell me many things I want to know!"

And she began to ask him all the questions she could think of: first about the great world in which men lived, and then about himself, for she was very curious, in a charmingly wilful and capricious fashion of her own.

He answered frankly and simply, but it seemed as if

some influence were upon him which kept him from being dazzled and overcome by her loveliness, for he gave no sign as yet of yielding to the glamour she cast upon all other men, nor did his eyes gleam with the despairing adoration the siren knew so well.

She was quick to perceive this, and it piqued her. She paid less and less attention to the answers he gave her, and ceased at last to question him further.

Presently she said, with a strange smile that showed her cruel little teeth gleaming between her scarlet lips, "Why don't you ask me who *I* am, and what I am doing here alone? do not you care to know?"

"If you will deign to tell me," he said.

"Then I will tell you," she said; "I am a siren — are you not afraid *now?*"

"Why should I be afraid?" he asked, for the name had no meaning in his ears.

She was disappointed; it was only her voice — nothing else, then — that deprived men of their senses; perhaps this youth was proof even against that; she longed to try, and yet she hesitated still.

"Then you have never heard of me," she said; "you don't know why I sit and watch for the great gilded ships you mortals build for yourselves?"

"For your pleasure, I suppose," he answered. "I have watched them myself many a time; they are grand as they sweep by, with their sharp brazen beaks cleaving the frothing water, and their painted sails curving out firm against the sky. It is good to hear the measured thud of the great oars and the cheerful cries of the sailors as they clamber about the cordage."

She laughed disdainfully. "And you think I care for all that!" she cried. "Where is the pleasure of looking idly on and admiring? — that is for them, not for me. As these galleys of yours pass, I sing — and when the sailors hear, they must come to me. Man after man leaps eagerly into the sea, and makes for the shore — until at last the oars grind and lock together, and the great ship drifts helplessly on, empty and aimless. I like that."

"But the men?" he asked, with an uneasy wonder at her words.

"Oh, they reach the shore — some of them, and then they lie at my feet, just as you are lying now, and I sing on, and as they listen they lose all power or wish to move, nor have I ever heard them speak as you speak; they only lie there upon the sand or rock, and gaze at me always, and soon their cheeks grow hollower and hollower, and their eyes brighter and brighter — and it is I who make them so!"

"But I see them not," said the youth, divided between hope and fear; "the beach is bare; where, then, are all those gone who have lain here?"

"I cannot say," she replied carelessly; "they are not here for long; when the sea comes up it carries them away."

"And you do not care!" he cried, struck with horror at the absolute indifference in her face; "you do not even try to keep them here?"

"Why should I care?" said the siren lightly; "I do not want them. More will always come when I wish. And it is so wearisome always to see the same faces, that I am glad when they go."

"I will not believe it, siren," groaned the young man, turning from her in bitter anguish; "oh, you cannot be cruel!"

"No, I am not cruel," she said in surprise. "And why will you not believe me? It is true!"

"Listen to me," he said passionately: "do you know how bitter it is to die,— to leave the sunlight and the warm air, the fair land and the changing sea?"

"How can I know?" said the siren. "*I* shall never die — unless — something happens which will never be!"

"You will live on, to bring this bitterness upon others for your sport. We mortals lead but short lives, and life, even spent in sorrow, is sweet to most of us; and our deaths when they come bring mourning to those who cared for us and are left behind. But you lure men to this isle, and look on unmoved as they are borne away!"

"No, you are wrong," she said; "I am not cruel, as

you think me; when they are no longer pleasant to look at, I leave them. I never see them borne away. I never thought what became of them at last. Where are they now?"

"They are dead, siren," he said, sadly, "drowned. Life was dear to them; far away there were women and children to whom they had hoped to return, and who have waited and wept for them since. Happy years were before them, and to some at least — but for you — a restful and honored old age. But you called them, and as they lay here the greedy waves came up, dashed them from these rocks and sucked them, blinded, suffocating, battling painfully for breath and life, down into the dark green depths. And now their bones lie tangled in the sea-weed, but they themselves are wandering, sad, restless shades, in the shadowy world below, where is no sun, no happiness, no hope — but only sighing evermore, and the memory of the past!"

She listened with drooping lids, and her chin resting upon her soft palm; at last she said with a slight quiver in her voice, "I did not know — I did not mean them to die. And what can I do? I cannot keep back the sea."

"You can let them sail by unharmed," he said.

"I cannot!" she cried. "Of what use is my power to me if I may not exercise it? Why do you tell me of men's sufferings — what are they to me?"

"They give you their lives," he said; "you fill them with a hopeless love and they die for it in misery — yet you cannot even pity them!"

"Is it love that brings them here?" she said eagerly. "What is this that is called love? For I have always known that if I ever love — but then only — I must die, though what love may be I know not. Tell me, so that I may avoid it!"

"You need not fear, siren," he said, "for, if death is only to come to you through love, you will never die!"

"Still, I want to know," she insisted; "tell me!"

"If a stranger were to come some day to this isle, and when his eyes met yours, you feel your indifference leaving you, so that you have no heart to see him lie ignobly at your feet, and cannot leave him to perish

miserably in the cold waters; if you desire to keep him by your side — not as your slave and victim, but as your companion, your equal, for evermore — that will be love!"

"If that is love," she cried joyously, "I shall indeed never die! But that is not how men love *me?*" she added.

"No," he said; "their love for you must be some strange and enslaving passion, since they will submit to death if only they may hear your voice. That is not true love, but a fatal madness."

"But if mortals feel love for one another," she asked, "*they* must die, must they not?"

"The love of a man for a maiden who is gentle and good does not kill — even when it is most hopeless," he said; "and where she feels it in return, it is well for both, for their lives will flow on together in peace and happiness."

He had spoken softly, with a far away look in his eyes that did not escape the siren.

"And you love one of your mortal maidens like that?" she asked. "Is she more beautiful than I am?"

"She is mortal," he said, "but she is fair and gracious, my maiden; and it is she who has my love, and will have it while I live."

"And yet," she said, with a mocking smile, "I could make you forget her."

Her childlike waywardness had left her as she spoke the words, and a dangerous fire was shining in her deep eyes.

"Never!" he cried; "even you cannot make me false to my love! And yet," he added quickly, "I dare not challenge you, enchantress that you are; what is my will against your power?"

"You do not love me yet," she said; "you have called me cruel, and reproached me; you have dared to tell me of a maiden compared with whom I am nothing! You shall be punished. I will have you for my own, like the others!"

"Siren," he pleaded, seizing one of her hands as it lay close to him on the hot gray rock, "take my life if you

will — but do not drive away the memory of my love; let me die, if I must die, faithful to her; for what am I, or what is my love, to you?"

"Nothing," she said scornfully, and yet with something of a caress in her tone, "yet I want you; you shall lie here, and hold my hand, and look into my eyes, and forget all else but me."

"Let me go," he cried, rising, and turning back to regain his bark; "I choose life while I may!"

She laughed. "You have no choice," she said; "you are mine!" she seemed to have grown still more radiantly, dazzlingly fair, and presently, as the stranger made his way to the creek where his boat was lying, she broke into the low soft chant whose subtle witchery no mortals had ever resisted as yet.

He started as he heard her, but still he went on over the rocks a little longer, until at last he stopped with a groan, and turned slowly back; his love across the sea was fading fast from his memory; he felt no desire to escape any longer; he was even eager at last to be back on the ledge at her feet and listen to her forever.

He reached it and sank down with a sigh, and a drowsy delicious languor stole over him, taking away all power to stir or speak.

Her song was triumphant and mocking, and yet strangely tender at times, thrilling him as he heard it, but her eyes only rested now and then, and always indifferently, upon his upturned face.

He wished for nothing better now than to lie there, following the flashing of her supple hands upon the harp-strings and watching every change of her fair face. What though the waves might rise round him and sweep him away out of sight, and drown her voice with the roar and swirl of waters? it would not be just yet.

And the siren sang on; at first with a cruel pride at finding her power supreme, and this youth, for all his fidelity, no wiser than the rest; he would waste there with yearning, hopeless passion, till the sight of him would weary her, and she would leave him to drift away and drown forgotten.

Yet she did not despise him as she had despised all

the others; in her fancy his eyes bore a sad reproach, and she could look at him no longer with indifference.

Meanwhile the waves came rolling in fast, till they licked the foot of the rock, and as the foam creamed over the shingle, the siren found herself thinking of the fate which was before him, and, as she thought, her heart was wrung with a new strange pity.

She did not want him to be drowned; she would like him there always at her feet, with that rapt devotion upon his face; she almost longed to hear his voice again — but that could never be!

And the sun went down, and the crimson flush in the sky and on the sea faded out, the sea grew gray and crested with the white billows, which came racing in and broke upon the shore, roaring sullenly and raking back the pebbles with a sharp rattle at each recoil. The siren could sing no longer; her voice died away, and she gazed on the troubled sea with a wistful sadness in her great eyes.

At last a wave larger than the others struck the face of the low cliff with a shock that seemed to leave it trembling, and sent the cold salt spray dashing up into the siren's face.

She sprang forward to the edge and looked over, with a sudden terror lest the ledge below should be bare — but her victim lay there still, bound fast by her spell, and careless of the death that was advancing upon him.

Then she knew for the first time that she could not give him up to the sea, and she leaned down to him and laid one small white hand upon his shoulder. "The next wave will carry you away," she cried, trembling; "there is still time; save yourself, for I cannot let you die!"

But he gave no sign of having heard her, but lay there motionless, and the wind wailed past them and the sea grew wilder and louder.

She remembered now that no efforts of his own could save him — he was doomed, and she was the cause of it, and she hid her face in her slender hands, weeping for the first time in her life.

The words he had spoken in answer to her questions

about love came back to her: "It was true, then," she said to herself; "it is love that I feel for him. But I cannot love — I must not love him — for if I do, my power is gone, and I must throw myself into the sea!"

So she hardened her heart once more, and turned away, for she feared to die; but again the ground shook beneath her, and the spray rose high into the air, and then she could bear it no more — whatever it cost her, she must save him — for if he died, what good would her life be to her?

"If one of us must die," she said, "*I* will be that one. I am cruel and wicked, as *he* told me; I have done harm enough!" and bending down, she wound her arms round his unconscious body and drew him gently up to the level above.

"You are safe now," she whispered; "you shall not be drowned — for I love you. Sail back to your maiden on the mainland, and be happy; but do not hate me for the evil I have wrought, for suffering and death have come to me in my turn!"

The lethargy into which he had fallen left him under her clinging embrace, and the sad, tender words fell almost unconsciously upon his dulled ears; he felt the touch of her hair as it brushed his cheek, and his forehead was still warm with the kiss she had pressed there as he opened his eyes — only to find himself alone.

For the fate which the siren had dreaded had come upon her at last; she had loved, and she had paid the penalty for loving, and never more would her wild, sweet voice beguile mortals to their doom.—*From The Black Poodle and Other Stories.*

GUYON, JEANNE MARIE BOUVIER DE LA MOTTE, a French mystic; born at Montargis, Loiret, April 13, 1648; died at Blois, June 9, 1717. At sixteen she was married to Jacques Guyon,

who died in 1676. Four years later Madame Guyon set out with her children for Paris. Here she met Aranthon, Bishop of Geneva, who assured her that she had a special religious vocation; whereupon she resigned the care of her children, on whom she settled almost all of her property, and entered the Ursuline convent at Thonon. Her written views on the love of God for Himself alone, on prayer, on complete sanctification by faith, and entire harmony with the will of God, found acceptance with many persons, but brought her under suspicion of heresy. During this time she composed her *Spiritual Torrents* and her *Short and Easy Method of Prayer,* and began her *Commentaries on the Scriptures,* in which work she believed herself to be directed by divine influence. In 1686 she went to Paris, where she was arrested and sent to the convent of St. Marie, where for eight months she was kept a prisoner. On her release she was permitted, by Madame de Maintenon, to teach in the Seminary of St. Cyr. Here she met Fénelon, whose lofty spirituality was in accord with her doctrines of sanctification and disinterested love. The Bishop of Chartres, on the other hand, protested against her doctrines. A Royal Commission was appointed to examine her writings. After numerous conferences the commissioners passed censure upon several passages of her works. In 1695 she was confined in the Bastile, but was released the next year, and placed under surveillance in a convent. In 1700 her virtue was acknowledged by the clergy assembled at St. Germain, and two years afterward she was released, but banished. Her last years were passed at Blois. She died professing her devotion to the Roman Catholic Church. Among her numerous

works are *Moyen Court et Trèsfacile pour l'Oraison* (1688–90); *L'Explication du Cantique du Cantiques, Les Torrents Spirituels* (1704); *Commentaires* (1713–15); *Discours Chrétiens et Spirituels* (1716); *Lettres Chrétiennes* (1717); an *Autobiography,* and numerous *Spiritual Poems,* some of which have been translated by William Cowper.

GOD THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE.

I love my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love Thee, Lord; but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy love I live.
I am as nothing and rejoice to be
Emptied and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.

Thou, Lord, alone art all Thy children need,
And there is none beside;
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed;
In Thee the blest abide.
Fountain of life, and all abounding grace,
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place.

—*Translation of* COWPER.

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Nought have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long,
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear;
  A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
  Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
  That Love, sweet Love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round:
  Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
  My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
  The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh! it is good to soar
  The bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
  Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
  The joy, the freedom of the mind.

—*Translation of* COWPER.

THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM.

O Thou by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Love! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred Love!
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee;
In Heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains no place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

My country, Lord, art Thou alone;
No other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet;
My Law, my Love; life's only sweet!

I hold by nothing here below;
Appoint my journey, and I go;
Though pierced by scorn, oppress'd by pride,
I feel Thee good, feel nought beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly Love;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arise from them.

Ah then! to His embrace repair;
My soul, thou art no stranger there;
There Love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

—*Translation of* COWPER.

GUYOT, ARNOLD HENRY, an American geographer; born near Neufchâtel, Switzerland, September 28, 1807; died at Princeton, N. J., February 8, 1884. He studied at the College Neufchâtel, and afterward at the Gymnasium of Stuttgart, and at Carlsruhe, where he formed a close intimacy with Agassiz. He then studied theology at Neufchâtel and Berne, but subsequently devoted himself

especially to scientific investigation. He resided four years at Paris, making summer excursions through France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and Italy. He was the first to notice the laminated structure of the ice in glaciers, and investigated the distribution of erratic bowlders. From 1839 to 1858 he was Professor of History and Physical Geography in the Neufchâtel Academy. In 1848 he came to the United States, whither Agassiz had already preceded him. He took up his residence in Cambridge, Mass., where he delivered, in French, lectures on the relations between Physical Geography and History. These lectures were translated into English by Professor Felton, and published under the title of *Earth and Man* (1849). He also lectured in the Normal Schools of Massachusetts, and was employed by the Smithsonian Institution to organize a system of meteorological observations. In 1855 he was appointed Professor of Geology and Physical Geography in the College of New Jersey at Princeton, which chair he held until his death, he then being the senior Professor in that institution. Between 1855 and 1873 he prepared a series of *School Geographies,* which have been extensively used in public schools. His *Treatise on Physical Geography* was prepared for Johnson's "Family Atlas of the World" (1870). In 1873 he read before the Evangelical Alliance a paper on *Cosmogony and the Bible.* He, in conjunction with President Barnard of Columbia College, edited Johnson's *Universal Cyclopædia* (1874–78). His last work, on *Creation,* was completed just before his death.

THE NATURE AND OBJECT OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

The earth is the dwelling-place of man, the noble garden given to him by his Creator to cultivate and enjoy; the scene of his activity, the means of his development. Considered either in itself as a masterpiece of Divine handicraft and wisdom, or as the fit abode of man, answering all his wants, it cannot fail to be an object of the highest interest for us who live and move on its broad surface. To study the Earth in its first aspect is the Geography of Nature; in the second, the Geography of Man.

The Geography of Nature may be either simply descriptive, or scientific. A simple description of the earth's surface, of the appearance of the land and water, of the nature and of the climate and productions in the various countries of the globe, is Descriptive Natural Geography, or Physiography. But the reflective mind craves more. It wishes to know why these natural phenomena are as they appear; how they are produced; what general laws govern them. It seeks to understand the relations of mutual dependence which bind them together, as causes and effects, into a vast system, into one individual mechanism, which is the terrestrial globe itself. This is the science of Physical Geography proper, or Terrestrial Physics.

Physical Geography, therefore, is not satisfied with describing at random the situation, extent, outlines, and surface of the land masses and of the oceans; it seeks, by careful comparison, to discover the laws by which they are regulated. It shows how the relief of the continents controls their drainage, and shapes those vast river systems, so useful and so characteristic of each of them; how these very forms of the lands, together with their size and relative situation, deeply modify the climate, the productions, and therefore the capacity of each country for commerce and civilization. It not only describes the great marine currents which circulate in the bosoms of the oceans, but seeks to find out their causes, trace their connection, and the vast influence

they exert upon climate, either by heating or cooling the superincumbent atmosphere.

It is not enough to find that the temperature which is the highest in the equatorial regions of our globe, gradually decreases toward the polar lands. It inquires into the causes of that fundamental law of the distribution of heat which controls all the phenomena of life, whether vegetable or animal, as well as man's development. Again: Why is it that, contrary to the general law, mountains which rise from the burning tropical plains of the Amazon and the Ganges are capped with everlasting snow? that in January snow obstructs the streets and ice ministers to the pleasure of thousands of eager skaters in New York City, while in the same latitude the orange-tree flourishes under a genial sun and in a mild atmosphere in Naples, and flowers and everlasting verdue grace the gardens in the Azores, in the midst of the stormy Atlantic? Why is it that on the coast of the American continent Labrador is but a frozen peninsula, where no tree can grow, no agriculture is possible, in the same latitude where, in Europe, on the other side of the Atlantic, the cities of Christiania, Stockholm, St. Petersburg — the noble capitals of the north — flourish in the midst of cultivated fields?

Looking at the distribution of rain-water — that other element of climate indispensable for all that has life on earth — why is it that it is so unequal, varying from a complete or almost total absence in the deserts, to an amount which would cover the ground with a layer of fifty feet of water? Why are the sunny regions of the tropics blessed with a quantity of rain-water several times greater than that which falls in our temperate regions, while the foggy regions toward the poles receive as many times less? Why are the rains periodical in the warm regions, and more equally distributed throughout the year as we recede from them toward the poles?

To answer all such questions, which are suggested at every step to the reflecting observer of nature's phenomena, Physical Geography has to find out the laws which govern the distribution of heat and of the rains. It has to study the course of the winds, which are the

carriers of warm and cold air from one place to another, and of the rains from the common reservoir of the ocean to the interior of the continents. It thus shows that upon all these elements combined, and modified by the forms, extent, and situation of the land masses and the oceans, depend the distribution of life — vegetable and animal — on the surface of the globe, and the degree of usefulness to man of each portion of his earthly domain.

Thus we learn that the great geographical constituents of our planet, the solid land, the oceans, and the atmosphere, and each of their parts, are intimately connected by a series of incessant actions and reactions, and mutually dependent, so that the earth is really a marvellous individual organization, all parts of which work together toward the final aim assigned to it by its all-wise Author.—*Treatise on Physical Geography.*

THE INTERNAL TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.

We are so much accustomed, at the surface which we inhabit, to look to the Sun — that is, to an outside source — for all the heat which we enjoy, that we almost forget to ask whether the earth has a temperature of its own, independent of that which it receives from the great common reservoir. But if we remember that the warm springs, around which so many gather for health or pleasure, rise from beneath the surface; when we observe the greater heat of the Artesian wells; the even and warm temperatures of the deep mines; and especially the torrents of hot steam, of molten rocks which ascend from unknown depths to the mouths of volcanoes and flow along their slopes, we must recognize that the interior mass of the globe has a higher temperature than that of its surface, the source of which is in itself. The Earth, like the Sun, is a warm body in the midst of the cold space of the heavens. But if so, can we form an idea of the amount of that proper heat? To do this, we must try to establish the law of its increase from the surface downward. . . .

The average of all known observations, made in various

parts of the globe, both in Artesian wells and mines, gives an increase of heat toward the interior of about one degree of Fahrenheit for every fifty-five feet — a very rapid rate indeed, which leads to an important conclusion: If this universally increasing temperature in the interior of our Earth continues in a regular progression downward, the temperature of boiling water will be reached at 9,000 feet, or less than two miles from the surface — a distance only equivalent to a moderate-sized mountain. At thirty miles the heat would be sufficient to melt all the rocks and metals contained in the Earth's crust. But as we have some reason to believe that the progression becomes gradually slower, we may readily admit as probable that the solid, unmelted crust has a greater thickness, reaching, perhaps, if not exceeding, a hundred miles. Startling as this result may be, it is the hypothesis which best accounts for the facts just mentioned, and for the phenomena of geology.—*Treatise on Physical Geography.*

THEORY OF EARTHQUAKES.

Many explanations of the phenomena of earthquakes have been proposed; but science must confess its inability to give at present, a satisfactory one. Earthquakes are obviously due to various causes. Those preceding or accompanying a volcanic eruption must be, no doubt, referred to the action of the volcano, but the extensive earthquakes disturbing the areas of hundreds of thousands of miles, and those which take place outside of the volcanic districts, require a more general cause. Perhaps this may be found — which is also the opinion of Professor Dana — in the increasing tension produced in the Earth strata by the steady contraction of our cooling planet. To this cause Geology refers the rising of mountain chains on long fissures in the hard terrestrial crust, in the form of prisms with inclined planes, or of a succession of folds, with large internal cavities. The settling under their own weight of these vast structures, and the lateral tension thus engendered, coming from time to time to a paroxysm, might

perhaps explain these crackings of the ground and convulsions along the mountain chains and in the broken parts of the Earth. In this view, every difference of pressure — atmospheric or astronomical, from lunar and solar attraction — may have a share of influence in the phenomena. As to the influence of the seasons, the time of the day, of electricity, magnetism, and the solar spots, they show once more — if finally proved — how intimate are the relations of all physical agencies with each other, and how close an analysis is required to understand so complex a phenomenon.— *Treatise on Physical Geography.*

JOHN HABBERTON.

H

HABBERTON, John, an American novelist; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., February 24, 1842. When a child he was taken to Illinois. He served in the Union army during the Civil War. From 1873 to 1876 he was literary editor of the *Christian Union,* and later joined the editorial staff of the New York *Herald.* He has written *Helen's Babies* (1876); *The Barton Experiment* (1877); *Other People's Children* (1877); *The Jericho Road; The Scripture Club of Valley Rest,* and *Some Folks* (1877); *The Crew of the Sam Weller* and *Little Guzzy* (1878); *The Worst Boy in Town* (1879); *Just One Day* and *Who Was Paul Grayson?* (1880); *The Bowsham Puzzle* and *George Washington* (1884), and *Country Luck* (1887). His first drama, *Deacon Crankett,* was produced in 1880. *Helen's Babies,* which has been translated into French, German, and Italian, "grew up," says the author, "out of an attempt to keep for a single day a record of the doings of a brace of boys of whom the author is half-owner." His later productions include: *Brueton's Bayou* (1887); *All He Knew* (1889); *Well Out of It* (1889); *Couldn't Say No* (1889); *Out at Twinnett's* (1891); *The Chautauquans* (1891); *A Lucky Lover* (1892); *Where Were the Boys?*

(1895); *The Tiger and the Insect* (1900); and *Caleb Wright* (1902).

BUDGE EXPLAINS.

With the coming of the darkness and the starlight, our voices unconsciously dropped to lower tones, and *her* voice seemed purest music. And yet we said nothing which all the world might not have listened to without suspecting a secret. . . . I was affected by an odd mixture of desperate courage and despicable cowardice. I determined to tell her all, yet I shrank from the task with more terror than ever befell me in the first steps of a charge.

Suddenly a small shadow came from behind us and stood between us, and the voice of Budge remarked:

"Uncle Harry 'spects you, Miss Mayton."

"Suspects me?— of what, pray?" exclaimed the lady, patting my nephew's cheek.

"Budge!" said I — I feel that my voice rose nearly to a scream — "Budge, I must beg of you to respect the sanctity of confidential communications."

"What is it, Budge?" persisted Miss Mayton, "you know the old adage, Mr. Burton. 'Children and fools speak the truth.' Of what does he suspect me, Budge?"

"'Taint *sus*-pect at all," said Budge, "it's espect."

"Expect?" echoed Miss Mayton.

"No, not 'ex,' it's *es*-pect. I know all about it, 'cause I asked him. Espect is what folks do when they think you're nice, and like to talk to you, and ——"

"Respect is what the boy is trying to say, Miss Mayton," I interrupted, to prevent what I feared might follow. "Budge has a terrifying faculty for asking questions, and the result of some of them, this morning, was my endeavor to explain to him the nature of the respect in which gentlemen hold ladies."

"Yes," continued Budge, "I know all about it. Only Uncle Harry don't say it right. What he calls espect, I call *love*."

There was an awkward pause — it seemed an age.

Another blunder, and all on account of those dreadful children. I could think of no possible way to turn the conversation; stranger yet, Miss Mayton could not do so either. Something *must* be done — I could at least be honest, come what would — I would be honest.

"Miss Mayton," said I, hastily, earnestly, but in a very low tone, "Budge is a marplot, but he is a truthful interpreter for all that. But whatever my fate may be, please do not suspect me of falling suddenly into love for a holiday's diversion. My malady is of some months' standing. I——"

"*I* want to talk *some*," observed Budge. "You talk all the whole time. I — I — when *I* loves anybody, I kisses them."

Miss Mayton gave a little start, and my thoughts followed each other with unimagined rapidity. *She* did not turn the conversation — it could not be possible that she *could* not. She was not angry, or she would have expressed herself. Could it be that——?

I bent over her and acted upon Budge's suggestion. As she displayed no resentment, I pressed my lips a second time to her forehead, then she raised her head slightly, and I saw, in spite of darkness and shadows, that Alice Mayton had surrendered at discretion. . . . Then I heard Budge say, "*I* wants to kiss you, too," and I saw my glorious Alice snatch the little scamp into her arms, and treat him with more affection than I ever imagined was in her nature.— *Helen's Babies.*

HABINGTON, WILLIAM, an English poet; born at Hindlip, Worcestershire, in November, 1605; died there in 1654. His father, Thomas, was implicated in the Gunpowder Plot, but was pardoned. He was a Roman Catholic, educated at St. Omer, but did not take Holy Orders. A volume of his poems, containing the *Mistress,* the

Wife, and the *Holy Man,* was published in 1634, and *The Queen of Aragon,* a tragi-comedy, in 1635.

In classifying English poets Saintsbury places Habington in the front rank of what he is pleased to call the nondescript poets of the Caroline Schoolmen, who fall below the first or even a high rank, yet who nevertheless display the characteristics of the school and apply them in different and often amusing ways. *Castara,* his greatest work, shows in every line that its author was a true lover; that he had a strong infusion of the abundant poetical inspiration then abroad; his religion is sincere, fervent, and often finely expressed. There are, too, traces of humor in his work. He also wrote several works in prose. Habington, more than once, expresses his admiration for Spenser and Sidney.

SPENSER AND SIDNEY.

Grown older, I admired
Our poets, as from Heaven inspired;
What obelisks decreed, I fit
For Spenser's art, and Sidney's wit.
But, waxing sober, soon I found
Fame but an idle, idle sound.

DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet which alone
  Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown
  To no loose eyes betrayed
For she's to herself untrue
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
  Have enriched with borrowed grace;

Her high birth no pride imparts,
  For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood;
She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
  What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit;
  In her silence eloquent;
Of herself survey she takes.
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
  Her grave parents' wise commands
And so innocent that ill
  She nor acts nor understands;
Women's feet still run astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the Court,
  Where oft Honor splits her mast;
And retiredness thinks the port
  Where her fame may anchor cast:
Virtue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
  Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
  Sweetly spends a winter's night;
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
Prayer and sleep, oft governs Lust,

She her throne makes reason climb,
  While wild passions captive lie;
And, each article of time,
  Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

DOMINE, LABIA MEA APERIES

No monument of me remain —
My memory rust
In the same marble with my dust —
Ere I the spreading laurel gain
By writing wanton or profane!

Ye glorious wonders of the skies!
Shine still, bright stars,
The Almighty's mystic characters!
I'd not your beauteous lights surprise
To illuminate a woman's eyes.

Nor to perfume her veins will I
In each one set
The purple of the violet
The untouched flowers may grow and die
Safe from my fancy's injury.

Open my lips, great God! and then
I'll soar above
The humble flight of carnal love:
Upward to Thee I'll force my pen,
And trace no paths of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded souls
Worthy to be
Their object find, excepting Thee?
Where can I fix? since time controls
Our pride, whose motion all things rolls.

Should I myself ingratiate
To a prince's smile
How soon may death my hopes beguile!
And should I farm the proudest state,
I'm tenant to uncertain fate.

If I court gold, will it not rust?
And if my love
Toward a female beauty move,

How will that surfeit of our lust
Distaste us when resolved to dust.

But thou, eternal banquet! where
    Forever we
    May feed without satiety!
Who harmony art to the ear:—
Who *art,* while all things else *appear!*

While up to Thee I shoot my flame,
    Thou dost dispense
    A holy death, that murders sense,
And makes me scorn all pomps that aim
At other triumphs than Thy name.

It crowns me with a victory
    So heavenly — all
    That's earth from me away doth fall:
And I am from corruption free,
Grown in my vows even part of Thee!

HACKETT, HORATIO BALCH, an American clergyman and educator; born at Salisbury, Mass., December 27, 1808; died at Rochester, N. Y., November 2, 1875. He was educated at Amherst College, and studied theology at Andover, Halle, and Berlin. He was successively a tutor at Amherst, Professor of Ancient Languages in Brown University, and Professor of Biblical Literature in the Newton Theological Seminary. In 1851 he visited Italy, Egypt, and Palestine, and in 1858 went to Greece as a preparation for the interpretation of the New Testament. In 1870 he was appointed Professor of the New Testament Greek in the Theological Seminary at Rochester. He was the author of a *He-*

brew Grammar and a *Hebrew Reader* (1847); a *Commentary on the Acts* (1851); *Illustrations of Scripture, suggested by a Tour through the Holy Land* (1855); a translation of the *Epistle to Philemon* (1860), and *Memorials of Christian Men in the War* (1864). He edited Plutarch's *De Sera Numinis Vindicta,* with notes (1844); translated Winer's *Chaldee Grammar* (1845); Van Oosterzee's *Commentary on Philemon* (1868), and Braune's *Commentary on Philippians,* with additions (1870). He edited the American edition of Rawlinson's *Historical Illustrations of the Old Testament.* He was one of the American revisers of the translation of the Bible.

AN EASTERN SKY AT NIGHT.

The appearance of an eastern sky at night is quite peculiar, displaying to the eye a very different aspect from our sky. Not only is the number of stars visible greater than we are accustomed to see, but they shine with a brilliancy and purity of lustre, of which our heavens very seldom furnish an idea. Homer's comparison, at the beginning of the Fifth Book of the *Iliad.*

> "—— bright and steady as the star
> Autumnal, which in ocean newly bathed
> Assumes new beauty ——"

was often brought to mind, as I remarked the fresh, unsullied splendor, as it were, of the more brilliant constellations.

An oriental sky has another peculiarity, which adds very much to its impressive appearance. With us the stars seem to adhere to the face of the heavens; they form the most distant objects within the range of vision; they appear to be set in a ground-work of thick darkness, beyond which the eye does not penetrate. Unlike this is the canopy which night spreads over the traveler in Eastern climes. The stars there seem

to hang, like burning lamps, midway between heaven and earth; the pure atmosphere enables us to see a deep expanse of blue ether lying far beyond them. The hemisphere above us glows and sparkles with innumerable fires, that appear as if kept burning in their position by an immediate act of the Omnipotent, instead of resting on a framework which subserves the illusion of seeming to give to them their support.

Never can I forget my first night in the desert, in traveling from Egypt to Palestine. I had entered the tent erected for me about dark, and, being occupied there for some time, the shadows of evening in the meanwhile insensibly gathered around us, the stars came forth one after another, and commenced their nightly watch. On going abroad, at length, a scene of surpassing beauty and grandeur burst upon me. I was in the midst of a level tract of sand, where no intervening object rose up to intercept the view; the horizon which swept around me was as expanded as the power of human vision could make it; and all this vast circuit, as I glanced from the right hand to the left, and from the edge of the sky to the zenith, was glittering with countless stars, each of which seemed radiant with a distinct light of its own; many of which shone with something of the splendor of planets of the first magnitude. I could not resist the impulse of the moment, but taking my Hebrew Bible, read, with a new impression of its meaning, the sublime language of the Psalmist:

> "Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent Thy name in the earth,
> Who hast placed Thy glory upon the heavens!
> When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers;
> The moon and stars which Thou hast made;
> What is man, that Thou are mindful of him,
> And the son of man that Thou carest for him?"

I remembered, too, that it was probably in some such situation as this in which I was then placed, and on an evening like this, that Abraham was directed to go

abroad, and "look toward Heaven, and tell the stars if he could number them," and thus form an idea of the multitude of the posterity destined to be called after his name. I turned to that passage also, and saw a grandeur in the comparison, of which I had possessed hitherto but a vague conception.—*Scripture Illustrations.*

HACKLÄNDER, Friedrich Wilhelm von, a German novelist and dramatist; born at Burtscheid, near Aix-la-Chapelle, Prussia, November 1, 1816; died near the Starnbergersee, Bavaria, July 6, 1877. He was educated for mercantile pursuits, served in the army, and after a trial of commercial life, went to Stuttgart, where, in 1841, he published *Scenes of Military Life During Peace,* and *Guard-room Adventures.* In the same year he traveled in the East. In 1843 he was appointed secretary to the Crown Prince. He afterward joined the Austrian army. In 1855 he visited Spain, and in 1859 he became director of the royal buildings and gardens at Stuttgart. He was the author of about seventy volumes, many of which have been translated into English. Among them are *Daguerreotypes Taken During a Voyage in the East* (1842–46); *Tales* (1843); *A Pilgrimage to Mecca,* and *Humorous Tales* (1847); *Military Life in Time of War* (1849); *Scenes from Life* (1850); *Nameless Histories* (1851); *Eugene Stillfried* (1852); *European Slave-Life* (1854); *A Winter in Spain* (1856); *The Moment of Happiness* (1857); *Military Life in Prussia* (1868); *The Storm-Bird* (1872), and *The Mark of Cain* (1874).

Hackländer's best stories are those relating to military life and adventure, most of which are based on personal experience.

ROLL-CALL.

The "roll-call" to a military man, especially one of the easy-going kind, is a tedious and ticklish quarter of an hour.

One can fully apply to it the well-known proverb, "No thread is so fine that it cannot be seen in the sunshine." Everything is brought to light at roll-call. It is a time when the captain and officers, having nothing particular to do, leisurely think over, reprove, and punish the faults and irregularities of the company, and find out new imperfections. If some unfortunate fellow among us had supplied the place of a lost button by a skilful *manœuvre de force,* that is, had tied together the braces and trousers with a piece of string (the expression *manœuvre de force,* which I have used here is derived from the title of an article in our *Guide to Artillery* on patching up damaged pieces of ordnance), and the makeshift was so hidden that it would never have been detected at drill, one of the prying officers was sure to discover it now and drag the culprit out before the whole battery to receive due punishment. If another had shammed sickness to escape drill and had succeeded in cheating the doctor and extorting from him a certificate that he was suffering from a severe cold or some other malady, at the roll-call, the case of the invalid was reported to the captain, who immediately sent the orderly to make sympathizing inquiries respecting him; in reality, however, to find out whether the patient was in bed, or in his room only. If it was announced that the invalid was not to be found, woe to him. If, on the contrary, he *was* in the room, he was generally obliged to appear before the company, and usually came attired in an old torn cloak and slippers, in order to intimate his condition.

One day about a dozen had absented themselves on the plea of illness, at which the captain made a great

outcry and sent off the orderly in great haste to bring them one and all to the parade-ground. The corporal went, but came back very soon with the announcement that all the invalids were in bed, and declared that it was impossible for them to expose themselves to the air in their condition. Renewed invectives followed from the captain and an order to bring the invalids *here* instantly; as he said the word "here" he pointed to the ground. The orderly, who was a very matter-of-fact man, quietly unhooked his sword, and made a cross on the ground, just about where the finger of the captain had pointed and then turned to go. A thundering "halt" from the officer brought him to a stand.

"What is the meaning of that mark, sir?"

The orderly answered naïvely, that in order to execute the orders of the captain implicitly he had marked the spot to which he was to bring the patients. The unfortunate, over-officious man! he had not dreamt in the morning that his noonday bread — *bread* in the literal sense of the word — would be eaten under arrest. Five minutes after the foregoing occurrence the orderly was led away to No. 7 1-2, for so the military prison was called for the sake of brevity.

Similar scenes, arrests, etc., were the usual supplement to the roll-call, to which, on this account, we looked forward with anxiety, for misfortune walks fast, and our captain possessed a certain little red book, in which each man had an account, where the captain entered all offences, especially those of the volunteers. This he consulted daily, to see whose names had the greatest number of crosses and entries against them and were thus ripe for punishment. Then, with his right hand thrust into his tunic, he would look up to the sky and meditate for how many days he should consign this one or that to the place where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, to reflect on the past and future. He would then place his right foot forward, and always make the same movements, which we only too well understood. For instance, if he stamped his heel on the ground, it was an infallible sign of a coming storm, and woe to him upon whom the storm burst. When the

captain began to cut up the earth with his foot those who had bad consciences immediately stood as erect as statues, and an adept could measure the extent of their account in the captain's book by their deportment. If the captain saw on our faces a universal desire to please him and a fear of his displeasure, and happened to be in a good humor, he would only threaten us with his finger, as much as to say, "Next time I'll not let you off so easily." And with this he would content himself for that day; but in other cases, if he wished to pick a quarrel with anyone, an unpolished or dusty spur was sufficient excuse. . . .

The real aim of the roll is, once a day to assemble the company in order to see if everything is in good order; the roll is called, and each man has to testify to his presence by a loud "Here," and the absentees are of course punished. Then the sergeant, in the name of the captain, gives the order for the next twenty-four hours, and the whole thing — unless some interruptions happen as above related, may be over in a quarter of an hour; but *we* had the pleasure nearly every day of standing a whole hour between twelve and one o'clock, whether it was in the burning sun or in the severest cold of winter.— *Military Life in Prussia in Time of Peace.*

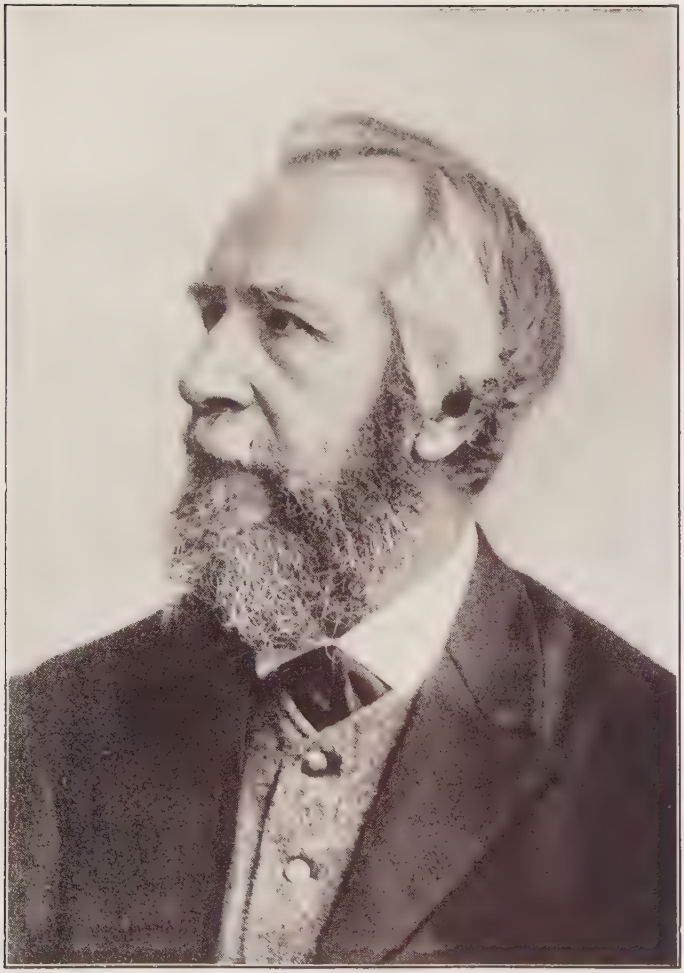
HADLEY, ARTHUR TWINING, an American educator; born at New Haven, Conn., April 23, 1856. He was graduated from Yale in 1876, and in 1886 became Professor of Political Science. In 1899 he was made President of the University. He has published *Railroad Transportation: Its History and Laws* (1885); *Report on the Labor Question* (1885); *Economics* (1896), and *The Education of the American Citizen* (1901).

UNIVERSITY PROBLEMS.

Time alone can show whether the idea of allowing a student to develop his professional activity at as early a period as possible, but postponing to as late a period as possible the narrowing of his sympathies and the lessening of his points of contact with men outside of his profession, is a practicable one.

While we are waiting for this question to be decided, we shall probably see two sets of experiments going on in different universities. In those which are connected with our large cities, where the work of the professional school counts for more and the life of the college for less, we are likely to see a tendency to shorten the college course — a tendency to make a sharp line of demarcation between the studies of that course and the professional studies which are to follow it, and to disregard or undervalue the social adjuncts which a college course carries with it. In smaller places and among institutions which have a more distinctively collegiate atmosphere, we may expect to find these tendencies reversed — to see an effort to maintain the college course in its integrity, and include within it as much as possible of preparation for the actual work of life — in the belief that the gain to American institutions and American citizenship resulting from the contact of different types of men with one another will be strong enough to resist the tendency of such a college to disintegration and valuable enough to compensate for any difficulties and losses which the prosecution of such a plan involves.— *The Century Magazine.*

HAECKEL, Ernst Heinrich, a German naturalist and philosopher; born at Potsdam, Prussia, February 16, 1834. He studied medicine and the natural sciences at Wurzburg, Ber-



ERNST HEINRICH HAECKEL.

lin, and Vienna, and spent the years 1859-60 in zoölogical study in Naples and Messina. In 1862 he was appointed Professor of Zoölogy at Jena. Between that year and 1882 he visited Lisbon, Madeira, Teneriffe, Norway, Syria, Egypt, Corsica, Sardinia, and India for the purpose of scientific observation. He is an extreme supporter of the theory of evolution. Among his works are *General Morphology of Organisms* (1866); *Natural History of Creation* (7th ed., 1879); *On the Origin and Genealogy of the Human Race* (3d ed., 1873); *On the Division of Labor in Nature and Human Life* (1869); *Life in the Greatest Depths of the Ocean* (1870); *The Origin of Man, a History of Development* (1875); *The Theory of Development in its Relation to General Science* (1877); *Free Science and Free Teaching,* and *Collected Popular Essays on the Theory of Development* (1878); *The Evolution of Man* (1879); *Letters and Travels Through India* (1884); *Souvenirs of Algeria* (1890); *Plankton Studies* (1893); *Monoism as Connected with Religion and Science* (1894); *The Riddle of the Universe* (1902), and *The Wonders of Life* (1905).

CHANGE OF CLIMATE, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON LIFE.

There is yet another important circumstance to be mentioned here which is likewise of great importance for a complete explanation of this varied geographical picture, and which throws light upon many very obscure facts, which, without its help, we should not be able to comprehend. I mean the gradual change of climate which has taken place during the long course of the organic history of the earth. As we saw in our last chapter, at the beginning of organic life on the

earth a much higher and more equal temperature must have generally prevailed than at present. The differences of zones, which in our time are so very striking, did not exist at all in those times. It is probable that for many millions of years but one climate prevailed over the whole earth, which very closely resembled, or even surpassed, the hottest tropical climate of the present day. The highest north which man has yet reached was then covered with palms and other tropical plants, the fossil remains of which are still found there. The temperature of this climate at a later period gradually decreased; but still the poles remained so warm that the whole surface of the earth could be inhabited by organisms. It was only at a comparatively very recent period of the earth's history, namely, at the beginning of the Tertiary period, that there occurred as it seems, the first perceptible cooling of the earth's crust at the poles, and through this the first differentiation or separation of the different zones of temperature or climatic zones. But the slow and gradual decrease of temperature continued to extend more and more within the Tertiary period, until at last, at both poles of the earth, the first permanent ice-caps were formed.

I need scarcely point out in detail how very much this change of climate must have affected the geographical distribution of organisms, and the origin of numerous new species. The animal and vegetable species, which, down to the Tertiary period, had found an agreeable tropical climate all over the earth, even as far as the poles, were now forced either to adapt themselves to the decreasing temperature or became new species simply by this very acclimatization, under the influence of natural selection. The other species, which fled from the cold, had to emigrate and seek a milder climate in lower latitudes. The tracts of distribution which had hitherto existed must by this time have been vastly changed.

However, during the last great period of the earth's history, during the Quaternary period (diluvial period), succeeding the Tertiary one, the decrease of the heat of the earth from the poles did not by any means remain

stationary. The temperature fell lower and lower, nay, even far below the present degree. Northern and Central Asia, Europe, and North America, from the north pole, were covered to a great extent by a sheet of ice, which in our part of the earth seems to have reached the Alps. In a similar manner the cold also advancing from the south pole, covered a large portion of the southern hemisphere, which is now free from it, with a rigid sheet of ice. Thus, between these vast lifeless ice-continents, there remained only a narrow zone to which the life of the organic world had to withdraw.

There can be no doubt that this glaciation of the present temperate zones must have exercised an exceedingly important influence on the geographical and topographical distributions of organisms and that it must have entirely changed it. While the cold slowly advanced from the poles toward the equator and covered land and sea with a connected sheet of ice it must of course have driven the whole living world before it. Animals and plants had to migrate if they wished to escape being frozen. But as at that time the temperate and tropical zones were probably no less densely peopled with animals and plants than at present there must have arisen a fearful struggle for life between the latter and the intruders coming from the poles. During this struggle, which certainly lasted many thousands of years, many species must have perished, and many become modified and been transformed into new species. The hitherto existing tracts of distribution of species must have become completely changed, and the struggles have been continued, nay, indeed, must have broken out even, and carried on in new forms, when the ice period had reached and gone beyond its furthest point and when in the post-glacial period the temperature again increased, and organisms began to migrate back again toward the poles.

In any case this great change of climate, whether a greater or less importance be ascribed to it, is one of those occurrences in the history of the earth which have most powerfully influenced the distribution of organic forms. But more especially one important and chrono-

logical circumstance is explained by it in the simplest manner, namely, the specific agreement of many of our Alpine inhabitants with some of those living in polar regions. There is a great number of remarkable animal and vegetable forms which are common to these two far distant parts of the earth, and which are found nowhere in the wide plains lying between them. Their migration from the polar lands to the Alpine heights, or vice versa, would be inconceivable under the present climatic circumstances, or could be assumed at least only in a few rare instances. But such a migration could take place, nay, was obliged to take place, during the gradual advance and retreat of the ice sheet. As the glaciation encroached from Northern Europe toward our Alpine chains, the polar inhabitants retreating before it — gentian, saxifrage, polar foxes, and polar hares must have peopled Germany, in fact, all Central Europe. When the temperature again increased, only a portion of these Arctic inhabitants returned with the retreating ice to the Arctic zones. Another portion of them climbed up the mountains of the Alpine chain instead, and there found a climate suited to them.—*History of Creation.*

HAFIZ, Mohammed Shems ed-Din, a Persian philosopher and poet; born at Shiraz, about 1300; died in 1395. The name Hafiz means, in Arabic, he who knows by heart, *i. e.*, the Koran and the traditions. He early devoted himself to Mohammedan jurisprudence, of which he was a noted teacher, living in luxury, and composing numerous amatory poems. When in 1387 Tamerlane conquered Shiraz he treated Hafiz with marked consideration. In his last years Hafiz embraced an austere life, and devoted himself to celebrating the Divine Unity and the praises of the prophet of Islam. This, however,

did not prevent his early verses in praise of women and wine from being brought up against him. He was branded as an Infidel, an Atheist, and even as a Christian; and the rites of sepulture were denied to him. According to accepted legend, his followers affirmed his orthodoxy, and it was agreed that the question should be decided by chance. The book of his poems was opened, and the lot fell upon one of them in which he made confession of his shortcomings, but also affirmed that he was predestined to Paradise; whereupon a magnificent tomb was erected to his memory at Shiraz, to which, we are told, his admirers still resort to drink wine and sing the verses of their master. His only work is *The Divan,* a collection of poems made after his death, consisting of five hundred and seventy-one *gazels* or odes, and seven elegies. The entire *Divan* was translated into German by Von Hammer in 1812–15. Several of the *gazels* have been rendered into English, at second-hand, by Richardson, Nott, Hindley, and others. Sir William Jones also translated several of them directly from the original Persian. Perhaps the best of them is the following:

A PERSIAN SONG.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst chain my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold:
That rosy cheek, that lily hand
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand!

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:

Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clean as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when those fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret hearts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of Fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine.
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom;
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream.
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy,
For her fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear —
Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage —
While music charms the ravished ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frown of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?

Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which naught but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But oh! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung!

HAGEMAN, SAMUEL MILLER, an American clergyman, poet, and novelist; born at Princeton, N. J., in 1848. He studied theology, and became pastor of the Union Tabernacle Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. His poem, *Silence,* was published in the *Princetonian* in 1866, and was issued in a volume in 1876. He has also written *Veiled,* a novel, and *Protestant Paganism, or The Capital Errors of Christianity,* and *Vesper Voices.*

SILENCE.

Earth is but the frozen echo of the silent voice of God,
Like a dewdrop in a crystal throbbing in the senseless clod:
Silence is the heart of all things, Sound the fluttering of its pulse,
Which the fever and the spasm of the universe convulse.

Every sound which breaks the Silence only makes it more profound,
Like a crash of deafening thunder in the sweet blue stillness drowned.

Let thy soul walk softly in thee, as a saint in heaven unshod,
For to be alone with Silence is to be alone with God.

Somewhere on this moving planet, in the midst of years to be,
In the Silence, in the Shadow, waits a loving heart for thee;
Somewhere in the beckoning heavens, where they know as they are known,
Are the empty arms above thee that shall clasp thee for their own.

Somewhere in the far-off Silence I shall feel a vanished hand;
Somewhere I shall know a voice that now I cannot understand;
Somewhere! Where art thou, O spectre of illimitable space?
Silent scene without a shadow! silent sphere without a place.

Comes there back no sound beyond us where the trackless sunbeam calls?
Comes there back no wraith of music melting through the crystal wall?
Comes there back no bird to lisp us of the great Forevermore.
With a leaf of Life, unwithered, plucked upon the farther shore?

Go to Silence: win her secret, she shall teach thee how to speak;
Shape to which all else is shadow grows within thee clear and bleak:
Go to Silence: she shall teach thee; ripe fruit hangs within thy reach;
He alone hath clearly spoken, who hath learned this: Thought is Speech.

O thou strong and sacred Silence, self-contained in self-control;

HENRY RIDER HAGGARD.

O thou palliating Silence, Sabbath art thou of the soul!
Lie like snow upon my virtues, lie like dust upon my faults,
Silent when the world dethrones me, silent when the world exalts!

Wisdom ripens unto Silence as she grows more truly wise,
And she wears a mellow sadness in her heart and in her eyes.
Wisdom ripens unto Silence, and the lesson she doth teach,
Is that Life is more than Language, and that Thought is more than Speech.

HAGGARD, HENRY RIDER, an English novelist; born in Norfolk, June 22, 1856. When nineteen years old he went to Natal as secretary to Sir H. Bulwer, and served on the staff of Sir Theophilus Shepstone during his mission in the Transvaal. He retired from the Colonial Service in 1879. He has published numerous works: *Cetewayo and His White Neighbors* (1882); *Dawn* (1884); *The Witch's Head* (1885); *King Solomon's Mines* (1886); *She; Jess; Allan Quartermain; Colonel Quaritch, V. C.; Maiwa's Revenge; Mr. Meeson's Will; Cleopatra; Allan's Wife,* and *Beatrice* (1890); *Nada the Lily* (1892); *The People of the Mist* (1894); *Heart of the World* (1895); *Joan Haste* (1895); *Doctor Therne* (1898); *Lysbeth* (1901); *Rival England* (1902); *The Brethren* (1904); and *Ayesha* (1905).

In the decade between 1885 and 1895 Haggard's

works were very popular in both Europe and America. Walter Besant, having made inquiries at the representative public libraries of the leading cities of England as to what authors were the most popular with the masses, thus reports: "Among living authors Haggard is unquestionably first. I find two very remarkable qualities in Mr. Haggard's novels — a power of imagination in which, for audacity and strength, he is unequalled since the Elizabethan dramatists. I have been glancing through his books again to-day, and I do not think this is too strong a thing to say; secondly, there is the mesmeric influence which he exercises over his readers."

IN THE TOMBS OF KOR.

We entered into a little chamber similar to the one in which I had slept at our first stopping-place, only there were two stone benches or beds in it. On the benches lay figures covered with yellow linen, on which a fine and impalpable dust had gathered in the course of ages, but nothing like to the extent that one would have anticipated, for in these deep-hewn caves there was no material to turn to dust. About the bodies on the stone shelves and floor of the tomb were many painted vases, but I saw very few ornaments in any of the vaults.

"Lift the cloth up, O Holly," she said, but though I put out my hand to do so, I drew it back again. It seemed like sacrilege; and, to speak the truth, I was awed by the dread solemnity of the place, and of the presences before us. Then with a little laugh at my fears she drew it herself, only to discover another and yet finer cloth lying over the forms upon the stone bench. This also she withdrew, and then for the first time for thousands upon thousands of years did living eyes look upon the faces of those chilly dead. It was a woman; she might have been thirty-five years of age, or perhaps a little less, and had certainly been beautiful.

Even now her calm clear-cut features, marked out with delicate black eyebrows, and long eyelashes that threw little lines of shadow from the lamp upon the ivory face, were wonderfully beautiful. There, robed in white, down which her blue-black hair was streaming, she slept her last long sleep; and on her arm, its face pressed against her breast, there lay a little babe. So sweet was the sight, although so awful, that — I confess it was without shame — I could scarcely withhold my tears. It took one back across the dim gulf of the ages to some happy home in dead Imperial Kor, where this winsome lady, girt about with her beauty, had lived and died, and dying, taken her last-born with her to the tomb. There they were, mother and babe, the white memories of a forgotten human history speaking more eloquently to the heart than could any written record of their lives. Reverently I replaced the grave-cloths, and with a sigh that flowers so fair should, in the purpose of the Everlasting, have only bloomed to be gathered to the grave, I turned to the body on the opposite shelf, and gently unveiled it. It was that of a man in advanced life, with a long grizzled beard, and also robed in white, probably the husband of the lady, who, after surviving her many years, came at last to sleep once more for good and all beside her.

We left the place and entered others. It would be too long to describe the many things I saw in them. Each one had its occupants, for the five hundred and odd years that had elapsed between the completion of the cave and the destruction of the race had evidently sufficed to fill these catacombs, numberless as they were, and each appeared to have been undisturbed since the day that it was laid there. I could fill a book with the description of them, but to do so would only be to repeat what I have said with variations.—*She.*

THE WRECK OF THE COPELAND.

The steamer *Copeland,* of about 1,000 tons register, bound for Leith, sailed from Reykjavik, Iceland, on the morning of Friday, July 20, with a cargo of 480 ponies

and eleven passengers — namely, Major-General Bevan Edwards, C. B., Captain Miles, Messrs. Williams (two), Ross, Warner, Rider Haggard, two servants, and an Icelandic lady and baby. The ponies — rough, hardy creatures averaging thirteen hands — were shipped from the beach in large boats, about ten to a boat, and then hoisted on board with the donkey engine. It may be doubted if any other breed of horses could have borne such rough and ready treatment as is meted out to those unfortunate animals without breaking their limbs or dashing themselves to pieces with fright. Once on board, they were stowed in the holds, between decks, and, to the number of about fifty, on the deck itself — being packed as closely as herrings in a barrel.

The *Copeland* left harbor in a dead calm, but by breakfast time she was laboring through a head sea and half a gale of wind from the northeast. This gale blew with ever increasing strength, and with the steadiness of a monsoon for four days. On July 23 it became so violent that the vessel could no longer plunge through it at half speed, and Captain Thompson was forced to lay her head on to the seas, merely keeping enough way to hold her in that position. The situation now had the charm of uncertainty. Owing to the presence of the ponies it was impossible to batten down the holds, for to do so would have been to suffocate them. On the other hand, the risk of riding out such a gale in a ship of which the spar deck ceased forward at the bridge, with three yawning hatchways ready to receive the water, was obvious to the most inexperienced observer. So long as the vessel's head could be kept to the seas she was fairly safe; for although she shipped water, it did not reach the holds in any quantity. But in the event of anything happening to her steering gear — which, to judge from the precautions taken to strengthen the chain, did not appear to be in the soundest condition — or, worse still, to the machinery — and either event might well have happened in so severe and prolonged a gale — it would certainly seem that she must have come broadside on to the seas, to fill and sink before her hatches could have been closed. The truth is that, if they can possibly avoid it, passengers should never

travel in vessels laden with the most dangerous of cargoes — live stock — unless they are specially built and fitted for the trade.

During the afternoon and night of the 23d the weather grew still worse than it had been, and the discomfort of the voyage, even to those who were not sea sick, was a thing to be remembered. It is reported that Mr. Oscar Wilde does not think much of the Atlantic. Had he been on board the *Copeland* it is probable that he would have changed his opinion. It became impossible to stand upon the wet decks without support; and to cling to a rail or rope with the spray whipping one's face, and watch the great gray seas rush down upon the ship in an endless succession, breaking over her bow with a cloud of foam, as one by one she climbed their mountainous steeps, is an occupation that in course of time affects the spirits even to the point of prolonged reflection upon one's testamentary arrangements. Below, matters were scarcely better. The only thing to do was to eat and drink, and everybody knows what that means in a heavy gale; and, when this became impossible, to lie upon the stern sofas and try to read. But who can read when every few minutes a black mass surges up over the screwed port holes, through which, tight as they are, the water squirts, and then, as the vessel settles, falls upon the poop above with a heavy thud that shakes her from stem to stern, and rushes to and fro across the decks with a long dreary wash? I believe that when a ship goes through this performance, it is known in nautical language as "dipping her tail." Certainly the *Copeland* dipped hers with such vigor that we began almost to think that it would fall off altogether.

But if the lot of the passengers was bad, and that of the unfortunate, overworked and sodden crew worse, the ponies were, after all, the most to be pitied. For days those on the deck were soaked hour after hour by the seas, pierced by the wind, frightened by the turmoil, and dashed backward and forward by the violent, unceasing motion. One by one the weaker animals succumbed, fell, and after some hours of misery, died. Anything more pitiful than the sight of these dead and dying ponies I never saw. It certainly does not seem right that the

owners of vessels should be allowed to carry live stock upon the upper deck without providing them with some shelter from the weather. Their terror alone must be very great. I saw one poor animal, when a big sea came among them, make a most determined effort to spring over the railing of the hatch down into the hold. It would have succeeded had not a sailor who was by caught it by the tail and dragged it back. We lost about fifteen ponies from exposure, and it speaks well for their constitutions that we did not lose many more.

About four o'clock on the morning of the 24th the gale lulled a little, and the captain tried to drive ahead, with the result that we were nearly shaken out of our berths. Very soon, however, he abandoned the attempt, the strain on the ship and machinery being too great. As it was, the man steering was on two or three occasions thrown right over the wheel. About eleven in the forenoon, however, the weather suddenly cleared, and we pursued our voyage without further interruption. Next morning at breakfast time we found ourselves slowly steaming through the Pentland Firth, and enveloped in a soft white mist. There are, as the reader may be aware, few more dangerous waters to navigate in foggy weather than this firth, with its violent current running at twelve knots an hour. About ten o'clock we arrived off Thurso, every few minutes loudly blowing our steam fog horn, which was answered by some invisible vessel in our vicinity. Here, as usual, a boat came off to take telegrams, its owner assuring us, as we departed, that the fog would lift with the turn of the tide.

It would have been well for us if we had stopped here, but the question of the ponies again came in. I understood that owing to the length of our voyage, which would in ordinary circumstances have been accomplished in three days and a half, only enough hay was left to provide the unfortunate animals with one more feed, whereas we could not, at the best, reach Leith in less than twenty-four hours. I believe it was this question of hay that forced the captain to take the risk and push on. All went well for nearly an hour and a half. The mist was still thick, but the sea was quite calm and the passen-

gers, who has ceased to be sea sick, were standing about the deck talking of Iceland and salmon rivers. Presently, glancing over the stern, I saw by the track in the water that the ship's course had been altered two points. Had that alteration never been made, the *Copeland* would not have been at the bottom of the sea to-day. The captain, believing that we had passed the rocky island of Stroma, was standing in two minutes too soon. All of a sudden the curtain of the mist seemed to be drawn up before our eyes, and there — not more than a hundred yards in front of us — we saw a field of breakers, and the current boiling over the rocks; while right ahead something huge loomed up through the heavy air. We looked at each other, but I do not remember that anybody spoke. For my part, I knew what was coming, and concentrated my attention on the development of the drama. The captain, and I think the first mate, were on the bridge. The engine bell rang loudly, and the screw stopped; again the bell rang, and the engines began to go full steam astern. But, although we were only running at half speed, the way we had on and the tide overpowered the screw, and we glided quickly through the deep, quiet water toward the lip of the breakers. Another few seconds and we were in them. Then, with a succession of long and grinding, but comparatively gentle, shocks, the end came, and the *Copeland* stopped for the last time.

In an instant all was confusion — the escaping steam began to roar, the crew bustled along the decks, and the firemen tumbled up through the hatches, presently to be sent down to rake out the fires before the water reached the boilers. As for the passengers, having remarked to each other it was "a case," they went below to try and save their gear. Fortunately, with the exception of the Icelandic lady and the stewardess, there were no women on board. What would have happened if the *Copeland* had been carrying five hundred emigrants, as on previous voyages, it is difficult to say. There was no panic, for the ponies could not demonstrate against death by drowning. Personally, having bundled my things into a bag, I was, in common with my fellow-passengers, preparing myself for the privations of shipwreck by filling

my flask and drinking a bottle of beer, when I felt the ship slip and give a sickening quiver that caused me to finish the beer and leave the saloon with more haste than dignity. On deck sailors were trying to get out the boats, but, as somebody remarked, they almost seemed to be "screwed down," and when at last they were lifted off their supports, to have a strange propensity to go into the water any way except on a level keel; indeed, one of the passengers heard a sailor asking the steward for calks to stop the holes by which the bilge-water is allowed to escape; so altogether the prospect of rescue by means of the boats in the event of the sudden foundering of the ship was not bright. We had, however, been observed from the shore, for the dark mass that we had seen beyond the breakers proved to be the island of Stroma, the southernmost of the Orkneys, and in a few minutes, to our comfort, several good boats were lying close to us. Presently a Stroma man from one of them boarded the ship, and as we stood wondering what was going to happen next, and watching the boiling of water about our sides, he came running aft. He was a handsome-looking man, with wild eyes and flying hair, and as he came he spoke words of weight: "Get off of this," he said. "There's five feet of water in her hold, and sixty fathoms under her stern. She's only hanging on the rocks; she'll slip off presently and go down by the stern, and drown every man of you!"

Then we began to think that it was time to make a move; and I will confess that during a somewhat varied career I never spent a more unpleasant quarter of an hour than I did between the arrival of the gentleman with warning in his voice and our final escape. It is irritating to be sucked down and drowned in the wake of a sinking ship; and in calm weather, within sight of shore, it seems unnecessary. So we called to the man in one of the boats — for our own were still dangling — and asked if they could take us off? They answered that they could if we could come down to them. This, having obtained the captain's sanction, and, what was even more necessary, a rope-ladder, we went on to do decently and in order, but still without unnecessary delay. When we

were descending, Captain Miles suddenly remembered the Icelandic lady and her baby. She had vanished into the smoking-room four days before, and had been quite forgotten. Not even shipwreck had brought her out. He fetched her, and she came down into the boat, baby and all. To judge from the happy expression on her face, she did not in the least understand the position — probably, indeed, she thought the ships usually unloaded themselves after this fashion. When once I was in the boat my first care was to get up to the bow and loosen the rope by which she was made fast to the vessel, so that I could slip it at any moment. This I did, because I remembered that when the *Teuton* foundered under somewhat similar circumstances on the coast of South Africa, a boat containing thirty women and children was dragged down with her. The rope was fast and nobody had a knife to cut it. Happily, in our case, this emergency did not arise.

At length everybody was embarked, including the islander who had warned us, and with some relief we got away from the ill-fated vessel. It was no more than a hundred yards to the shore, but even in that weather it was not too easy to get there. A sudden reef over which the tide was boiling had to be avoided, and the landing-place consisted of sheer hard rocks that it would be impossible to attempt in unfavorable circumstances. In short, as we realized clearly enough that had there been any sea on, or even an ocean swell remaining from the gale we had experienced, our escape would have been practically impossible. No boats could live in it; to swim would not, I think, be feasible; and even supposing that the ship had held together and remained on the rocks for sufficient time to allow of its being used, there is no rocket apparatus in Stroma; nor, for the matter of that, is there a life-boat, a fog-horn, or a light-house. Thus, had the state of the weather been different, in the absence of a rocket apparatus, every soul on board the *Copeland* must, humanly speaking, have been drowned. Some of the islanders begged us to make this want of apparatus known in the proper quarters, and in the interest of those who may in the future find themselves in the same uncertain position, I do what I can to that end.

We landed at last, and, having saved ourselves, began to think about our baggage. It had all been dragged up on deck with really remarkable promptitude as soon as the ship struck, and now the sailors, who were still aboard, threw it into boats alongside. So that in the end we saved it all, and even a basket of food. Meanwhile, as the vessel seemed to be fixed, and gave no further signs of slipping backward into the deep water under her stern, great efforts were made to rescue some of the ponies. About a hundred of the poor creatures in the lower hold were drowned soon after the vessel struck, and it was said to be a pitiful sight to see them scrambling on to each other's backs and trying to swim for their lives as the water rushed in. Those on the upper decks, however, had a better chance. It was only necessary to throw them into the sea, and allow them to swim to a rock that at low water projects from the shore; and in this way a hundred and twenty ponies were saved before the rising of the tide made it unsafe to continue operations. Gathering confidence from the apparent stability of the ship upon her rock, two of our number who had ponies on her — Mr. Ross and Mr. Williams — determined, very much against the advice of those who had none, to return aboard and see if they could save them. We watched them get on to the ship, and before they had been there long we heard a noise something like the report of a gun, and saw her bow lift two feet or more out of the water. "She's going!" said some one; but most happily she did not go. The great rocks that pierced her amidships sunk more deeply into her vitals and held her. In doing so it pressed up the mainmast several feet with such tremendous force that the wire ropes cracked and slipped, and the mast was shivered. Our friends and the others aboard rushed forward, intending to throw themselves into the water by the ship's bows, taking their chance of being picked up or getting to shore, which, in the state of the tide, would have been possible if she had not rolled over upon them. But fortunately, the rock checked her, and this did not become necessary.

If the wreck of the *Copeland* had been designed by Mr. Augustus Harris for the boards of Drury Lane Theatre,

its surroundings could not have been more theatrically appropriate. The peculiar character of the rocks and the piles of baggage on them suggested a stage effect; so did the picnic luncheon; the picturesque islanders in the background; and, more than all, the camera, produced in the nick of time by Captain Miles from among the baggage, to the presence of which I am indebted for the situations that are reproduced here. It shows how true melodrama is to life! But it was a melodrama with a serious side to it, and we were all glad enough when at length, after about six hours' stay, we succeeded in obtaining three boats to take us and our baggage across the firth to the hotel near John-o'-Groat's, which is about seventeen miles from Wick, the terminus of the Highland Railway. On getting into our boat we were a little disturbed by one of the crew violently protesting against our putting out without food or water. We asked why food and water were necessary for a two miles' row; and it then transpired that we were liable to be carried out to the open ocean; where we might possibly drift for days. However, we started.

Our course lay under the stern of the *Copeland,* under which the tide was again sweeping in its strength, causing the water-logged vessel to move ominously. Some time before this the captain and the remainder of the crew had, as we thought, abandoned the ship, leaving more than three hundred ponies to their fate. As we passed under the stern, however, we became aware that there were still three men on board, who shouted to us to come and take them off. This, as there seemed to be nobody else to do it, we were forced to undertake. We got to the ladder, and hooked on — and a very disagreeable position it was, for in that flood-tide it was obvious that the ship might come off the rock at any moment and involve us in her utter loss. What made it worse was that a petty officer of the ship, who was one of the three men left aboard, and in whom shipwreck seemed to have induced a certain confusion of mind, would insist, in the most leisurely and deliberate manner, in letting down an apparently endless coil of rope into our boat. In vain did we adjure him, in the most vigorous and appropriate

language we could command, to leave his rope and come down. He forcibly refused, and, as we could not abandon him, we had to submit and take our chance. At length he condescended to follow the rope. We got him and his companions ashore, and started again, and very thankful we were when, an hour and a half afterward, we found ourselves on the main-land. The last, and one of the most painful sights that we saw, in connection with the unlucky *Copeland,* was that of a pony, whose leg had been broken as it was thrown overboard, standing on a rock with the water gradually rising over it. Let us hope that it was soon drowned! And so ended the story of the *Copeland,* now, doubtless, at the bottom of the sea, together with her freight of ponies. In conclusion, I wish to bear witness — and I am sure all the other passengers will indorse what I say — to the unfailing courtesy and kindness which we met with at the hands of Captain Thompson, to the skill with which he managed the ship during the serious and prolonged gale that we encountered, and to his complete calmness and self-control in the hour of disaster. If a landsman may express an opinion, the loss of the vessel was entirely owing to the density of the fog on one of the most dangerous coasts of Great Britain, and to the want of fodder, that forced him to press onward to port.

Note. — Many years ago, another vessel struck on the same rock. There was a sea on that washed her over the rock, and she foundered with all hands. While we were on Stroma a second steamer — the same, I believe, that had answered our fog-horn — went ashore on the main-land. She got off, however, having injured her bottom, and I do not know what became of her.

HAHNEMANN, Christian Friedrich Samuel, a German physician, founder of Homœopathy; born at Meissen, Saxony, April 10, 1755; died at Paris, July 2, 1843. He was the son of a designer in and painter of porcelain at the manufactory of Meissen. Until his sixteenth year he attended the public schools in his native town. At twenty years of age, with twenty thalers, the last money ever received from his father, he entered the University of Leipsic, where he supported himself by giving instruction in German and French to a rich young Greek, and by translating English books into German. He remained at Leipsic two years, but desiring better advantages for medical study than could be obtained there, he left Leipsic and went to the medical school at Vienna. Here he had for an instructor the celebrated Von Quarin, with whom he became a favorite pupil. But his limited means permitted him to remain at Vienna only nine months. He then entered the University of Erlangen to receive his degree of Doctor of Medicine, which he did on August 10, 1779. For the next ten years he practiced medicine at Hettstadt, Dessau, Dresden, and other places. While translating Cullen's *Materia Medica,* his attention was arrested by the contradictory statements of the medicinal properties of Peruvian bark, and he determined to find out just what action this bark had, and he began experimenting. After many experiments with it and other drugs, he became convinced of the truth of the principle that the cure for a disease is the drug that would produce the symptoms of the disease in a healthy person, or *similia similibus*

curantur. Continuing his experiments he also became convinced that smaller quantities than that of the customary doses produced better results, and this led to the attenuating or to the dynamization of the medicine. From this time he devoted himself to the promulgation of those principles which he had discovered. His views were bitterly antagonized by physicians and apothecaries, though he continued teaching and practicing his system until 1821, when he was driven from Leipsic, the persecution and prosecution of the apothecaries, who had won a suit against him, having made it impossible for him to dispense his own prescriptions. Frederick, the Grand Duke of Anhalt-Köethen, now invited him to Köethen and appointed him his physician. Here, under the protection of the Duke, he continued his practice and received patients from many different countries besides his own. In 1835 he removed to Paris, where he spent the remainder of his life.

The work in which he most fully explains and illustrates his system is *Organon der rationellen Heilkunde* (1810), sixth edition (1865). Other valuable works are *Fragmenta de Viribus Medicamentorum Positivis,* 2 vols. (1805); *Reine Arzneimittellehre,* 6 vols. (1811); *Die Chronischen Krankheiten,* 4 vols. (1828–30). His *Lesser Writings* have been collected and translated by R. E. Dudgeon, with a preface and notes by E. E. Marcy.

It has been claimed that Hahnemann was not the discoverer of this system, since Hippocrates, before the Christian era, enunciated the same principle, but this does not lessen the value of Hahnemann's work, as he not only made his discoveries independently of Hippocrates, but proceeded to make a practical appli-

cation of them in the interests of science and humanity.

SPIRIT OF THE HOMŒOPATHIC DOCTRINE OF MEDICINE.

It is impossible to divine the internal essential nature of diseases and the changes they effect in the hidden parts of the body, and it is absurd to frame a system of treatment on such hypothetical surmises and assumptions: it is impossible to divine the medicinal properties of remedies from any chemical theories or from their smell, color, or taste, and it is absurd to attempt, from such hypothetical surmises and assumptions, to apply to the treatment of diseases these substances, which are so hurtful when wrongly administered. And even were such practice ever so customary and ever so generally in use, were it even the only one in vogue for thousands of years, it would nevertheless continue to be a senseless and pernicious practice to found on empty surmises an idea of the morbid condition of the interior, and to attempt to combat this with equally imaginary properties of medicines.

Appreciable, distinctly appreciable to our senses must that be, which is to be removed in each disease in order to transform it into health, and right clearly must each remedy express what it can positively cure, if medical art shall cease to be a wanton game of hazard with human life, and shall commence to be the sure deliverer from diseases.

I shall show what there is undeniably curable in diseases, and how the curative properties of medicines are to be distinctly perceived and applied to treatment.

. . . . . .

What life is can only be known empirically from its phenomena and manifestations, but no conception of it can be formed by any metaphysical speculations *a priori;* what life is, in its actual essential nature, can never be ascertained nor even guessed at by mortals.

To the explanation of human life, as also its twofold

conditions, health and disease, the principles by which we explain other phenomena are quite inapplicable. With naught in the world can we compare it save with itself alone; neither with a piece of clock-work, nor with an hydraulic machine, nor with chemical processes, nor with decompositions and recompositions of gases, nor yet with a galvanic battery, in short, with nothing destitute of life. Human life is *in no respect* regulated by purely physical laws, which only obtain among inorganic substances. The material substances of which the human organism is composed no longer follow, in this vital combination, the laws to which material substances in the inanimate condition are subject; they are regulated by the laws peculiar to vitality alone, they are themselves animated just as the whole system is animated. Here a nameless fundamental power reigns omnipotent, which suspends all the tendency of the compotent parts of the body to obey the laws of gravitation, of momentum, of the *vis inertiæ*, of fermentation, of putrefaction, etc., and brings them under the wonderful laws of life alone — in other words maintains them in the condition of *sensibility* and *activity* necessary to the preservation of the living whole, a condition almost spiritually dynamic.

Now as the condition of the organism and its healthy state depend solely on the state of the life which animates it, in like manner it follows that the altered state, which we term disease, consists in a condition altered originally only in its vital sensibilities and functions, irrespective of all chemical or mechanical principles; in short, it must consist in an altered dynamical condition, a changed mode of being, whereby a change in the properties of the material component parts of the body is afterward effected, which is a necessary consequence of the morbidly altered condition of the living whole in every individual case.—*Lesser Writings.*

HAHN-HAHN, Ida Marie Louise Gustave, Countess, a German traveler, poet and novelist; born at Tressow, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, June 22, 1805; died at Mainz, January 12, 1880. She married her cousin, Count Karl Friedrich Hahn-Hahn. The marriage was unhappy, and was ended by a divorce in 1829. She then traveled in England, Scandinavia, France, Spain, Italy, and the East, and after each journey published an account of it. Between 1835 and 1837 she published three volumes of verse, *Poems; New Poems;* and *Venetian Nights.* Among her novels are *Astralion,* a romance (1837); *The Countess Faustina* (1841); *Sigismond Forster* (1841); *Two Women* (1845); *Sibylle* (1846), and *Lewin* (1847). Among her other works are *Beyond the Mountains,* a journey in Italy in 1840; *Reisebriefe* (*Letters of a Journey in Spain, France, etc.*) (1841); *Orientalische Briefe,* translated under the title of *Letters of a German Countess from the Holy Land* (1845); *From Babylon to Jerusalem,* the story of her conversion to the Church of Rome, which she entered in 1850; *Peregrina* (1864), and *Eudoxia* (1868). In 1852 she entered the House of the Good Shepherd at Angiers. She afterward devoted herself to the reformation of outcast women in Metz.

PHILÆ.

As you glide along in the boat, between the dark granite rocks, which bound and traverse the Nile, a sudden turn of the river opens to view the island of Philæ, rising bright, clear and beautiful amid the confusion and desolation that encircles it. Philæ has shared in the general downfall, and the ground which was once

destined to bear only temples is now covered with ruins. This sacred island was formerly protected by a wall against the incursions of the river. Parts are still standing; in others, the steep declivity is covered with flowering beans, a vegetable to which the people are very partial. Palms wave their pensive heads above the melancholy ruins; yet in other respects Philæ has escaped both the lodgments of men, and the encroachments of the sand, so that its temples may be said to remain in comparatively good preservation, while those on the sister islands of Bidsha and Elephantina present only desolate ruins and remains of ancient monuments.

This temple, even in its ruins, is so full of sublime majesty and thoughtful repose, the style of its architecture is so lofty and severe, that its sculptures of hawk-headed and cow-horned deities look like the fevered dreams of a superior mind. The sculptures are all of that formal unsymmetrical character, which we see in our museums and to which we give the name of Egyptian. It does not please and attract the eye, but it produces such an impression of imposing grandeur that every other style looks little, and almost insignificant in comparison with it. It retains its grandeur even amid these towering rocks — nay, it gains in magnificence; for its masses are so gigantic that they look as if they could have been reared only by the hand of nature; and yet ordered with so much harmony and beauty, as to afford one of the noblest triumphs of the human mind. The island of Philæ, borne upon the waters of the Nile, which at once encompass and secure it, is a precious relic of the best ages of the Ptolemies. —*Letters from the Holy Land.*

HAILES, David Dalrymple, Lord, a Scottish jurist and historian; born in 1726; died in 1792. He was educated at Eton and at the Dutch University of Utrecht, and in 1748 was admitted as advocate at the Scottish bar. In 1766 he was made a Judge of the Court of Sessions, with the title of Lord Hailes, and in 1786 was made Lord Commissioner of the Judiciary. His works, extending over a period of half a century, are very numerous. The most important of them are *The Annals of Scotland; Remains of Christian Antiquity;* and *An Inquiry into the Secondary Causes which Mr. Gibbon has assigned for the Rapid Growth of Christianity.* He also wrote many clever essays in various periodicals.

A MEDITATION AMONG BOOKS.

Before my eyes an almost innumerable multitude of authors are ranged; different in their opinions as in their bulk and appearance. In what light shall I view this great assembly? Shall I consider it as an ancient legion, drawn out in goodly array under fit commanders? or as a modern regiment of writers, where the common men have been forced by want or seduced through wickedness into the service, and where the leaders owe their advancement rather to caprice, party favor, and the partiality of friends than to merit or service? Shall I consider you, O ye books! as a herd of courtiers, who profess to be subservient to my use, and yet seek only your own advantage? No, let me consider this room as the great charnel-house of human reason, where darkness and corruption dwell. Who are they, whose unadorned raiment bespeaks their inward simplicity? They are Law Books, Statutes, and Commentaries on Statutes. These are Acts of Parlia-

ment, whom all men must obey, and yet few only can purchase. Like the Sphinx of antiquity, they speak in enigmas, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not. These are the Commentaries on Statutes: for the perusing of them the longest life would prove insufficient; for the understanding of them the utmost ingenuity of man would not avail. Cruel is the dilemma between the necessity and the impossibility of understanding: yet are we not left utterly destitute of relief. Behold, for our comfort, an Abridgment of Law and Equity! It consists not of many volumes; it extends only to twenty-two folios; yet, as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive substance of a stalled ox, so may this Compendium contain the essential gravy of many a Report and Adjudged Case. The sages of the law recommend this Abridgment to our perusal. Much are we beholden to the physicians who only prescribe the bark of the *quinquina,* when they might oblige their patient to swallow the whole tree.

From these volumes I turn my eyes on a deep-embodied phalanx, numerous and formidable. They are the Controversial Divines — so has the world agreed to call them. How arbitrary is language! and how does the custom of mankind join words that Reason has put asunder! Thus we often hear of hell-fire cold, of devilish handsome, and the like: and thus Controversial and Divine have been associated. These Controversial Divines have changed the rule of life into a standard of disputation. They have employed the temple of the Most High as a fencing-school, where gymnastic exercises are daily exhibited, and where victory serves only to excite new contests. Slighting the bulwarks wherewith He who bestowed religion on mankind had secured it, they have encompassed it with various minute outworks which an army of warriors can with difficulty defend.

The next to these are the redoubtable antagonists of common-sense; the gentlemen who close up the common highway to Heaven, and yet open no private road for persons having occasion to pass that way. The writers of this tribe are various, but in principles and

manner nothing dissimilar. Let me review them as they stand arrayed:

These are Epicurean Orators, who have endeavored to confound the ideas of right and wrong to the unspeakable comfort of highwaymen and stock-jobbers. *These* are Inquirers after Truth, who never deign to implore the aid of knowledge in their researches. *These* are Sceptics who labor earnestly to argue themselves out of their own existence; herein resembling that choice spirit who endeavored so artfully to pick his own pocket as not to be detected by himself. Last of all are the Composers of Rhapsodies, and — strange to say it — of Thoughts. Thou first — thou greatest vice of the human mind — Ambition! all these authors were originally thy votaries. They promised to themselves a fame more durable than the calf-skin which covered their works. The calf-skin — as the dealer speaks — is in excellent condition, while the books themselves remain the prey of that silent critic, the worm.

Complete Cooks and Conveyances; Bodies of School-Divinity and Tommy Thumb; little Story-Books, Systems of Philosophy, and Memoirs of Women of Pleasure; Apologies for the lives of Players and Prime-Ministers: all are consigned to one common oblivion.

One book indeed there is, which pretends to little reputation, and by a strange felicity obtains whatever it demands. To be useful for some months only is the whole of its ambition; and though every day that passes confessedly diminishes its utility, yet it is sought for and purchased by all. Such is the deserved and unenvied character of that excellent treatise of practical Astronomy, the Almanac.

HAKLUYT, RICHARD, an English geographer; born near London about 1553; died at London, November 23, 1616. The Hakluyts were a Welsh family, not Dutch, as might be supposed. They settled in Herefordshire as early as the thirteenth century. Richard was a prebendary of Westminster, studied at Oxford, and took holy orders. He took the degree of A. B. in 1573–74, and of M. A. in 1577, and was twice awarded money prizes for scholarship. He delivered a series of public lectures on the old and new geography at Oxford in 1577. His first published work was *Divers Voyages Touching the Discoverie of America* (1582). On account of his great knowledge of geography and his wide acquaintance among mariners, he was selected, at the age of thirty, to accompany Sir Edward Stafford, the English Ambassador, to Paris in the capacity of chaplain. His instructions were to make diligent inquiries into the French and Spanish discoveries in America. The fruits of his labors are embodied in *A Particular Discourse Concerning Westerne Discoveries, Written in the Year 1584, by Richarde Hackluyt of Oxforde, at the Requeste and Direction of the Righte Worshipfull Mr. Walter Raghly Before the Comynge Home of his Two Barkes.* The object of the discourse was to recommend the planting of English colonies in North America. While in Paris, Hakluyt published a history of four voyages made to Florida by French captains, which contained the journal of Laudonnière. In 1587 he published an annotated edition of Martyr's *De Orbe Novo.* In 1588 he returned to England, and the following year published *The Principall Naviga-*

tions, Voiages, and Discoveries of the English Nation. In this book the announcement is made of the intended publication of the first terrestrial globe. This great work of Hakluyt has been aptly styled the great prose epic of the modern English nation. His last publication was a translation of De Soto's discoveries in Florida, which he called *Virginia Richly Valued,* and which was intended to encourage the young colony of Virginia, of which Hakluyt was a zealous promoter. His published books contain some valuable and rare maps, and among his manuscripts are some valuable bits of information concerning the early discoveries and settlement of America. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, but the most valuable monument to his memory is the Hakluyt Society, established in London to publish his manuscripts and those of other men engaged in the same field of research.

THE DEATH OF SIR HUMPHRY GILBERT.

The frigate in which Sir Humphry Gilbert was returning to England from Newfoundland, after his voyage of discovery, in 1853, was on Monday, the 9th of September, in the afternoon, near cast away with the violence of the waves, but at that time recovered; and giving forth signs of joy, the General — who sat in the stern with a book in his hand — cried out to the men of the *Hind* whenever they came within hearing, "*We are as near to Heaven by sea as by land?*" reiterating the same speech, which was well worthy of a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, and such Sir Humphry truly was.

On that same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of the *Golden Hind,* suddenly her lights went out; and the watch on the *Hind,* with wild surprise, cried out "The General is cast away!" which was too true; for in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea.— *From Hakluyt's Voyages.*

HALE, EDWARD EVERETT, an American clergyman and novelist; born at Boston, April 3, 1822. His father was Nathan Hale, the proprietor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser,* and one of the founders of the *North American Review* and the *Christian Examiner.* His mother was a sister of Edward Everett. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1839; studied theology, and in 1846 became pastor of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, Mass. Ten years later he was called to the South Congregational Church of Boston. He was editor of the *Christian Examiner* and the *Sunday School Gazette;* in 1869 he founded a magazine, *Old and New,* of which he was editor, and in 1885 began the publication of *Lend a Hand,* a magazine having for its object the furtherance of benevolent work. He has contributed to numerous journals and periodicals, and is the author of many books. Among his earlier works are *Margaret Percival in America* and *Sketches of American History* (1850); *Letters on Irish Emigration* (1852), and *Kansas and Nebraska* (1854). *The Man Without a Country,* contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine* in 1861, is the story of a young lieutenant whose punishment for treason was never to hear his country mentioned again. Among his later works are *If, Yes, and Perhaps: Four Impossibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact* (1868); *Sybaris and their Homes* and *The Ingham Papers* (1869); *Ten Times One is Ten: The Possible Reformation* (1870); *His Level Best* (1872); *Ups and Downs* (1873); *In His Name; Working Men's Homes,* and *A Summer Vacation* (1874); *Philip*

Nolan's Friends: a Story of the Change of the Western Empire (1876); *G. T. T., or the Wonderful Adventure of a Pullman* (1877); *Mrs. Merriam's Scholars* (1878); *Crusoe in New York; and Other Tales* (1880); *The Kingdom of God and Other Sermons* (1880); *June to May,* sermons (1881); *Family Flights Through Egypt and Syria, France, Germany, Spain, etc.* (1881 and 1882); *About Home* (1884); *Through Mexico* (1886); *Story of Spain* (1886); *Franklin in France* (1887); *East and West* (1892); *Sybil Knox* (1892); *For Fifty Years,* poems (1893); *If Jesus Came to Boston* (1895); *Historic Boston* (1898); *Lowell and His Friends* (1899); *Memories of a Hundred Years* (1900), and *We the People* (1903).

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

"The man without a country was based on a letter written from a United States frigate. I took pains to use the name of a frigate that had been at the bottom of the sea for fifteen years. I had to give it a latitude and longitude, and I was careful to place it on top of the Andes. I took occasion to read up on the doings of our navy for the year in which the incidents described occurred, so that I might avoid using the name of any officer or vessel actually in service at that time. That was for the purpose of keeping fiction and fact separate. The trouble is that too often, as a distinguished writer has said, 'the history spoils the story and the story spoils the history.' Hence, some of our historical novels are very poor — as mine are. My own rule is to be sure that your historical facts are correct as far as they go, but let your imaginary characters float free."—*From a speech delivered by Dr. Hale in 1897.*

LOST.

But as she ran, the path confused her. Could she have passed that flaming sassafras without so much as noticing it? Anyway she should recognize the great mass of bays where she had last noticed the panther's tracks. She had seen them as she ran on, and as she came up. She hurried on; but she certainly had returned much farther than she went, when she came out on a strange log flung up in some freshet, which she knew she had not seen before. And there was no clump of bays. Was this being lost? Was she lost? Why, Inez had to confess to herself that she was lost just a little bit, but nothing to be afraid of; but still lost enough to talk about afterward she certainly was.

Yet, as she said to herself again and again, she could not be a quarter of a mile, nor half a quarter of a mile, from camp. As soon as they missed her — and by this time they had missed her — they would be out to look for her. How provoking that she, of all the party, should make so much bother to the rest! They would watch her now like so many cats all the rest of the way. What a fool she was ever to leave the knoll! So Inez stopped again, shouted again, and listened and listened, to hear nothing but a swamp-owl.

If the sky had been clear, she would have had no cause for anxiety. In that case they would have light enough to find her in. She would have had the sunset glow to steer by; and she would have had no difficulty in finding them. But with this horrid gray over everything she dared not turn round, without fearing that she might lose the direction in which the theory of the moment told her she ought to be faring. And these openings which she had called trails — which were probably broken by wild horses and wild oxen as they came down to the bayou to drink — would not go in one direction for ten paces. They bent right and left, this way and that; so that without some sure token of sun or star, it was impossible, as Inez felt, to know which way she was walking.

And at last this perplexity increased. She was conscious that the sun must have set, and that the twilight, never long, was now fairly upon her. All the time there was this fearful silence, only broken by her own voice and that hateful owl. Was she wise to keep on in her theories of this way or that way? She had never yet come back, either upon the fallen cottonwood tree, or upon the bunch of bays which was her landmark; and it was doubtless her wisest determination to stay where she was. The chances that the larger party would find her were much greater than that she alone would find them; but by this time she was sure that, if she kept on in any direction, there was an even chance that she was going farther and farther wrong.

But it was too cold for her to sit down, wrap herself never so closely in her shawl. The poor girl tried this. She must keep in motion. Back and forth she walked, fixing her march by signs which she could not mistake even in the gathering darkness. How fast that darkness gathered! The wind seemed to rise, too, as the night came on, and a fine rain, that seemed as cold as snow to her, came to give the last drop to her wretchedness. If she were tempted for a moment to abandon her sentry-beat, and try this wild experiment or that, to the right or left, some odious fallen trunk, wet with moss and decay, lay just where she pressed into the shrubbery, as if placed there to reveal to her her absolute powerlessness. She was dead with cold, and even in all her wretchedness knew that she was hungry. How stupid to be hungry when she had so much else to trouble her! But at least she would make a system of her march. She would walk fifty times this way, to the stump, and fifty times that way; then she would stop and cry out and sound her war-whoop; then she would take up her sentry march again. And so she did. This way, at least, time would not pass without her knowing whether it was midnight or no.

"Hark! God be praised, there is a gun! and there is another! and there is another! They have come on the right track, and I am safe!" So she shouted again, and sounded her war-whoop again, and listened,— and

then again, and listened again. One more gun! but then no more! Poor Inez! Certainly they were all on one side of her. If only it was not so piteously dark! If she could only walk half the distance in that direction which her fifty sentry beats made put together! But when she struggled that way through the tangle, and over one wet log and another, it was only to find her poor wet feet sinking down into mud and water! She did not dare keep on. All that was left for her was to find her tramping-ground again, and this she did.

"Good God, take care of me! My poor dear father — what would he say if he knew his child was dying close to her friends? Dear mamma, keep watch over your little girl."— *Philip Nolan's Friends*

HALE, HORATIO, an American ethnologist; born at Newport, N. H., May 3, 1817; died at Clinton, Ontario, December 29, 1896. He was graduated from Harvard in 1837, and the next year was appointed philologist to the United States exploring expedition under Captain Charles Wilkes, which spent three years in the Antarctic and Southern Pacific seas. While on this expedition he studied the language of many of the people and tribes of the different countries and islands which he visited, and also their history, traditions, and customs. The results of these studies are given in his *Ethnography and Philology* (1846), which forms the seventh volume of the reports of the expedition. After finishing this work Mr. Hale spent a number of years in travel and study in the United States and Europe. He subsequently studied law and was admitted to the bar in Chicago in 1855. In 1856 he removed to Clinton, Canada,

devoting his time to the practice of his profession and to scientific studies. He published *Indian Migrations as Evidenced by Language* (1883); *The Iroquois Book of Rites* (1883); *Report on the Blackfoot Tribes* (1885). In 1886 he was elected Vice-President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. His address, *The Origin of Languages and the Antiquity of Speaking Man,* aroused both interest and discussion.

THE NATIVES OF THE UNION GROUP OF ISLANDS.

At daylight we were in sight of a low island which is laid down in this position, with the name of the Duke of York's Island. It was so called by Admiral Byron, who discovered it in the year 1765, on his way to the Ladrones. As we approached, its appearance brought to mind another of Lord Byron's discoveries, the largest, Disappointment Island, to which it bore a strong resemblance. It was an oblong ring of small coral islets, linked together by reefs, and surrounding a lagoon. Most of the islands were well wooded, and one in particular was covered with a dense forest of cocoanut trees. From this circumstance, and from the small number of birds about the ship, we were disposed to believe that the island might prove to be inhabited, notwithstanding the contrary statement of its discoverer. We were not, therefore, surprised when a column of smoke, ascending from one of the islets, gave evidence of the presence of natives.

The vessels took their stations for surveying, and we were slowly standing along the island when three canoes put off toward the ship. The mizzen-topsail was backed to allow them to come up with us, which they did in a style that again reminded us of the Disappointment Island, for they broke out into an uproarious song or cantillation which they kept up with some intervals of shouting and clamor until they left the ship.

The canoes were all double, and of course had no

outriggers. They were made of pieces of wood lashed together like those of Samoa, and were ornamented with a few shells of the white ooula commonly used for this purpose throughout the Friendly Group. The blades of their paddles were not oval, as in Tonga and Fejee, but oblong and slender like those of the Navigator islanders.

There were eight or ten men in each canoe, and as they drew near their color and features proclaimed that they belonged to the Polynesian race. There was little in either to distinguish them from the people of Samoa and Tonga. They wore the *maro,* or girdle, made of braided matting, like that of the Paumotu islanders. Around their heads, covering the forehead, they had narrow strips of the same matting tied, and one, who appeared to be a personage of note, had stuck in it several of the long red feathers from the tail of the tropic-bird. Many of them had shades or eye-screens of thick braid tied on the forehead, very similar to those used by weak-sighted people among us. Their hair was cut an inch or two long all over the head. Some of them wore shells, and pieces of sponge suspended by a string to the neck, and one had a large blue bead worn in a similar manner, showing that they had already had intercourse with foreigners. Indeed, their manners left no doubt on this point. Before they reached the ship they held up rolls of matting, making signs of a wish to barter. In one canoe, the head man unrolled his wares and spread them out to our view with the dexterity of a practised auctioneer. All this time they were chanting their noisy song without intermission.

They came alongside very readily, but no inducements could prevail upon them to venture on board. Our interpreter was a Samoan native, whom we shipped at Oahu; but though it was soon evident that their language was allied to his own, it was still so different that he found himself frequently at a loss. Their refusal to come on board was caused by a singular apprehension that the ship would rise and bear them to the skies, from which they averred that we had descended. One of them, who had an ulcerated arm, had the courage, at

last, to climb up the gangway and offer it to be cured, but he could not be prevailed upon to advance farther. —*Ethnography and Philology.*

HALE, LUCRETIA PEABODY, an American novelist and writer of juvenile stories; born at Boston, Mass., September 2, 1820; died there June 12, 1900. She was a sister of Edward Everett Hale, and was popular as a writer for young people. Her published works include *The Peterkin Papers* (1882); *The Last of the Peterkins* (1886), and *The New Harry and Lucy* (1888). She had previously written *The Lord's Supper and Its Observance* (1866); *The Service of Sorrow* (1867), and *The Wolf at the Door.*

MRS. PETERKIN IN EGYPT.

The family had taken passage in the new line for Bordeaux. They supposed they had; but would they ever reach the vessel in New York? The last moments were terrific. In spite of all their careful arrangements, their planning and packing of the last year, it seemed, after all, as if everything were left for the very last day. There were presents for the family to be packed, six steamer-bags for Mrs. Peterkin, half a dozen sachels of salts-bottles for Elizabeth Eliza, Apollinaris water, lunch-baskets. All these must be disposed of.

On the very last day, Elizabeth Eliza went into Boston to buy a bird, as she had been told she would be less likely to be sea-sick if she had a bird in a cage in her state-room. Both she and her mother disliked the singing of caged birds, especially of canaries, but Mrs. Peterkin argued that they would be less likely to be homesick, as they never had birds at home. After long moments of indecision, Elizabeth Eliza determined upon two canary

birds, thinking she might let them fly as they approached the shore of Portugal, and they would then reach their native islands. This matter detained her till the latest train, so that on her return from Boston to their quiet suburban home, she found the whole family assembled in the station, ready to take the through express train to New York.

She did not have time, therefore, to go back to the house for her own things. It was now locked up and the key intrusted to the Bromwicks; and all the Bromwicks and the rest of the neighbors were at the station, ready to bid them good-bye. The family had done their best to collect all her scattered bits of baggage, but all through her travels, afterward, she was continually missing something she had left behind, that she would have packed, and had intended to bring.

They reached New York with half a day on their hands, and, during this time, Agamemnon fell in with some old college friends, who were going with a party to Greece to look up the new excavations. They were to leave, the next day, in a steamer for Gibraltar. Agamemnon felt that here was the place for him, and hastened to consult his family. Perhaps he could persuade them to change their plans and take passage with the party for Gibraltar. But he reached the pier just as the steamer for Bordeaux was leaving the shore. He was too late, and was left behind! Too late to consult them, too late even to join them! He examined his map, however — one of his latest purchases, which he carried in his pocket,— and consoled himself with the fact that on reaching Gibraltar he could soon communicate with his family at Bordeaux, and he was easily reconciled to his fate.

It was not till the family landed at Bordeaux that they discovered the absence of Agamemnon. Every day, there had been some of the family unable to come on deck,— sea-sick below; Mrs. Peterkin never left her berth, and constantly sent messages to the others to follow her example, as she was afraid some one of them would be lost overboard. Those who were on deck from time to time were always different ones, and the passage was remarkably quick, while, from the tossing of the ship, as they

met rough weather, they were all too miserable to compare notes, or count their numbers. Elizabeth Eliza, especially, had been exhausted by the voyage. She had not been many days seasick, but the incessant singing of the birds had deprived her of sleep. Then the necessity of talking French had been a great task upon her. The other passengers were mostly French, and the rest of the family constantly appealed to her to interpret their wants, and explain them to the garçon, once every day at dinner. She felt as if she never wished to speak another word in French, and the necessity of being interpreter at the hotel at Bordeaux, on their arrival, seemed almost too much for her. She had even forgotten to let her canary birds fly, when off shore in the Bay of Biscay, and they were still with her, singing incessantly, as if they were rejoicing over an approach to their native shores. She thought now she must keep them till their return, which they were already planning.

The little boys, indeed, would like to have gone back on the return trip of the steamer. A son of the steward told them that the return cargo consisted of dried fruits and raisins; that every state-room, except those occupied with passengers, would be filled with boxes of raisins and jars of grapes; that these often broke open in the passage, giving a great opportunity for boys.

But the family held to their Egypt plan, and were cheered by making the acquaintance of an English party. At the table d'hôte, Elizabeth Eliza by chance dropped her fork into her neighbor's lap. She apologized in French, her neighbor answered in the same language, which Elizabeth Eliza understood so well that she concluded she had at last met with a true Parisian, and ventured on more conversation, when suddenly, they both found they were talking in English, and Elizabeth Eliza exclaimed: "I am so glad to meet an American," at the moment that her companion was saying, "Then you are an Englishwoman!"

From this moment, Elizabeth Eliza was at ease, and indeed both parties were mutually pleased. Elizabeth Eliza's new friend was one of a large party, and she was delighted to find that they, too, were planning a winter

in Egypt. They were waiting till a friend should have completed her "cure" at Pau, and the Peterkins were glad also to wait for the appearance of Agamemnon, who might arrive in the next steamer.

One of the little boys was sure he had heard Agamemnon's voice the morning after they left New York, and was certain he must have been on board the vessel. Mr. Peterkin was not so sure. He now remembered that Agamemnon had not been at the dinner table the very first evening. But then neither Mrs. Peterkin nor Solomon John were able to be present, as the vessel was tossing in a most uncomfortable manner, and nothing but dinner could have kept the little boys at table. Solomon John knew that Agamemnon had not been in his own state-room during the passage, but he himself had seldom left it, and it had been always planned that Agamemnon should share that of a fellow-passenger.

However this might be, it would be best to leave Marseilles with the English party by the "P. & O." steamer. This was one of the English "Peninsular and Oriental" line, that left Marseilles for Alexandria, Egypt, and made a return trip directly to Southampton, England. Mr. Peterkin thought it might be advisable to take "go and return" tickets, coming back to Southampton, and Mrs. Peterkin liked the idea of no change of baggage, though she dreaded the longer voyage. Elizabeth Eliza approved of this return trip in the P. & O. steamer, and decided it would give a good opportunity to dispose of her canary-birds on her return.

The family therefore consoled themselves at Marseilles with the belief that Agamemnon would appear somehow. If not, Mr. Peterkin thought he could telegraph him from Marseilles, if he only knew where to telegraph to. But at Marseilles there was great confusion at the Hôtel de Noailles, for the English party met other friends, who persuaded them to take route together by Brindisi. Elizabeth Eliza was anxious to continue with her new English friend, and Solomon John was delighted with the idea of passing through the whole length of Italy. But the sight of the long journey, as she saw it on the map in the guide-book, terrified Mrs. Peterkin. And Mr. Peterkin

had taken their tickets for the Marseilles line. Elizabeth Eliza still dwelt upon the charm of crossing under the Alps, while this very idea alarmed Mrs. Peterkin.

On the last morning, the matter was still undecided. On leaving the hotel, it was necessary for the party to divide, and take two omnibuses. Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin reached the steamer at the moment of departure, and suddenly Mrs. Peterkin found they were leaving the shore. As they crossed the broad gangway to reach the deck, she had not noticed they had left the pier, indeed she had supposed that the steamer was one she saw out in the offing, and that they would be obliged to take a boat to reach it. She hurried from the group of travelers whom she had followed, to find Mr. Peterkin reading from his guide-book to the little boys an explanation that they were passing the "Chateau d'If," from which the celebrated historical character, the Count of Monte Cristo, had escaped by flinging himself into the sea.

"Where is Elizabeth Eliza? Where is Solomon John?" Mrs. Peterkin exclaimed, seizing Mr. Peterkin's arm. Where indeed? There was a pile of the hand baggage of the family, but not that of Elizabeth Eliza, not even the bird-cage. "It was on the top of the other omnibus," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin. Yes, one of the little boys had seen it on the pavement of the court-yard of the hotel, and had carried it to the omnibus in which Elizabeth Eliza was sitting. He had seen her through the window.

"Where is that other omnibus?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, looking vaguely over the deck, as they were fast retreating from the shore. "Ask somebody what became of that other omnibus!" she exclaimed. "Perhaps they have gone with the English people," suggested Mr. Peterkin, but he went to the officers of the boat, and attempted to explain in French that one-half of his family had been left behind. He was relieved to find that the officers could understand his French, though they did not talk English. They declared, however, it was utterly impossible to turn back. They were already two minutes and a half behind time, on account of waiting for a party who had been very long in crossing the gangway.

Mr. Peterkin returned gloomily with the little boys to Mrs. Peterkin. "We can not go back," he said, "we must content ourselves with going on, but I conclude we can telegraph from Malta. We can send a message to Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John, telling them that they can take the next Marseilles "P. & O." steamer in ten days, or that they can go back to Southampton for the next boat, which leaves at the end of this week. And Elizabeth Eliza may decide upon this," Mr. Peterkin concluded, "on account of passing so near the Canary Isles."

"She will be glad to be rid of the birds," said Mrs. Peterkin, calming herself.

These anxieties, however, were swallowed up in new trials. Mrs. Peterkin found that she must share her cabin (she found it was called "cabin," and not "stateroom," which bothered her and made her feel like Robinson Crusoe) — her cabin she must share with some strange ladies, while Mr. Peterkin and the little boys were carried to another part of the ship. Mrs. Peterkin remonstrated, delighted to find that her English was understood though it was not listened to. It was explained to her that every family was divided in this way, and that she would meet Mr. Peterkin and the little boys at meal times in the large *salon,* on which all the cabins opened, and on deck, and she was obliged to content herself with this. Whenever they met their time was spent in concocting a form of telegram to send from Malta. It would be difficult to bring it into the required number of words, as it would be necessary to suggest three different plans to Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John. Besides the two they had already discussed, there was to be considered the possibility of their having joined the English party. But Mrs. Peterkin was sure they must have gone back first to the Hôtel de Noailles, to which they could address their telegram.

She found, meanwhile, the ladies in her cabin very kind and agreeable. They were mothers, returning to India, who had been home to England to leave their children, as they were afraid to expose them longer to the climate of India. Mrs. Peterkin could have sympathetic talks with them over their family photographs. Mrs.

Peterkin's family book was, alas, in Elizabeth Eliza's handbag. It contained the family photographs, from early childhood upward, and was a large volume, representing the children at every age.

At Malta, as he supposed, Mr. Peterkin and the little boys landed, in order to send their telegram. Indeed all of the gentlemen among the passengers, and some of the ladies, gladly went on shore to visit the points of interest that could be seen in the time allotted. The steamer was to take in coal, and would not leave till early the next morning.

Mrs. Peterkin did not accompany them. She still had her fears about leaving the ship and returning to it, although it had been so quietly accomplished at Marseilles.

The party returned late at night, after Mrs. Peterkin had gone to her cabin. The next morning, she found the ship was in motion, but she did not find Mr. Peterkin and the little boys at the breakfast table as usual. She was told that the party who went on shore had all been to the opera and had returned at a late hour to the steamer, and would naturally be late at breakfast. Mrs. Peterkin went on deck to await them, and look for Malta as it seemed to retreat in the distance. But the day passed on and neither Mr. Peterkin, nor either of the little boys appeared! She tried to calm herself with the thought that they must need sleep, but all the rest of the passengers appeared, relating their different adventures. At last, she sent the steward to inquire for them. He came back with one of the officers of the boat, much disturbed, to say that they could not be found, they must have been left behind. There was great excitement, and deep interest expressed for Mrs. Peterkin. One of the officers was very surly, and declared he could not be responsible for the inanity of passengers. Another was more courteous. Mrs. Peterkin asked if they could not go back; if, at least, she could not be put back. He explained how this would be impossible, but that the company would telegraph when they reached Alexandria.

Mrs. Peterkin calmed herself as well as she could, though indeed she was bewildered by her position. She was to land in Alexandria alone, and the landing she was

told would be especially difficult. The steamer would not be able to approach the shore, the passengers would go down the sides of the ship, and be lifted off the steps, by Arabs, into a Felucca (whatever that was) below. She shuddered at the prospect. It was darker than her gloomiest fancies had pictured. Would it not be better to remain in the ship; go back to Southampton; perhaps meet Elizabeth Eliza there; picking up Mr. Peterkin, at Malta, on the way? But at this moment she discovered that she was not on a "P. & O." steamer — it was a French steamer of the "Messagerie" line; they had stopped at Messina, and not at Malta. She could not go back to Southampton, so she was told by an English colonel on his way to India. He, indeed, was very courteous, and advised her to "go to an hotel" at Alexandria with some of the ladies, and send her telegrams from there. To whom, however, would she wish to send a telegram?

"Who is Mr. Peterkin's banker?" asked the colonel. Alas, Mrs. Peterkin did not know. He had at first selected a banker in London, but had afterward changed his mind and talked of a banker in Paris, and she was not sure what was his final decision. She had known the name of the London banker, but had forgotten it; because she had written it down, and she never did remember the things she wrote down in her book. That was her old memorandum-book, and she had left it at home, because she had brought a new one for her travels. She was sorry now she had not kept the old book. This, however, was not of so much importance, as it did not contain the name of the Paris banker, and this she had never heard. "Elizabeth Eliza would know"; but how could she reach Elizabeth Eliza?

Some one asked if there were not some friend in America to whom she could appeal, if she did not object to using the ocean telegraph.

"There is a friend in America," said Mrs. Peterkin, "to whom we all of us do go for advice, and who always does help us. She lives in Philadelphia."

"Why not telegraph to her for advice?" asked her friends.

Mrs. Peterkin gladly agreed that it would be the best plan. The expense of the cablegram would be nothing in comparison with the assistance the answer would bring.

Her new friends then invited her to accompany them to their hotel in Alexandria, from which she could send her dispatch. The thought of thus being able to reach her hand across the sea, to the lady from Philadelphia, gave Mrs. Peterkin fresh courage,— courage even to make the landing. As she descended the side of the ship and was guided down the steps, she closed her eyes, that she might not see herself lifted into the many-oared boat by the wild-looking Arabs, of whom she had caught a glimpse from above. But she could not close her ears, and as they approached the shore, strange sounds almost deafened her. She closed her eyes again, as she was lifted from the boat, and heard the wild yells and shrieks around her. There was a clashing of brass, a jingling of bells, and the screams grew more and more terrific. If she did open her eyes, she saw wild figures gesticulating, dark faces, gay costumes, crowds of men and boys, donkeys, horses, even camels in the distance. She closed her eyes once more as she was again lifted. Should she now find herself on the back of one of those high camels? Perhaps for this she came to Egypt. But when she looked round again, she found she was leaning back in a comfortable open carriage, with a bottle of salts at her nose. She was in the midst of a strange whirl of excitement; but all the party were bewildered, and she had scarcely recovered her composure when they reached the hotel.

Here, a comfortable meal and rest somewhat restored them. By the next day, a messenger from the boat brought her the return telegram from Messina. Mr. Peterkin and family, left behind by the "Messagerie" steamer, had embarked the next day by steamer, probably for Naples.

More anxious than ever was Mrs. Peterkin to send her dispatch. It was too late the day of their arrival, but at an early hour next day it was sent, and after a day had elapsed, the answer came:

"All meet at The Sphinx."

Everything now seemed plain. The words were few, but clear. Her English friends were going directly to Cairo, and she accompanied them.

After reaching Cairo, the whole party were obliged to rest a while. They would indeed go with Mrs. Peterkin on her first visit to the Sphinx; as to see the Sphinx and ascend the Pyramid formed part of their programme. But many delays occurred to detain them, and Mrs. Peterkin had resolved to carry out completely the advice of the telegram. She would sit every day before the Sphinx. She found, that, as yet, there was no hotel exactly in front of the Sphinx, nor indeed on that side of the river, and she would be obliged to make the excursion of nine miles there and nine miles back, each day. But there would always be a party of travelers whom she could accompany. Each day, she grew more and more accustomed to the bewildering sights and sounds about her, and more and more willing to intrust herself to the dark-colored guides. At last, chafing at so many delays, she decided to make the expedition without her new friends. She had made some experiments in riding upon a donkey, and found she was seldom thrown, and could not be hurt by the slight fall.

And so, one day, Mrs. Peterkin sat alone in front of the Sphinx — alone, as far as her own family and friends were concerned, and yet not alone indeed. A large crowd of guides sat around this strange lady who proposed to spend the day in front of the Sphinx. Clad in long white robes, and white turbans crowning their dark faces, they gazed into her eyes with something of the questioning expression with which she herself was looking into the eyes of the Sphinx.

There were other travelers wandering about. Just now, her own party had collected to eat their lunch together, but they were scattered again, and she sat with a circle of Arabs about her, the watchful dragonman lingering near.

Somehow, the Eastern languor must have stolen upon her, or she could not have sat so calmly, not knowing

where a single member of her family was at that moment. And she had dreaded Egypt so; had feared separation; had even been a little afraid of the Sphinx, upon which she was now looking as at a protecting angel. But they all were to meet at the Sphinx!

If only she could have seen where the different members of the family were, at that moment, she could not have sat so quietly. She little knew that a tall form, not far away (following some guides down into the lower halls of a lately excavated temple), with a blue veil wrapped about a face shielded with smoke-colored spectacles, was that of Elizabeth Eliza, herself, from whom she had been separated two weeks before.

She little knew that at this moment, Solomon John was standing, looking over the edge of the Matterhorn, wishing he had not come up so high. But such a gay, young party had set off that morning from the hotel that he had supposed it an easy thing to join them, and now he would fain go back, but was tied to the rest of his party with their guide preceding them, and he must keep on and crawl up behind them, still further, on hands and knees.

Agamemnon was at Mycenæ, looking down into an open pit.

Two of the little boys were roasting eggs in the crater of Mt. Vesuvius.

And she would have seen Mr. Peterkin, comfortably reclining in a gondola, with one of the little boys, in front of the palaces of Venice.

But none of this she saw; she only looked into the eyes of the Sphinx.— *The Last of the Peterkins.* (By permission of LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY.)

HALE, SIR MATTHEW, an English jurist; born at Alderley, Gloucestershire, November 1, 1609; died there, December 25, 1676. He was designed for the Church, but circumstances led

him to become a lawyer. He also gave much time to the study of physical science. He began practice as a barrister in 1636. During the quarrel between Charles I. and the Commons he took the Parliamentary side; and in 1654 he was made a Judge of the Common Pleas under the Protectorate. After the death of Cromwell he favored the restoration of Charles II., and was persuaded by Clarendon to accept the position of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He believed in the reality of witchcraft, and was the last English judge to sanction the condemnation of persons charged with this crime. In 1674 he was made Chief-Justice of the Court of the King's Bench, from which a severe illness compelled him to retire early in 1676. Sir Matthew Hale's writings are numerous. The most important of them are *The Jurisdiction of Parliaments; History of the Pleas of the Crown; History of the Common Law of England;* and several moral and religious works. These last were edited by Rev. T. Thirlwall, with a *Memoir* by Bishop Burnet.

COUNSEL TO HIS CHILDREN.

As I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no

safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell the truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and at an easy rate acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their errors.

If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably, you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that

when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who, he thinks, will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations. Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is "taking the name of God in vain." If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavor to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment; for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind, and disorder the life. Be kind and loving to one another. Honor your minister. Be not bitter nor harsh to my servants. Be respectful to all. Bear my absence patiently and cheerfully. Behave as if I were present among you

and saw you. Remember, you have a greater Father than I am, who always, and in all places, beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite my love and care for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience; and account it an honor that you have an opportunity, by your attention, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt which, by the laws of nature and of gratitude, you owe to me. Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want; and provide conveniently for the poor.

HALE, SARAH JOSEPHA BUELL, an American poet and novelist; born at Newport, N. H., October 24, 1790; died at Philadelphia, April 30, 1879. She was educated at home under the care of her mother and an elder brother, and after her marriage in 1814 to David Hale, continued her studies with her husband. In 1823 she published *The Genius of Oblivion, and Other Poems,* and in 1828 *Northwood,* a novel. The following year she became the editor of the *Ladies' Magazine,* of Boston, which she continued to edit until 1837, when it was merged into *Godey's Lady's Book,* of Philadelphia. Mrs. Hale also took charge of this magazine for many years, and contributed to it many sketches and poems. In 1848 she published *Ormond Grosvenor,* a tragedy, and *Three Hours, or The Vigil of Love, and Other Poems.* Among her other works are *Harry Gray, the Widow's Son; Felicia; The Rhime of Life; Woman's Record, or Sketches of all Distinguished Women from the Beginning till A. D. 1850; Sketches of American Character; Tints of American Life; Life and Letters*

of Madame de Sévigné, and *Life and Letters of Mary Wortley Montagu.* Her last poem was a *Thanksgiving Hymn,* published in 1872.

THE WATCHER.

The night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by;—
A watcher, pale and tearful,
Looked forth with anxious eye:
How wistfully she gazes —
No gleam of morn is there!
And then her heart upraises
Its agony of prayer!

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him
She feels that this must be:
"But oh! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me!"

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing —
They heed not morning there:
O young and lovely creatures,
One lamp from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features
To her fond gaze once more!

The morning sun is shining —
She heedeth not its ray;
Beside her dead, reclining,
That pale, dead mother lay!
A smile her lips was wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing —
"There's light for us above!"

THE TWO MAIDENS.

One came with light and laughing air,
And cheek like opening blossom —
Bright gems were twined amid her hair
And glittered on her bosom,
And pearls and costly diamonds deck
Her round, white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,
The jewelled robe around her,
And dazzling as the moontide light
The radiant zone that bound her —
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came: o'er her sweet face
A pensive shade was stealing;
Yet there no grief of earth we trace —
But the Heaven-hallowed feeling
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow, as snowdrop fair,
The glossy tresses cluster,
Nor pearl nor ornament was there,
Save the meek spirit's lustre;
And faith and hope beamed in her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

THE HAND AND ITS WORKS.

The hand — what wondrous Wisdom planned
This instrument so near divine!
How impotent, without the Hand,
Proud Reason's light would shine!
Invention might her power apply,
And Genius see the forms of heaven —
And firm Resolve his strength might try;

But vain the Will, the Soul, the Eye,
Unquarried would the marble lie,
The oak and cedar flout the sky,
Had not the Hand been given!

HALES, JOHN, an English clergyman; styled "The Ever-Memorable"; born at Bath, April 19, 1584; died at Eton, May 19, 1656. In 1612 he was made Professor of Greek at Oxford. In 1618 he went to The Hague as Chaplain to the Ambassador, Sir Dudley Carleton, for whom he made a report of the famous Synod of Dort, where he was convinced of the truthfulness of the Arminian system of theology, as distinguished from the Calvinistic. Upon the overthrow of the Royal party in England, he was deprived of his preferments for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth. Besides sermons, he wrote numerous theological and polemic treatises, but only three or four of his sermons and the *Tract Concerning Schismatics* were published during his lifetime. In 1765 Lord Hailes edited a complete edition of the works of Hales, in three volumes.

The following extracts from a sermon, *Of Inquiry and Private Judgment in Religion,* will give some idea of the manner of "The Ever-Memorable" Doctor:

PRIVATE JUDGMENT IN RELIGION.

It were a thing worth looking into, to know the reason why men are so generally willing, in point of religion, to cast themselves into other men's arms, and leaving their

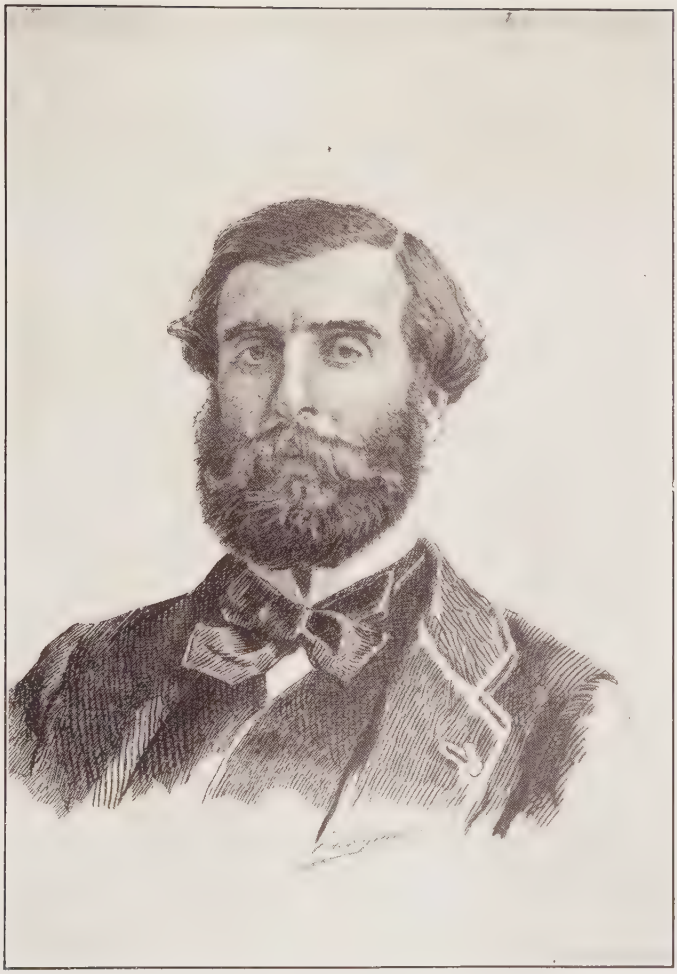
own reason, rely so much upon another man's. Is it because it is modesty and humility to think another man's reason better than our own? Indeed, I know not how it comes to pass, we account it a vice, a part of envy, to think another man's goods, or another man's fortunes, to be better than our own; and yet we account it a singular virtue to esteem our reason and wit meaner than other men's. Let us not mistake ourselves; to contemn the advice and help of others in love and admiration to our own conceits, to depress and disgrace other men's, this is the foul vice of pride; on the contrary, thankfully to entertain the advice of others, to give it its due, and ingenuously to prefer it before our own, if it deserve it, this is that gracious virtue of modesty; but altogether to mistrust and relinquish our own faculties, and commend ourselves to others is nothing but poverty of spirit and discretion.

ANTIQUITY AND UNIVERSALITY.

Antiquity, what is it else — God only excepted — but man's authority born some ages before us? Now, for the truth of things, time makes no alteration; things are still the same as they are, let the time be past, present, or to come. Those things which we reverence for antiquity, what were they at their first birth? Were they false? — time cannot make them true. Were they true? — time cannot make them more true.

Universality is such a proof of truth as truth itself is ashamed of; for universality is nothing but a quainter and a trimmer name to signify the multitude. Now, human authority at the strongest is but weak, but the multitude is the weakest part of human authority: it is the great patron of error, most easily abused, and most hardly disabused. The beginning of error may be, and mostly is from private persons; but the maintainer and continuer of error is the multitude.

HALEVY, Ludovic, a French novelist and dramatist; born at Paris, January 1, 1834. He was educated at the Lycée Louis le Grand, and at an early age was taken into the service of the Government. From 1852 to 1858 he was employed in the Secretary's office of the Minister of State; after which he was chief of the department for Algiers and the Colonies. In 1861 he was appointed to edit the *Proceedings* of the Corps Législatif; which position he resigned to devote himself to the drama. He wrote the librettos of a large number of the most popular operettas, many of them in collaboration with Henri Meilhac; and it was to these brilliant sketches, as well as to his dramas, that he owed his election, in 1884, to the French Academy, his reception at which was one of the most memorable of recent times. As a novelist he is also eminent, his *L'Abbé Constantin* having been dramatized after running through more than one hundred and fifty editions. His librettos include those for the opéras bouffes *La Belle Hélène* (1864); *Barbe Bleue* (1866); *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* (1867); *La Perichole* (1868); and for the comic operas *Carmen* (1875); *Le Petit Duc* (1878); *La Petite Mademoiselle* (1879); and the comedies *Frou-Frou* (1869); *Le Réveillon* (1872); *La Boule* (1875); *La Cigale* (1877); *La Petite Mère* (1880); *La Roussotte* (1881). Besides a collection of stories entitled *Karikari* (1892); his principal tales are *Un Scandale* (1860); *L'Abbé Constantin* (1882); *Deux Mariages* (1883); *Princesse* (1886). He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1890.



LUDOVIC HALÉVY.

BETTINA AND JEAN.

The regiment is to pass along by the park wall below the terrace. Bettina was seized with a wild desire to see Jean pass. He would understand well if he saw her at such an hour. She would go! She had made up her mind. Only, how should she dress? She had nothing at hand but a ball-dress, a muslin dressing-gown, little high-heeled slippers and blue satin shoes. She might wake her maid. Oh! never would she dare to do that, and time pressing; a quarter to five! the regiment would start at five o'clock.

She might, perhaps, manage with the muslin dressing-gown and the satin slippers; in the hall she might find her hat, her little boots which she wore in the garden, and the large tartar cloak for driving in wet weather. She half-opened her door with infinite precautions. Everything was asleep in the house; she crept along the corridor, she descended the staircase.

If only the little boots are there in their place; that is her great anxiety. There they are! She slips them on over her satin shoes, she wraps herself in the great mantle.

She hears that the rain has redoubled in violence. She notices one of those large umbrellas which the footmen use on the box in wet weather; she seizes it; she is ready; but when she is ready to go she sees that the hall-door is fastened by a great iron bar. She tries to raise it but the bolt holds fast, resists all her efforts, and the great clock in the hall slowly strikes five. He is starting at that moment.

She will see him! she will see him! Her will is excited by these obstacles. She makes a great effort; the bar yields, slips back in the groove. But Bettina has made a long scratch on her hand from which issues a slender stream of blood. Bettina twists her handkerchief round her hand, takes her great umbrella, turns the key in the lock and opens the door.

At last she is out of the house!

The weather is frightful. The wind and the rain rage

together. It takes five or six minutes to reach the terrace that looks over the road. Bettina darts forward courageously, her head bent, hidden under her immense umbrella. She has already taken a few steps when all at once, furious, mad, blinding, a squall bursts upon Bettina, blows open her mantle, drives her along, lifts her almost from the ground, turns the umbrella violently inside out; that is nothing, the disaster is not yet complete.

Bettina has lost one of her little boots; they were not practical sabots, they were only pretty little things for fine weather; and at this moment, when Bettina is desperately struggling against the tempest with her blue satin shoe half buried in the wet gravel, at this moment the wind bears to her the distant echo of a trumpet call. It is the regiment starting. Bettina makes a desperate effort, abandons her umbrella, finds her little boot, fastens it on as well as she can, and starts off running with a deluge descending on her head. At last she is in the wood; the trees protect her a little. Another call, nearer this time. Bettina fancies she hears the rolling of the gun-carriages. She makes a last effort; here is the terrace, she is there just in time.

Twenty yards off she perceived the white horses of the trumpeters, and along the road she caught glimpses of the long line of guns and wagons vaguely rolling through the fog.

She sheltered herself under the old limes which bordered the terrace. She watched, she waited. He is there among that confused mass of riders. Will she be able to recognize him? And he, will he see her? Will any chance make him turn his head that way? Bettina knows that he is lieutenant in the second battery of his regiment; she knows that a battery is composed of six guns and six ammunition wagons. Of course the Abbé Constantin taught her that. Thus she must allow the first battery to pass, that is to say, count six guns, six wagons, and then — he will be there.

There he is at last, wrapped in his great cloak, and it is he who sees, who recognizes her first. A few moments before he had been recalling to his mind a long walk which he had taken with her one evening on that terrace,

when night was falling. He raised his eyes, and the very spot where he remembered having seen her, was the spot where he found her again. He bowed, and, bareheaded in the rain, turned round in his saddle; as long as he could see her he looked at her.

With a charming gesture of both hands she returned his farewell, and this gesture, repeated many times, brought her hands so near, so near her lips, that one might have fancied ——

"Ah!" she thought, "if after that he does not understand that I love him!"—*From L'Abbé Constantin.*

HALIBURTON, THOMAS CHANDLER ("SAM SLICK"), a Canadian jurist and humorist; born at Windsor, Nova Scotia, in December, 1796; died at Isleworth, near London, England, August 27, 1865. He studied law, and was called to the bar in 1820; became Chief-Justice of Common Pleas in Nova Scotia in 1829, and Judge of the Supreme Court in 1840. In 1842 he took up his residence in England, and in 1859 was returned to Parliament for Launceston, holding the seat until his death. In 1835 he published in a newspaper a series of satirical sketches entitled *The Clockmaker: Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville,* of which subsequent series appeared in 1838 and 1840. He also wrote *Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia* (1829); *Bubbles of Canada; The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony; Letter-Bag of the Great Western* (1839); *The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England* (1843, second series, 1844); *Rule and Misrule of the English in America* (1851);

Yankee Stories and Traits of American Humor (1852), and *Nature and Human Nature* (1855).

MR. SLICK'S OPINION OF BRITISHERS AND OTHERS.

"What success had you," said I, "in the sale of your clocks among the Scotch in the eastern part of the Province? Do you find them as gullible as the Bluenoses?"

"Well," said he, "you have heerd tell that a Yankee never answers one question without axing another, haven't you? Did you ever seen an English stage-driver make a bow? because if you hain't obsarved it, I have, and a queer one it is, I swan. He brings his right arm up, jist across his face, and passes on, with a knowin' nod of his head, as much as to say, 'How do you do? but keep clear of my wheels, or I'll fetch your horses a lick in the mouth, as sure as you're born,' jist as a bear puts up his paw to fend off a blow of a stick from his nose.

"Well, that's the way I pass them 'ere bare-breeched Scotchmen. Lord, if they were located down in these 'ere Cumberland marshes, how the mosquitoes would tickle them up, wouldn't they? They'd set 'em scratchin' thereabouts, as an Irishman does his head, when he's in search of a lie. Them 'ere fellows cut their eye-teeth afore they ever set foot in this country, I expect. When they get a bawbee, they know what to do with it, that's a fact. They open their pouch and drop it in, and it's got a spring like a fox-trap; it holds fast to all it gets, like grim death to a dead nigger. They are proper skinflints, you may depend. Oatmeal is no great shake, at best; it ain't even as good for a horse as real yaller Varginny corn; but I guess I warn't long in findin' out that the grits hardly pay for the riddlin'. No, a Yankee has as little chance among them as a Jew has in New England; the sooner he clears out the better.

"Now, it's different with the Irish. They never carry a puss, for they never have a cent to put in it. They're always in love or in likker, or else in a row. They are the merriest shavers I ever seed. Judge Beeler — I daresay you've heerd tell of him — he's a funny feller, he

put a notice over his factory gate at Lowell, 'No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls;' for, said he, 'the one will set a flame agoin' among my cottons, and t'other among my gals. I won't have no such inflammable and dangerous things about me on no account.' When the British wanted our folks to jine in the treaty to chock the wheels of the slave-trade, I recollect hearin' old John Adams say we had ought to humor them; 'for,' says he, 'they supply us with labor on cheaper terms, by shippin' out the Irish,' says he; 'they work better, and they work cheaper, and they don't live so long. The blacks, when they are past work, hang on forever, and a proper bill of expense they be; but hot weather and new rum rub out the poor-rates for t'other ones.'

"The English are the boys for tradin' with, they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather; it flies all over the thrashin' floor. But then, they are a cross-grained, ungainly, kickin' breed of cattle as I e'en amost ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull knew what he was about, I tell you: for they are all bull-headed folks, I vow; sulky, ugly-tempered, vicious critters, a-pawin' and a-roarin' the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks."

The astonishment with which I heard this tirade against my countrymen absorbed every feeling of resentment. I listened with amazement at the perfect composure with which he uttered it. He treated it as one of those self-evident truths that neither need proof nor apology, but as a thing well known and admitted by all mankind.

"There's no richer sight that I know of," said he, "than to see one on 'em when he fust lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon; his skin is ready to burst with wind, a regular walkin' bag of gas; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron; a great awkward hull of a feller — for they ain't to be compared to the French in manners — a-smirkin' at you, as much as to say, 'Look here, Jonathan, here's an Englishman; here's a boy that's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds — a pocket full of one, and a mouth full of t'other,'

bean't he lovely? And then he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, 'Say boo to a goose, if you dare.'

"No, I believe we may stump the univarse. We improve on everything, and we have improved on our own species. You'll search one while, I tell you, afore you'll find a man that, take him by-and-large, is equal to one of our free and enlightened citizens. He's the chap that has both speed, wind, and bottom; he's clear grit — ginger to the backbone, you may depend. It's generally allowed there ain't the beat of them to be found anywhere. Spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and cute as a weasel. Though I say it, that shouldn't say it, they fairly take the shine off creation; they are actilly equal to cash."

He looked like a man who felt that he had expressed himself so aptly and so well, that anything additional would only weaken its effect. He therefore changed the conversation immediately by pointing to a tree some little distance from the house, and remarking that it was the rock-maple, or sugar-tree.

"Its a pretty tree," said he, "and a profitable one, too, to raise. It will bear tapping for many years, though it gets exhausted at last. This province of Nova Scotia is like that 'ere tree: it is tapped till it begins to die at the top, and if they don't drive in a spile and stop the everlastin' flow of the sap, it will perish altogether. All the money that's made here, all the interest that's paid in it, and a pretty considerable portion of the rent, too, all goes abroad for investment, and the rest is sent to the United States to buy bread. It's drained like a bog; it has open and covered trenches all through it; and then there's others to the foot of the upland to cut off the springs. Now you may make even a bog too dry; you may take the moisture out to that degree that the very sile becomes dust, and blows away. The English funds, and our banks, railroads, and canals, are all absorbing your capital like a sponge, and will lick it up as fast as you can make it." — *The Clockmaker.*

HALL, Anna Maria Fielding, a British novelist; born at Dublin, January 6, 1804; died at East Moulsey, Surrey, England, January 30, 1881. At the age of fifteen she went to live in London, and in 1824 married Samuel Carter Hall. Among her numerous works are *Sketches of Irish Character* (1829); *Chronicles of a Schoolroom* (1830); *The Buccaneer,* a Novel (1832); *Tales of Woman's Trials* (1834); *The Outlaw* and *Uncle Horace* (1835); *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life* (1838); *The Redderbore, an Irish Novel* (1839); *Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes* and *Tales of the Irish Peasantry* (1840); *The White Boy* (1845); *Midsummer Eve: A Fairy Tale of Love* (1847); *Pilgrimage to English Shrines* (1850); *Popular Tales and Sketches* (1856); *A Woman's Story* (1857); *Can Wrong be Right?* (1862); *The Fight of Faith* (1868–69). She was also the author of two successful dramas, *The French Refugee* and *The Groves of Blarney;* joint author with her husband of *Ireland, Its Scenery, Character, etc.,* and his co-laborer in other works.

LARRY MOORE.

"Think of to-morrow!"— that is what few Irish peasants ever do, with a view of providing for it: at least few with whom I have had opportunities of being acquainted. They will think of anything — of everything, but that. There is Larry Moore, for example:— who that has ever visited my own pastoral village of Bannow, is unacquainted with Larry, the Bannow boatman — the invaluable Larry, who, tipsy or sober, asleep or awake, rows his boat with undeviating power and precision? — He alas! is a strong proof of the truth of my observa-

tion. Look at him on a fine sunny day in June. There he lies, stretched in the sunlight, at full length, on the firm sand, like a man-porpoise — sometimes on his back — then slowly turning on his side — but his most usual attitude is a sort of reclining position against that flat gray stone, just at high-water mark; he selects it as his constant resting-place, because (again to use his own words,) "the tide, bad cess to it! was apt to come fast in upon a body, and there was a dale of trouble in moving; but even if one chanced to fall asleep, sorra a morsal of harm the salt water could do ye on the gray stone, where a living merwoman sat every New Year's night combing her black hair, and making beautiful music to the wild waves, who consequently, trated her sate wid great respict — why not?"

There, then, is Larry — his chest leaning on the mermaid's stone, as we call it — his long, bare legs stretched out behind, kicking occasionally, as a gad-fly or merry-hopper skips about what it naturally considers lawful prey: — his lower garments have evidently once been trousers — blue trousers, but as Larry when in motion is amphibious, they have experienced the decaying effects of salt water, and now only descend to the knee, where they terminate in unequal fringes. Indeed, his frieze jacket is no great things, being much rubbed at the elbows — and no wonder; for Larry, when awake, is ever employed, either in pelting the sea-gulls (who, to confess the truth, treat him with very little respect,) rowing his boat, or watching the circles formed on the surface of the calm waters by the large or small pebbles he throws into it; and as Larry, of course, rests his elbow on the rocks while performing these exploits, the sleeves must wear; for frieze is not "impenetrable stuff." His hat is a natural curiosity, composed of faded straw, banded by a misshapen sea-ribbon, and garnished with "delisk" red and green, his cutty-pipe stuck through a slit in the brim, which bends it directly over the left eye, and keeps it "quite handy without any trouble." His busy reddish hair persists in obstinately pushing its way out of every hole in this extraordinary hat, or clusters strangely over his Herculean shoulders, and a low-furrowed brow, very

unpromising to the eye of a phrenologist: — in truth, Larry has somewhat of a dogged expression of countenance, which is relieved at times by the humorous twinkle of his little gray eyes, pretty much in the manner that a star or two illumes the dreary blank of a cloudy November night. The most conspicuous part of his attire, however, is an undressed wide leather belt, that passes over one shoulder, and then under another strap of the same material that encircles his waist; from this depends a rough wooden case, containing his whiskey bottle; a long, narrow knife; pieces of rope of varied length and thickness; and a pouch which contains the money he earns at his "vocation."

"Good-morrow, Larry!"

"Good-morrow kindly, my lady! may be ye're going across?"

"No, thank ye, Larry, but there's a silver sixpence for good luck."

"Ough! God's blessing be about ye! — I said so to my woman this morning, and she bothering the soul o' me for money, as if I could make myself into silver, let alone brass: — asy, says I, what trouble ye take! sure we had a good dinner yesterday; and more by tokens, the grawls were so pleased wid the mate — the craturs! — sorra morsel o' pratee they'd put in their mouths; — and we'll have as good a one to-day."

"The ferry is absolutely filled with fish, Larry, if you would only take the trouble to catch it!"

"Is it fish? Ough! sorra fancy I have for fasting mate — besides, it's mighty watery, and a dale o' trouble to catch. A grate baste of a cod lept into my boat yesterday, and I lying just here, and the boat close up: I thought it would ha' sted while I hollered to Tom, who was near breaking his neck after the samphire for the quality, the gomersal! — but, my jewil! it was whip and away wid it all in a minit — back to the water — Small loss!"

"But, Larry, it would have made an excellent dinner."

"Sure, I'm after telling your ladyship that we had a rale mate dinner, by grate good luck, yesterday."

"But to-day, by your own confession, you had nothing."

"Sure, you've just given me sixpence."

"But suppose I had not!"

"Where's the good of thinking that now?"

"Oh, Larry, I'm afraid you never think of to-morrow!"

"There's not a man in the whole parish of Bannow thinks more of it than I do," responded Larry, raising himself up; "and, to prove it to ye, madam dear, we'll have a wet night — I see the sign of it, for all the sun's so bright, both in the air and the water."

"Then, Larry, take my advice; go home and mend the great hole that is in the thatch of your cabin."

"Is it the hole? — where's the good of losing time about it now, when the weather's so fine?"

"But when the rain comes?"

"Lord bless ye, my lady! sure I can't hinder the rain! and sure it's fitter for me to stand under the roof in a dry spot, than to go out in the *teams* to stop up a taste of a hole. Sorra a drop comes through it in *dry weather*."

"Larry, you truly need not waste so much time; it is ten chances to one if you get a single fare to-day; — and here you stay, doing nothing. You might usefully employ yourself, by a little foresight."

"Would ye have me desert my trust? Sure I must mind the boat. But, God bless ye, ma'am darlint! don't be so hard intirely upon me; for I get a dale o' blame I don't by no manner of means desarve. My wife turns at me as wicked as a weasel, because I gave my consint to our Nancy's marrying Matty Keogh; and she says they were to come together on account that they hadn't enough to pay the priest; and the end of it is, that the girl and a grandchild are come back upon us; and the husband is off — God knows where!"

"I'm sorry to hear that, Larry; but your son James, by this time, must be able to assist you."

"There it is again, my lady! James was never very bright, and his mother was always at him, plaguing his life out to go to Mister Ben's school, and saying a dale about the time to come; but I didn't care to bother the cratur; and I'm sorry to say he's turned out rather obstinate — and even the priest says it's bekase I never think of *to-morrow*."

"I'm glad to find the priest is of my opinion. But, tell me, have you fatted the pig Mr. Herriot gave you?"

"Oh! my bitter curse (axing yer pardon, my lady) be upon all the pigs in and out of Ireland! That pig has been the ruin of me; it has such a taste for eating young ducks as never was in the world; and I always tether him by the leg when I'm going out; but he's so cute now, he cuts the tether."

"Why not confine him in a sty. You are close to the quarry, and could build one in half an hour."

"Is it a sty for the likes of him! cock him up wid a sty! Och, Musha! Musha! the tether keeps him asy for the day."

"But not for the morrow, Larry."

"Now ye're at me again! — you that always stood my friend. Meal-a-murder! if there isn't Rashleigh Jones making signs for the boat! Oh, ye're in a hurry, are ye? — well, ye must wait till yer hurry is over; I'm not going to hurry myself, wid sixpence in my pocket, for priest or minister."

"But the more you earn the better, Larry."

"Sure I've enough for to-day."

"But not for *to-morrow,* Larry."

"True for ye, ma'am, dear; though people take a dale o' trouble, I'm thinking, whin they've full and plinty at the same time; and I don't like bothering about it then."

"But do you know the English thing of *to-morrow,* Larry?"

"Ay, the tame negres! that's the way they get rich, and sniff at the world, my jewil; and they no oulder in it than Henry the Second; for sure, if there had been English before his time, it's long sorry they'd ha been to let Ireland so long alone."— *Sketches of Irish Character.*

HALL, Basil, a British naval officer and traveler; born at Edinburgh, Scotland, December 31, 1788; died at Portsmouth, England, September 11, 1844. He entered the navy in 1802, and in 1816 commanded the brig *Lyra* which accompanied Lord Amherst on his voyage as Minister to China. He was made a post-captain in 1817, and from 1820 to 1822 was stationed on the Pacific Coast of America. In 1827–28 he traveled in the United States and Canada, and subsequently in various parts of Europe. Besides numerous contributions to periodicals he wrote accounts of his travels in various parts of the world. Among these are *A Voyage of Discovery to the Western Coast of Corea and the Loo Choo Islands* (1818); *Travels in North America* (1829); *Fragments of Voyages and Travels* (9 vols., 1837–40); *Spain and the Seat of War in Spain* (1837), and *Patchwork, Travels in Stories* (1840).

SIR WALTER SCOTT IN JUNE, 1825.

A hundred and fifty years hence, when his works have become old-fashioned authorities, it may interest some fervent lover of his writings to know what this great genius was about on Saturday, the 10th of June, 1825, five months after the total ruin of his fortunes, and twenty-six days after the death of his wife. In the days of his good luck he used to live at No. 39 North Castle Street, Edinburgh, in a house befitting a rich baronet; but on reaching the door I found the plate on it covered with rust, the windows shuttered up, dusty and comfortless; and from the side of one projected a board, with this inscription, "To Sell." The stairs were unwashed, and not a foot-mark told of the ancient hospitality which reigned within. In all nations with which I am ac-

quainted the fashionable world move westward, in imitation, perhaps, of the great tide of civilization; and perhaps, *vice versa* those persons who decline in fortune — which is mostly equivalent to declining in fashion — shape their course eastward. Accordingly, by an involuntary impulse, I turned my head that way, and inquiring at the clubs in Prince's Street, learned that he now resided in David Street, No. 6. I was rather glad to recognize my old friend, the Abbotsford butler, who answered the door. The saying about heroes and *valets-de-chambre* comes to one's recollection on such occasions; and nothing, we may be sure, is more likely to be satisfactory to a man whose fortune is reduced than the stanch adherence of a mere servant, whose wages must be altered for the worse. At the top of the stair we saw a small tray, with a single plate and glasses for one solitary person's dinner.

Some few months ago Sir Walter was surrounded by his family, and wherever he moved his head-quarters were the focus of fashion. Travellers from all nations crowded round, and, like the recorded honors of Lord Chatham, "thickened over him." Lady and Miss Scott were his constant companions; the Lockharts were his neighbors both in town and in Roxburghshire; his eldest son was his frequent guest; and, in short, what with his own family and the clouds of tourists who, like so many hordes of Cossacks, pressed upon him, there was not, perhaps, out of a palace, any man so attended — I had almost said overpowered — by company. His wife is now dead; his son-in-law and favorite daughter gone to London; and his grandchild, I fear, just staggering, poor little fellow, on the edge of the grave, which is, perhaps, the securest refuge for him. His eldest son is married, and at a distance; and report speaks of no probability of the title descending. In short, all are dispersed, and the tourists, those *curiosos impertinentes,* drive past Abbotsford gate, and curse their folly in having delayed for a year too late their long-projected jaunt to the north. Meanwhile — not to mince the matter — the great man had somehow or other contrived to involve himself with printers, publishers, bankers, gas-makers, wool-staplers, and all the fraternity of speculators, accommodation-bill

manufacturers, land-jobbers, and so on, till at a season of distrust in money matters the hour of reckoning came, like a thief in the night; and as our friend, like the foolish virgins, had no oil in his lamp, his affairs went to wreck and ruin, and landed him, after the gale was over, in the predicament of Robinson Crusoe, with little more than a shirt to his back.

But, like that famous navigator, he is not cast away on a desert rock. The tide has ebbed, indeed, and left him on the beach; but the hull of his fortunes is above water still, and it will go hard with him if he does not shape a raft that shall bring to shore much of the cargo that an ordinary mind would leave in despair, to be swept away by the next change of the moon. The distinction between man and the rest of the living creation, certainly, is in nothing more remarkable than in the power which he possesses over them of turning to varied account the means with which the world is stocked. But it has always struck me that there is a far greater distinction between man and man than between many men and most other animals; and it is from a familiarity with the practical operation of this marvellous difference that I venture to predict that our Crusoe will cultivate his own island, and build himself a bark in which, in process of time, he will sail back to his friends and fortune in greater triumph than if he had never been driven among the breakers.

Sir Walter Scott, then, was sitting at a writing-desk covered with papers, and on the top was a pile of bound volumes of the *Moniteur;* one, which he was leaning over as my brother and I entered, was open on a chair, and two others were lying on the floor. As he rose to receive us, he closed the volume which he had been reading from, and came forward to shake hands. He was, of course, in deep mourning, with weepers and the other trappings of woe; but his countenance, though certainly a little woe-begonish, was not cast into any very deep furrows. His tone and manner were as friendly as heretofore; and when he saw that we had no intention of making any attempt at sympathy or moanification, but spoke to him as of old, he gradually contracted the length of his countenance, and allowed the corners of his month to curl

almost imperceptibly upward; and a renewed lustre came into his eye, if not exactly indicative of cheerfulness, at all events of well-regulated, patient, Christian resignation. My meaning will be misunderstood, if it be imagined from this picture that I suspected any hypocrisy, or an affectation of grief, in the first instance. I have no doubt, indeed, that he feels, and most acutely, the bereavements which have come upon him; but we may very fairly suppose that, among the many visitors he must have, there may be some who cannot understand that it is proper, decent, or even possible, to hide these finer emotions deep in the heart.

He immediately began conversing in his usual style; the chief topic being Captain Denham, whom I had recently seen in London, and his book of African Travels, which Sir Walter had evidently read with much attention. After sitting a quarter of an hour we came away, well pleased to see our friend quite unbroken in spirit; and though bowed down a little by the blast, and here and there a branch the less, as sturdy in the trunk as ever, and very possibly all the better for the discipline: better, I mean, for the public, inasmuch as he has now a vast additional stimulus for exertion, and one which all the world must admit to be thoroughly noble and generous.

HALL, CHARLES FRANCIS, an American Arctic explorer; born at Rochester, N. H., in 1821; died at Thank-God Harbor, Greenland, November 8, 1871. He removed to Cincinnati, where he engaged in journalism. He became deeply interested in the subject of Arctic exploration, and in 1859, at a meeting of the New York Geographical Society, he offered to "go in search of the bones of Franklin." Funds to the amount of about $1,200 were raised to aid him, and in May, 1860, he sailed

from New London, Conn., on board a whaling vessel commanded by Captain Buddington, with whom he was associated in his two subsequent expeditions. The whaler becoming blocked up by ice, he resolved to make himself acquainted with life among the Esquimaux. He had the good fortune to fall in with Ebierbing and his wife Tookoolito, two Esquimaux who spoke English, having been taken to England not long before, where they were presented to Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. They were his constant companions during the remainder of his life. He returned to New York in September, 1862, and devoted two years to the preparation of his book, *Arctic Researches, and Life Among the Esquimaux.*

A FEAST WITH THE INNUITS.

Our breakfast and dinner were both excellent. For the former, raw frozen walrus, of which I had for my share a piece of about five pounds, and at the latter, seal; the portion of this allotted to me and Sterry was the head. We complied with the Innuit custom. Sterry took a mouthful, then passed it to me, and when I had done the same it was returned to him, and so on. No knives and forks are found among the Innuits; fingers are more than their equivalent. When the meat, skin, and hair were all despatched, we tapped the brain. I was surprised at the amount of a seal's brains, and equally so at the deliciousness of them. The skull is almost as thin as paper. Shoot a seal in the head and it dies; shoot a walrus in the head, and the damage is to the ball, which is immediately flattened, without effecting any injury to the walrus.

Later in the day I attended another feast at the igloo of Kookin, who had invited his old mother and two other venerable dames; and I must say that if my friends at home could have seen how like an Innuit I ate, they would have blushed for me. First came a portion of seal's

liver, raw, and warm from its late existence in full life. This with a slice of blubber was handed to each, and I made way with mine as quick as any of the old adepts; then came ribs inclosed in tender meat, dripping with blood. Lastly came entrails, which the old lady drew through her fingers, yards in length. This was served to everyone but me in pieces of two to three feet long. I saw at once that it was supposed that I would not like to eat this delicacy; but having partaken of it before, I signified my wish to do so now; for, be it remembered, there is no part of a seal but is good. I drew the ribbon-like food through my teeth, Innuit fashion; finished it, and then asked for more. This immensely pleased the old dames. They were in ecstasies. It seemed as if they thought me the best of the group. They laughed, they bestowed upon me all the most pleasant epithets their language would admit. I was one of them — one of the honored few.—*Arctic Researches, Chap. XV.*

Hall had, in the meantime, been making preparations for a second expedition, the immediate object of which was to ascertain the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions. He took passage, July 30, 1864, on board a whaling vessel of which Buddington was the commander, expecting to be absent two or three years; but he did not return until late in 1869. He kept a full and minute journal of this expedition, expecting to prepare it for the press after he had made one more voyage, which he had projected, in which he hoped even to reach the North Pole. These journals remained unpublished until 1879, when they were edited, with much illustrative matter, by Professor J. E. Nourse.

FATE OF THE LAST OF FRANKLIN'S COMPANY.

The result of my sledge-journey to King William's Land may be summed up thus: None of Sir John Frank-

lin's companions ever reached or died on Montreal Island. It was late in July, 1848, that Crozier and his party of about forty or forty-five, passed down the west coast of King William's Land in the vicinity of Cape Herschel. The party was dragging two sledges on the sea-ice, which was nearly in its last stage of dissolution. One a large sledge laden with an awning-covered boat, and the other a small one laden with provisions and camp material. Just before Crozier and his party arrived at Cape Herschel, they were met by four families of natives, and both parties went into camp near each other. Two Esquimaux men, who were of the native party gave me much sad but deeply interesting information. Some of it stirred my heart with sadness, intermingled with rage, for it was a confession that they, with their companions, did secretly and hastily abandon Crozier and his party to suffer and die for need of fresh provisions, when, in truth, it was in the power of the natives to save every man alive.

The next trace of Crozier and his party is to be found in the skeleton which McClintock and his party discovered a little below, to the southward and eastward of Cape Herschel; this was never found by the natives. The next trace is a camping-place on the sea-shore of King William's Land, about three miles eastward of Pfeffer River, where two men died and received burial. At this place fish-bones were found by the natives, which showed them that Crozier and his party had caught while there a species of fish excellent for food, with which the sea there abounds. The next trace of this party occurs about five or six miles eastward, on a long, low point, of King William's Land, where one man died and was buried. Then about south-southeast, two and a half miles farther, the next trace occurs on Todd's Islet, where the remains of five men lie. The next certain trace of this party is on the west side of this islet, west of Point Richardson, on some low land that is an island or part of the main land, as the tide may be. Here the awning-covered boat and the remains of about thirty or thirty-five of Crozier's party were found by the natives.

In the spring of 1849, a large tent was found by the

natives whom I saw, the floor of which was completely covered with the remains of white men. Close by were two graves. This tent was a little inland from the head of Terror Bay. In the spring of 1867, when the snow was nearly all gone, an Esquimaux party, conducted by a native well known throughout the northern regions, found two boats with many skeletons in and about them. One of these boats had been previously found by McClintock; the other was found from a quarter to a half mile distant, and most have been completely entombed in snow at the time McClintock's parties were there, or they must assuredly would have seen it. In and about this boat, besides the skeletons alluded to, were found many relics, most of them similar in character to those McClintock has enumerated as having been found in the boat he discovered.

I tried hard to accomplish far more than I did; but not one of the company would on any account whatsoever consent to remain with me in that country, and make a summer search over that island which, from information I had gained from the natives, I had reason to suppose would be rewarded by the discovery of the whole of the manuscript records that had been accumulated in that great expedition, and had been deposited in a vault a little way inland or eastward of Cape Victory.

Could I and my party with any reasonable safety have remained to make a summer search on King William's Land, it is not only probable that we should have recovered the logs and journals of Sir John Franklin's expedition, but have gathered up and entombed the remains of nearly one hundred of his companions; for they lie about the places where the three boats have been found, and at the large camping-place at the head of Terror Bay, and the three other places that I have already mentioned. Wherever the Esquimaux have found the graves of Franklin's companions, they have dug them open and robbed the dead, leaving them exposed to the ravages of wild beasts. On Todd's Island there were the remains of five men who were not buried; but after the savages had robbed them of every article that could be turned to account for their use, their dogs were allowed to finish

the disgusting work. The native who conducted my native party in its search over King William's Land, is the same individual who, in 1864, gave Dr. Rae the first information about white men having died to the west of Pelly Bay.—*Second Arctic Expedition.*

In the summer of 1869, before returning from the second expedition, Hall was fully engrossed with the purpose of conducting another expedition to the very North Pole. In his journal he writes:

PROJECTS FOR A POLAR EXPEDITION.

Day after day I have been reading and rereading the books I have with me on Arctic voyages. How my soul longs for the time to come when I can be on my North Pole expedition! I cannot, if I would, restrain my zeal for making Arctic discoveries. My purpose is to make as quick a voyage as possible to the States, and then at once to make preparations for my Polar Expedition. I hope to start next spring with a vessel for Jones's Sound, and thence toward the North Pole as far as navigation will permit. The following spring, by sledge-journey, I will make for the goal of my ambition — the North Pole. I do hope to be able to resume snow-hut and tent encampment very near the Pole by the latter part of 1870, and much nearer — indeed at the very Pole — in the spring following, to wit, in 1871. There is no use in man's saying, it cannot be done — that the North Pole is beyond our reach. By judicious plans, and by having a carefully selected company, I trust, with a Heaven-protecting care, to reach it in less time, and with far less mental anxieties, than I have experienced to get to King William's Land. I have always held to the opinion that whoever would lead the way there should first have years of experience among the wild natives of the North: and this is one of my reasons for submitting to searching so long for the lost ones of Franklin's expedition.— *Second Arctic Expedition.*

After the return of Hall from the second expedition, the Government was induced to fit out another to be conducted by Hall. A steamer was purchased, fitted out, and named the *Polaris*. This was placed under the general command of Hall, Captain Buddington being sailing-master, and there were also several scientific associates. The *Polaris* sailed from New York June 20, 1871. They reached the most northern settlement in Greenland on the 24th day of August, whence, on the 30th, they steamed up Smith Sound, and a week after reached latitude 82° 16′, the most northern point which had ever been attained. The channel was found to be blocked up by ice; and the *Polaris* turned back, and was laid up for the winter in a sheltered cove in latitude 81° 38′, to which Hall gave the name of Thank-God Harbor. On the 10th of October, Hall, with three companions, set out upon a sledge-journey to the north. Before leaving he drew up specific instructions to Buddington, who was to command in his absence, or in case of his death.

HALL'S INSTRUCTIONS TO BUDDINGTON.

I am about to proceed on a sledge-journey for the object to determine how far north the land extends on the east side of the Strait on which the *Polaris* is wintering, and also to prospect for a feasible inland route to the northwest for next spring's sledging in my attempt to reach the North Pole; this route to be adopted providing the ice of the Strait should be found so hummucky that sledging over it would be impracticable; and furthermore to hunt musk-cattle, believing and knowing, as I do from experience, that all the fresh meat for use of a ship's company situated as is that of the *Polaris,* should be secured before the long Arctic night closes upon us. You will, as soon as possible, have the remainder of the stores and

provisions that are on shore taken up onto the plain by the observatory, and placed with the other stores and provisions in as complete order as possible. . . .

Should any such calamity be in store for the *Polaris* (which I pray God may not be), that a storm from the northward should drive the ice out of Thank-God Harbor, and the *Polaris* with it, during the coming springtides, then have steam gotten up as quickly as possible, and lose no time in getting the vessel back to her former position. But should the *Polaris* be driven into the moving pack-ice of the Strait, and there become beset, and you should not be able to get her released, then, unfortunately, the vessel and all on board must go to the southwest, drifting with the pack; God only knowing where and when you and the ship's company would find means to escape. But whenever you should get released, if anywhere between Cape Alexander and Cape York, or between the latter and the Arctic Circle, you will then make your way to God-havn, Disco Island; and if the *Polaris* remains seaworthy, you will fill her up with provisions, and next fall (of 1872) steam back to this place. If the vessel should become a wreck, or disabled from the imminent exposure and dangers of such an ice-drift as referred to, then all possible use of your best judgment must be brought into play for the preservation of the lives of all belonging to the expedition. Although I feel almost certain that the *Polaris* is safely lodged in her winter position, yet we know not what a storm may quickly bring forth. A full storm from the south can send the pack of the Strait impinging upon the land-pack, in the midst of which we are, and in a few moments cast the *Polaris* high and dry upon the land. During the spring-tides let great vigilance be exercised, especially during any gale or storm at the time of high tides. . . .

Hoping that God will protect you in the discharge of the high duties which devolve upon you, I bid you adieu, and all those of my command, trusting on my return to find *"All's Well;"* and trusting, too, that I shall be able to say that my sledge-journey, under the protection and guidance of Heaven, has been a complete success, not only in having made a higher northing, a nearer approach to

the North Pole, than ever white man before, but that a practicable inland sledge-route far north has been found, and many musk-cattle have been seen and captured.—*The Polaris Expedition.*

On October 16th the upper limb of the sun was seen for a short time above the tops of the mountains. The next day it did not appear; the long Arctic night had commenced, and for one hundred and thirty-two days they would look in vain for the return of the sun. The farthest northern point attained was on the 20th, in lat. 82° 3′. The thermometer marked a temperature of —20° to 23° F., that is, about 54° below the freezing point; but some 40° higher than has been observed much farther to the south. They set out on their return on the 21st; and a little past noon on the 24th they caught sight of the masts of the *Polaris,* and were soon on board.

Hall drank a cup of coffee, and was immediately seized with a violent retching. At 8 o'clock in the evening he had an apoplectic attack, and his right side was found to be paralyzed. On the morning of the 25th he seemed much better; but in the evening he was again attacked by violent nausea. For ten days his condition was varied. On the 6th of November there appeared to be a marked improvement, and he began to set in order the records of his sledge-journey. But during the night he had another severe attack. On the morning of the 7th he sank into a comatose state, from which he did not rally, and expired three hours after midnight on the morning of the 8th. With difficulty a shallow grave was dug in the frozen ground, in which the remains of the explorer were deposited.

The subsequent fate of the *Polaris* and her crew

forms one of the most striking chapters in the history of Arctic exploration. The vessel lay in winter-quarters until August, 1872. It was determined to return, and for weeks they tried to work their way through the ice-pack. On the 15th of October the *Polaris* was in imminent peril, and preparations were made to abandon her. The boats were placed upon the ice, with many stores, and nineteen of the crew; but before the rest could be landed the vessel broke loose from the ice-floes. For one hundred and ninety-five days those on the ice drifted back and forth, but in a general southerly direction, and were saved from starvation only by the skill of Ebierbing as a hunter. They were picked up, April 30, 1873, in lat. 53° 35′, by a Nova Scotia whaling steamer, having drifted helplessly nearly 2,000 miles. The *Polaris* in the meanwhile drifted upon an island, where those who remained on board built a hut, in which they passed the winter. In the spring they built two boats from the boards of the vessel, and early in June, 1873, set sail southward. They were picked up June 23d, by a Scottish whaler, by which they were carried to Dundee, where they arrived on the 18th of September. The hulk of the *Polaris* had been given to a band of Esquimaux; but she afterward drifted off, and went down in deep water. The *Narrative of the Polaris Expedition* was compiled by Admiral Charles N. Davis, and published by order of the Government in 1876.

HALL, JAMES, an American jurist and traveler; born at Philadelphia, August 19, 1793; died near Cincinnati, July 5, 1868. He began the study of law, but in 1812 joined the army, and served upon the northern frontier, and afterward went with Decatur in the expedition against Algiers. In 1818 he resigned his commission in the army, and resumed the study of law. In 1820 he removed to Shawneetown, Ill., where he practiced his profession, and edited a weekly newspaper. Four years afterward he was elected Judge of the Circuit Court; but this office being abolished, he went in 1833 to Cincinnati, where he entered upon financial pursuits and literary labor. His principal works are *Letters from the West,* originally published in the *Port Folio,* then edited by his brother (1829); *Legends of the West* and *The Soldier's Bride, and Other Tales* (1832); *The Harpe's Head: a Legend of Kentucky* (1833); *Statistics of the West* and *Life of William H. Harrison* (1836); *History of the Indian Tribes,* in conjunction with Thomas L. McKenney, a splendidly illustrated work in three folio volumes (1838–44); *The Wilderness and the War Path* (1845); *Life of Thomas Posey, Governor of Illinois,* in "Sparks's American Biography" (1846); *Notes on the Western States* (1849), and *Romance of Western History* (1857).

THE PRAIRIE.

The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature; it is that which gives character to the landscape, which

imparts the shape, and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points like capes and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path — and then again emerges into another prairie. When the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse, but the wilderness of grass and flowers; while at another time, the prospect is enlivened by the groves, which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree, which stands alone in the blooming desert. . . .

In the summer the prairie is covered with long coarse grass, which assumes a golden hue, and waves in the wind like a ripe harvest. Those who have not a personal knowledge of the subject would be deceived by the accounts which are published of the height of the grass. It is seldom so tall as travellers have represented, nor does it attain its highest growth in the richest soil. In the low, wet prairies, where the substratum of clay lies near the surface, the centre or main stem of this grass, which bears the seed, acquires great thickness, and shoots up to the height of eight or nine feet, throwing out a few long coarse leaves or blades, and the traveller often finds it higher than his head as he rides through it on horseback. The plants, although numerous and standing close together, appear to grow singly and unconnected, the whole force of the vegetative power expending itself upward. But in the rich undulating prairies the grass is finer, with less of stock, and a greater profusion of leaves. The roots spread and interweave so as to form a compact, even sod, and the blades expand into a close thick sward, which is seldom more than eighteen inches high, and often less, until late in the season, when the seed-bearing

stem shoots up. The first coat of grass is mingled with small flowers; the violet, the bloom of the strawberry, and others of the most minute and delicate texture. As the grass increases in size, these disappear, and others, taller and more gaudy, display their brilliant colors upon the green surface, and still later a large and coarser succession rises with the rising tide of verdure.

A fanciful writer asserts that the prevalent color of the prairie flower is, in the spring, a bluish purple, in midsummer red, and in the autumn yellow. The truth is, that the whole of the surface of these beautiful plains is clad throughout the season of verdure with every imaginable variety of color, "from grave to gay." It is impossible to conceive a more infinite diversity, or a richer profusion of hues, or to detect any predominating tint, except the green, which forms the beautiful ground, and relieves the exquisite brilliancy of all the others. The only changes of color observed at the different seasons arise from the circumstance that in the spring the flowers are small and the colors delicate; as the heat becomes more ardent a hardier race appears, the flowers attain a greater size and the hue deepens; and still later a succession of coarser plants rise above the tall grass, throwing out larger and gaudier flowers. As the season advances from spring to midsummer, the individual becomes less beautiful when closely inspected, but the landscape is far more variegated, rich and glowing.

In the winter the prairies present a gloomy and desolate scene. The fire has passed over them and consumed every vegetable substance, leaving the soil bare, and the surface perfectly black. That gracefully waving outline, which was so attractive to the eye when clad in green is now disrobed of all its ornaments; its fragrance, its notes of joy, and the graces of its landscape, have all vanished, and the bosom of the cold earth, scorched and discolored, is alone visible. The wind sighs mournfully over the black plain; but there is no object to be moved by its influence — not a tree to wave its long arms in the blast, nor a reed to bend its fragile stem — not a leaf, nor even a blade of grass to tremble in the breeze. There is nothing to be seen but the cold dead earth and the bare

mounds, which move not — and the traveller with a singular sensation, almost of awe, feels the blast rushing over him, while not an object visible to the eye is seen to stir. Accustomed as the mind is to associate with the action of the wind its operation upon surrounding objects, and to see nature bowing and trembling, and the fragments of matter mounting upon the wind, as the storm passes, there is a novel effect produced on the mind of one who feels the current of air rolling heavily over him, while nothing moves around.—*Notes on the Western States.*

HALL, JOHN, an Irish-American clergyman and essayist; born near Armagh, Ireland, July 31, 1829; died at Bangor, Ireland, September 17, 1898. He was educated at Belfast College, and after a year or two of missionary work in the west of Ireland, was pastor successively of a Presbyterian church in Armagh, and of St. Mary's Abbey in Dublin. In 1867 he was called to New York as pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. He was the author of *Papers for Home Reading* (1871); *Questions of the Day* (1873); *God's Word through Preaching* (1875); *Foundation Stones for Young Builders* (1879); *A Christian Home: How to Make, and How to Maintain It* (1883); *Light unto my Path* (1895); in conjunction with G. H. Stuart, *American Evangelists* (1875), and in conjunction with David Swing and others, *From Beginning to End, Comments on the Life of Christ* (1890).

MAKING VOID GOD'S LAW OF ORDER

Men have made void God's law of order. He best knows the relative values of things, and is entitled to prescribe the amount and kind of attention we should give to them. He has promulgated a law on this point. Jesus, His Son, puts it thus: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." The meaning is plain. If your child is dangerously ill, you forget a variety of important and lawful questions as to how he shall be educated, clothed, and get a profession, and you concentrate all attention on the one, "How shall he be saved from death?" till it is conclusively settled. This is common-sense. So should it be here as to ourselves. Settle first the pressing, all-important business — of being saved — and other things in their places. This is not merely enjoined, it is exemplified. Solomon asked wisdom as the principal and most urgent thing, and got it, and with it riches and honors. So God will give with His righteousness "other things"— not all "good things," for the Lord is careful not to convey that idea. Now there is God's law of order. Have not men generally made it void? Have they not reversed it? Have they not first sought the "other things," and believed that by the way, in the intervals of the eager pursuit, they could well enough secure the kingdom? Have they not generally regarded the primary business of life as a quite different thing from seeking the kingdom? I appeal to yourselves, my readers, for the confirmation of this. God says —"First spiritual then temporal; first the soul, then the body — first the life that is eternal, then the life that now is." Man says —"First the temporal, then the spiritual; first the body, then the soul; first the present life, then the eternal." What God puts first, man puts last; what God puts last, men put first. His law of order, men make void. It is so in the education of our children, in selecting professions, in choosing company for them, in choosing our houses, in laying our plans, and carrying out our arrangements.—*Papers for Home Reading.*

HALL, JOSEPH, an English clergyman and satirist; born at Ashby-de-la Zouch, July 1, 1574; died at Higham, near Norwich, September 8, 1656. He was educated at Cambridge, took Holy Orders, and was made Dean of Worcester in 1617, Bishop of Exeter in 1627, and Bishop of Norwich in 1641. In the latter year he was one of the bishops who protested against the validity of certain laws passed during their enforced absence from Parliament, and was committed to the Tower. In 1643 his episcopal revenues were confiscated, and his personal property was pillaged. His subsequent life was passed in poverty. He was the author of several prose works, among which are *A Plain and Familiar Explication of all the Hard Texts in Scripture* and *Contemplations on the Historical Passages of the Holy Story.*

While most of Hall's writings are controversial, he claims to be the first English writer to use the epistolary style of writing, but both Ascham and Howell had anticipated him. Hall's satires, published under the title *Virgidemiarum Sixe Bookes* (1598), and consisting of three books of *Toothless Satyrs* and three of *Byting Satyrs,* were very highly praised by Campbell and Warton. A complete edition of his works was published at Oxford in twelve volumes, 1837–39.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A GREAT LIBRARY.

What a world of wit is here packed up together. I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me: it dismays me to think that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon. There is no end

of making many books: this sight verifies it — there is no end; indeed it were pity there should: God hath given to man a busy soul, the agitation whereof cannot, but through time and experience, work out many hidden truths; to suppress these, would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other: the thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate; these we vent into our papers. What a happiness is it, that, without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts! — that I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers, and acute doctors, from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters but I must learn somewhat: it is a wantonness to complain of choice. No law binds me to read all; but the more we can take in and digest, the better liking must the mind's needs be; blessed be God that hath set up so many clear lamps in His church! Now, none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness; and blessed be the memory of those His faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves into these enduring monuments, to give light unto others!

Hall's only poetical works were a series of satires entitled *Virgidemiarum,* published in 1598. The following is one of these poems:

ANTHEM FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF EXETER.

Lord! what am I? A worm, dust, vapor, nothing:
What is my life? a dream, daily dying!
What is my flesh? My soul's uneasy clothing!
What is my time? A minute ever flying!
My time, my flesh, my life, and I —
What are we, Lord, but vanity?

Where am I, Lord? Down in a vale of death?
What is my trade? Sin, my dear God's offending;
My sport, sin too! my stay a puff of breath!
What end of sin? Hell's horror never-ending!
My way, my trade, sport, stay, and place
Help to make up my doleful case.

Lord, what art Thou? Pure life, beauty, bliss!
Where dwell'st Thou? Up above in perfect light.
What is Thy time? Eternity it is.
What state? Attendance of each glorious spirit.
Thyself, Thy peace, Thy days, Thy state,
Pass all the thoughts of powers create.

How shall I reach Thee, Lord? Oh, soar above,
Ambitious soul! But which way should I fly?
Thou, Lord, art way and end. What wings have I?
Aspiring thoughts of faith, of hope, of love:
Oh, let those wings that way alone
Present me to Thy blissful throne!

HALL, NEWMAN, an English clergyman and lecturer; born at Maidstone, May 22, 1816; died February 18, 1902. He was educated at Highbury College and at the London University. In 1854 he was called to the Surrey Chapel in the Blackfriars Road, London. Here he opened a course of Monday evening lectures and concerts, to draw men from the public-houses. This was the beginning of a movement that spread widely among all denominations. During the Civil War in America he exerted himself to allay the feelings of bitterness existing between England and America. He made two tours in

the United States, preached on one occasion before the House of Representatives, and delivered an address on International Relations. Among his works are *The Christian Philosopher* (1849); *Homeward Bound,* a volume of sermons; *The Land of the Forum and the Vatican* (1854); *Lectures in America* (1868); *Pilgrim Songs in Cloud and Sunshine* (1871); *Prayer, its Reasonableness and Efficacy* (1875); *The Lord's Prayer* (1883); *Songs of Earth and Heaven* (1885); *Gethsemane, or Leaves of Healing from the Garden of Grief* (1893); *Divine Brotherhood* (1893); *Atonement the Fundamental Fact of Christianity* (1893). His devotional treatise *Come to Jesus* has been translated into upward of twenty languages.

TRUE DIGNITY.

In the search after true dignity, you may point me to the sceptred prince ruling over mighty empires, to the lord of broad acres teeming with fertility, or the owner of coffers bursting with gold; you may tell me of the man of learning, of the historian or the philosopher, of the poet or the artist; you may remind me of the man of science extracting from nature, her invaluable secrets, or of the philanthropist, to whom the eyes of admiring multitudes may be turned, and while prompt to render to such men all the honor which in varying degrees may be their due, I would emphatically declare that neither power, nor nobility, nor wealth, nor learning, nor genius, nor benevolence, nor all combined, have a monopoly of dignity. I would take you to the dingy office, where day by day the pen plies its weary task, or to the retail store, where from early morning till half the world have sunk to sleep, toilsome attendance, with scarce an interval for food, and none for thought, is given to distribute the necessities and luxuries of life; I would descend further — I would take you to the ploughman plodding along his furrows; to the mechanic throwing the swift

shuttle, or tending the busy wheels; to the miner groping his darksome way in the deep caverns of the earth; to the man of the needle, or the trowel, or the hammer, or the forge; and if, while he diligently prosecutes his humble toil, he looks up with a submissive, grateful, loving eye to Heaven, if in what he does he recognizes his Master in the Eternal God, and expects his wages from on high, if while thus laboring on earth, anticipating the rest of Heaven, he can say, as did a poor man, who, when commiserated on account of his humble lot, said, taking off his hat, "Sir, I am the son of a King; I am a child of God; and when I die, angels will carry me direct to the court of Heaven."— O, when I have shown you such a spectacle, I will ask, "Is there not *also* Dignity in Toil?"— *Sermons.*

HALL, ROBERT, an English clergyman, orator and essayist; born at Arnesby, Leicestershire, May 2, 1764; died at Bristol, February 21, 1831. After studying at a Dissenting academy at Bristol, he entered King's College, Aberdeen, at the age of sixteen. Here he became intimate with James (afterward Sir James) Mackintosh, then a student in the University. From their fondness for Greek literature they were styled "Plato and Herodotus" by their fellow students. In 1783, while still a student at Aberdeen, Hall was called as assistant pastor to the Broadmead Baptist Church at Bristol; in 1790 he became pastor of the Baptist Church at Cambridge, and rose at once to a foremost place among British preachers.

Hall's *Works* were published with a *Memoir,* by Olinthius Gregory (6 vols., London, 1831–35; repub-

lished in New York in two large volumes). Besides sermons and magazine articles his principal writings are *Christianity Consistent with a Love of Freedom* (1791); *Apology for the Freedom of the Press* (1793); *Reflections on War* (1802); *On Terms of Communion* (1815); *The Essential Difference Between Christian Baptism and the Baptism of John.* His most famous sermons are *Modern Infidelity Considered with Reference to Its Influence on Society* (1799); *Sentiments Proper to the Present Crisis* (1803); *The Death of Princess Charlotte,* heir-presumptive to the British Crown (1817).

ON WISDOM.

Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now, it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one great end. It being the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act and when to cease, when to reveal and when to conceal a matter — when to speak and when to keep silence — when to give and when to receive; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or skill, besides, needs to derive direction from this; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a ship across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper to take a voyage. The

art of war will instruct us how to marshal an army, or to fight a battle to the greatest advantage, but you must learn from a higher school when it is fitting, just, and proper to wage war or to make peace. The art of the husbandman is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption by a regard to our health, fortune, and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand — but looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for direction: and this universal superintendent is wisdom.

INFLUENCE OF GREAT AND SPLENDID ACTIONS.

Though it is confessed great and splendid actions are not the ordinary employment of life, but must from their nature be reserved for high and eminent occasions, yet that system is essentially defective which leaves no room for their production. They are important both from their immediate advantage and their remoter influence. They often save and always illustrate the age and nation in which they appear. They raise the standard of morals; they arrest the progress of degeneracy; they diffuse a lustre over the path of life. Monuments of the greatness of the human soul, they present to the world the august image of virtue in her sublimest form, from which streams of light and glory issue to remote times and ages; while their commemoration by the pens of historians and poets awakens in distant bosoms the sparks of kindred excellence. Combine the frequent and familiar perpetration of atrocious deeds with the dearth of great and generous actions, and you have the exact picture of that condition of society which completes the degradation of the species — the frightful contrast of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices, where everything good is mean and little, and everything evil is rank and luxuriant; a dead and sickening uniformity prevails, broken only at intervals by volcanic irruptions of anarchy and crime.

HALL, SAMUEL CARTER, a British editor and author; born at Waterford, Ireland, May 9, 1800; died at Kensington, London, March 16, 1889. He began life as a reporter for the London *Times*. In 1825 he established *The Amulet*, an annual which he edited for several years. In 1830 he became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and in 1839 established the *Art Journal*, of which he remained the editor during forty years. He also edited the *Book of Gems;* the *Book of British Ballads; Baronial Halls of England*, and other works. In 1841–43 he published, in conjunction with his wife (Anna Maria Hall), *Ireland, Its Scenery, Characters, etc.* He published *A Book of Memories of Great Men and Women of the Age* (1870); *The Trial of Sir Jasper*, a poem (1873), and *The Retrospect of a Long Life* (1883).

A KERRY FUNERAL.

The most touching and sad, though interesting funeral we ever attended was at Mucross, during our recent visit. It was a damp and somewhat gloomy morning, and the waiter, who entered fully into our desire, told us, with evident pleasure, that we "were in great good luck, for two widows' sons were to be buried that day";— adding, "I'm sorry for their trouble, but sure it was before them; and as they could not get over it, and as you had the curiosity to see it, I'm glad they're come to-day."

We walked about a quarter of a mile away, as it were, from the Cloghreen entrance to Mucross, to arrive at the gate appropriated for the passage of the dead to their last homes. Long before we could see any portion of the crowd, we heard the Keen swelling on the ear, now loud and tremulous, anon low and dying, dying away. Keening has fallen into disuse in this district; but the

Kerry Keen was more like what we imagine the wild wail of the Banshee to be, than the demonstration of human sorrow. The body had been placed in a plain coffin — what in England would be called a shell; and this was put upon a very common hearse, not unlike a four-post bed, drawn by an active but miserable-looking horse. The widowed mother, shrouded in her blue cloak, sat beside the coffin; and when the Keeners cried the loudest, she rocked her body to and fro, and clasped her hands, as if to mark the beatings of her stricken heart. Those who followed were evidently the poorer class of artisans from the town of Killarney, and peasants of the neighborhood; yet they were orderly and well-behaved — no drunken man disturbed the mournful ceremony.

The humble grave was dug, not by any appointed sexton, but by a "neighbor"; and before it was half-finished, the other funeral we had been told of had filled another corner of the church-yard. This one had no hired Keeners, yet there was no lack of tears, and sighs, and bitter wailings. To us it was a wild and singular scene. While the narrow and shallow graves were preparing, the mothers were crouching at the head of each coffin. The deep blue hoods completely concealed each countenance; and so alike in attitude was one to the other, that they could not have been distinguished apart. Groups of men and boys were scattered throughout the church-yard. In the distance, a young girl was kneeling beside a grave: sometimes she wept, and then threw herself upon the green sward with every demonstration of agony. Not heeding the crowd, who waited patiently for the lowering of the coffins, two aged women were seated, midway between the two funeral parties, on a broad flat stone, intent upon observing both; like the crones of the Bride of Lammermoor, they discoursed of the departed:

"And which of the two widdy women do you pity most, Ally?"

"Och and troth, by dis and by dat, I can't tell. Sure I saw Mary O'Sullivan's boy alive and well yesterday mornin', an' he said — it was mighty quare — 'Mother,' says he to her, an' he going out at the door."

"Did he turn back to say it, alana?" interrupted the first speaker.

"He did."

"Inugh! Inugh! see that now. I wonder he hadn't better sinse than to turn back of a Saturday mornin'. 'Mother,' says he, 'what a handful you'll have of white silver to-night, and I in work all the week.' 'God bless you, my darlint, Amin!' she answered, and then he came about and kissed her. Oh, wasn't she turned intirely from life, when, in less than an hour after, he was brought in a corpse, and he her only comfort and help! I remember her a fine brave-looking woman, and see what she is now. Well, God look down upon us all!"

"Yarra! amen — there's Betsey Doolan out there, showing her bran-new shawl at a funeral! Well the consate of some people! Do you know where the up-funeral is from?"

"T'other side of Mangerton, they say — an only son too!"

"Oh, Peggy, ye ain't in airnest, are ye?"

"Faith, it's as thrue as gospel, Ally! or may I never light another pipe — two lone women's only sons: ain't it a sorrowful sight? But her boy was going off in a consumption this many a day; and sure that was some comfort to her; to have him left in the sight of her eyes, and left to do what she could for him till the last; that was some comfort. Holy Mary! did ye hear that cry from Widdy O'Sullivan? What ails her? I —"

"Yah! they've got down on her husband's coffin, and she can't abide his bones being disturbed, and small blame to her; he was a decent man. Yah! yah! hear to that screetch, it bates the head-keener of them all — the strength of the trouble of the widdy's heart was in it; poor craythur! the Lord above look down and comfort ye!"

At last we saw the coffin lowered, but a little way beneath the turf, and the humble grave was quickly filled. When the coffin was completely covered, and the friendly grave-digger threw down his spade, every person in the church-yard knelt down; the men uncovered their heads, the females clasped their hands; the very children crowded

to the spot, and knelt silently and reverently under the canopy of heaven; there was no word spoken; no sentence uttered; the desolate widow even suppressed the sobbings of her broken heart; and thus the people remained prostrate, perhaps, for several minutes. When they arose, the funeral howl broke forth afresh, in all its powerful and painful modulations. The other funeral was soon over, and the people from beyond the mountain exchanged greetings with those who dwelt in the town. After a little time, their immediate friends — for the poor are the friends of the poor — persuaded the widows to rise from the earth, and their tottering limbs were supported with the most tender care, while every epithet to soften and cheer was used toward them. Much that was said was in the native Irish, and of that we understood little: but it was impossible to mistake the eager looks and sympathizing tears of many who were present. It so happened that the two widows met when leaving the place where their last earthly blessings were consigned to the earth.

"I'm sorry for your trouble, my poor woman," said the mountain-widow to the towns-woman.

"Thank ye, and kindly too; the Lord's hand is heavy on us both"; she replied, looking earnestly, and yet with an almost meaningless gaze on the widow who addressed her, and who was a much younger woman. "Two only sons!" she added —"they tell me, two only boys, yours and mine, and we to be left! but not for long. Tell me, avourneen"— and she laid her hand on her arm, and peered into her face — "*did your boy die hard!*"

"God be praised, he did not; he wasted away without any pain or trouble. Long summer days and winter nights I watched and prayed for him — my gra boy! but the Lord took him for the best, if I could only think so."

She paused to weep, while the people round her — some in Irish, some in English — exclaimed, "God comfort her! — the Lord look down on her! — Holy Mary pity her!"—"Well, she has grate strength intirely." "The breath left him," she added, "as easy as the down of the wild rush leaves its stem."

"Then thank God always," said the old woman. "Thank God that he did not die hard! the neighbors will tell you how I lost mine. He was alive yesterday; ay, he was as full of strength as the finest deer on Glenà, and what is he now? Oh! but death was hard on him; I didn't know his face when I looked on it! Think of that, my poor woman, think of that; the mother that bore him didn't know his face! Oh! it's a fine thing to have an easy death, and time to make our souls. Holy Mary!" and she commenced repeating the Litany to the Virgin with inconceivable rapidity, while her face wore the cadaverous hue of death, and her eyes gleamed like lamps in a sepulchre.

"She's turnin' light-headed," said a man in the crowd. "Get her home, Peggy; the trouble is too strong for her intirely, and no wonder."—*Ireland, Its Scenery, etc.*

HALLAM, ARTHUR HENRY, an English poet and essayist; born at London, February 1, 1811; died at Vienna, September 15, 1833. He distinguished himself at Eton and Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1832. At Trinity College he gained a prize for an English essay on the philosophical writings of Cicero. After leaving college he made a tour of the Continent in company with his father. He was betrothed to a sister of Alfred Tennyson, whose *In Memoriam* is a memorial of the friendship of the two young poets. A collection of his essays and poems was made by his father in 1834.

The London *Saturday Review,* in an article on *Precocity,* says of Hallam: "No matter how often his prose works are read and pondered, our admiration continues as fresh as ever. We say prose works,

because his poems . . . are wanting in those astounding evidences of matured thought which meet us in every page of his three great prose essays."

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred, I would that you beheld me now,
Sitting beneath a mossy ivied wall
On a quaint bench, which to that structure old
Winds an accordant curve. Above my head
Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves,
Seeming received into the blue expanse
That vaults this summer noon. Before me lies
A lawn of English verdure, smooth and bright,
Mottled with fainter hues of early hay,
Whose fragrance, blended with the rose-perfume
From that white flowering bush, invites my sense
To a delicious madness; and faint thoughts
Of childish years are borne into my brain
By unforgotten ardors waking now.

Beyond, a gentle slope leads into shade
Of mighty trees, to bend whose eminent crown
Is the prime labor of the pettish winds,
That now in lighter mood are twirling leaves
Over my feet, or hurrying butterflies,
And the gay humming things that Summer loves,
Through the warm air, or altering the bound
Where yon elm-shadows in majestic line
Divide dominion with the abundant light.

TO AN ABSENT SWEETHEART.

O blessing and delight of my young heart,
  Maiden, who wast so lovely and so pure,
I know not in what region now thou art,
  Or whom thy gentle eyes in joy assure.
Not the old hills on which we gazed together,
  Not the old faces which we both did love,
Not the old books whence knowledge we did gather
  Not these, but others, now thy fancies move.

I would I knew thy present hopes and fears,
All thy companions with their pleasant talk,
And the clear aspect which thy dwelling wears;
So, though in body absent, I might walk
With thee in thought and feeling, till thy mood
Did sanctify my own to peerless good.

HALLAM, HENRY, an English historian; born at Windsor, July 9, 1777; died at Penshurst, Kent, January 21, 1859. He was a son of the Dean of Bristol, was educated at Eton and Oxford, studied law, but did not go into practice. He entered upon literary pursuits in London, and his contributions to the Edinburgh *Review* gave him a prominent place among the writers of the day. In 1818 he published his *View of the State of Europe During the Middle Ages.* He had intended to continue the work down to the middle of the century, but finding the subject too vast for him to hope to have time to treat thoroughly, he restricted himself to treating *The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.* This was published in 1827. In 1830 he was awarded one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals instituted by George IV. "for eminence in historical composition," the other being awarded to Washington Irving, who had not long before brought out his *Life of Columbus.* After an interval of ten years Mr. Hallam published his most important work, *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (4 vols., 1837–39). All of these works have been frequently reprinted, and have been

translated into many languages. In 1848 he put forth a supplementary volume of the *Middle Ages,* which is incorporated with subsequent editions of that work. In 1852 he published a volume of *Literary Essays and Characters.* Under the titles *The Student's Middle Ages* and *The Student's Constitutional History* Dr. William Smith has prepared excellent abridgments of these two works of Hallam.

MEDIÆVAL BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKS.

The trade of bookselling seems to have been established at Paris and at Boulogne in the twelfth century; the lawyers and universities called it into life. It is very improbable that it existed in what we properly call the dark ages. Peter of Blois mentions a book which he had bought of a public dealer. But we do not find, I believe, many distinct accounts of them till the next age. These dealers were denominated *Stationarii,* perhaps from the open stalls at which they carried on their business, though *statio* is a general word for "shop" in low Latin. They appear by the old statutes of the University of Paris, and by those of Boulogne, to have sold books upon commission; and are sometimes, though not uniformly, distinguished from the *Librarii,* a word which having originally been confined to the copyists of books, was afterward applied to those who traded in them. They sold parchment and other materials of writing, which with us, though as far as I know, nowhere else, have retained the name of "stationery," and naturally exercised the kindred occupations of binding and decorating. They probably employed transcribers; we find at least that there was a profession of copyists in the universities and in large cities; and by means of these before the invention of printing the necessary books of grammar, law, and theology, were multiplied to a great extent for the use of students; but with much incorrectness, and far more expense than afterward.

The first printers were always booksellers, and sold their own impressions. These occupations were not

divided till the early part of the sixteenth century. But the risks of sale at a time when learning was by no means general, combined with the great cost of production — paper and other materials being very dear — rendered this a hazardous trade. We have a curious petition of Sweynheim and Pannartz to Sixtus IV., in 1472, wherein they complain of their poverty, brought on by printing so many works, which they had not been able to sell. They state the number of impressions of each edition. Of the classical authors they had generally printed 275; of Virgil and the philosophical works of Cicero, twice that number. In theological publications the usual number of copies had also been 550. The whole number of copies printed was 12,475. It is possible that experience made other printers more discreet in their estimation of the public demand. Notwithstanding the casualties of three centuries, it seems, from the great scarcity of these early editions which has long existed, that the original circulation must have been much below the number of copies printed, as, indeed, the complaint of Sweynheim and Pannartz shows.

The price of books was diminished by four-fifths after the invention of printing. Chevillier gives some instances of a fall in this proportion. But not content with such a reduction, the University of Paris proceeded to establish a tariff, according to which every edition was to be sold, and seems to have set the prices very low. This was by virtue of the prerogatives they exerted over the book-trade of the capital. The priced catalogues of Colinæus and Robert Stephens are extant, relating, of course, to a later period than the present. The Greek Testament of Colinæus was sold for twelve sous, the Latin for six. The folio Latin Bible, printed by Stephens in 1532, might be had for one hundred sous, a copy of the Pandects for forty sous, a Virgil for two sous and six deniers; a Greek grammar of Clenardus for two sous; Demosthenes and Æschines — I know not what editions — for five sous. It would of course be necessary, before we could make any use of these prices, to compare them with that of corn. The more usual form of books printed in the fifteenth century is folio. But the Psalter of 1547, and the Donatus of the same year, are in quarto; and this size is not

uncommon in the early Italian editions of classics. The disputed Oxford book of 1468, *Sancti Jeronymi Expostio,* is in octavo, and would, if genuine, be the earliest specimen of that size; which may perhaps furnish an additional presumption against the date. It is at least, however, of 1478, when the octavo form was of the rarest occurrence. Maittaire mentions a book printed in octavo at Milan in 1470; but the existence of this, and of one or two more that follow, seems equivocal; and the first on which we can rely is the Sallust, printed at Valencia in 1475. Another book of that form, at Treviso, occurs in the same year, and an edition of Pliny's Epistles at Florence in 1478. They become from this time gradually more common; but even at the end of the century form a rather small proportion of the editions. I have not observed that the duodecimo division of the sheet was adopted in any instance. The price and convenience of books are evidently not unconnected with their size.

Nothing could be less unreasonable than that the printer should have a better chance of indemnifying himself and the author, if in those days the author, as he probably did, hoped for some lucrative return after his exhausting drudgery, by means of an exclusive privilege. The Senate of Venice granted an exclusive privilege for five years to John of Spire in 1469, for the first book printed in the city — his edition of Cicero's Epistles; but I am not aware that this extended to any other work. And this seems to have escaped the learned Beckmann, who says that the earliest instance of protected copyrights on record appears to be in favor of a book insignificant enough — a missal for the church at Bamberg, printed in 1490. It is probable that other privileges of an older date have not been found. In 1491 one occurs at the end of a book printed at Venice, and five more at the same place within the century; the Aristotle of Aldus being one of the books. These privileges are always recited at the end of the volume. They are, however, very rare in comparison with the number of books published, and seem not accorded by preference to the most important editions. — *Literature of Europe.*

CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS.

In these exclusive privileges the printer was forced to call in the magistrate for his own benefit. But there was often a different sort of interference by the civil power with the press. The destruction of books, and the prohibition of their sale, had not been unknown to antiquity; instances of it occur in the free republics of Athens and Rome; but it was naturally more frequent under suspicious despotism, especially when to the jealousy of the State was superadded that of the Church, and novelty, even in speculation, became a crime. Ignorance came on with the fall of the Empire, and it was unnecessary to guard against the abuse of an art which very few possessed at all. With the first revival of letters in the eleventh and twelfth centuries sprang up the reviving shoots of heretical freedom; but with Berenger and Abelard came also the jealousy of the Church, and the usual exertion of the right of the strongest. Abelard was censured by the Council of Soissons in 1121, for suffering copies of his book to be taken without the approbation of his superiors, and the delinquent volumes were given to the flames. It does not appear, however, that any regulation on this subject had been made. But when the sale of books became the occupation of a class of traders, it was deemed necessary to place them under restraint. Those of Paris and Boulogne, the cities, doubtless, where the greatest business of the kind was carried on, came altogether into the power of the universities. It is proved by various statutes of the University of Paris, originating, no doubt, in some authority granted by the Crown, and bearing date from the year 1275 to 1403, that booksellers were appointed by the university, and considered as its officers, probably matriculated by entry on her roll; that they took an oath, renewable at her pleasure, to observe her statutes and regulations; that they were admitted upon security, and with testimonials to their moral conduct; that no one could sell books in Paris without this permission; that they could expose no book to sale without communication with the university, and without its approbation; that the

university fixed the prices, according to the tariff of four sworn booksellers, at which books should be sold or lent to scholars; that a fine might be imposed for incorrect copies; that the sellers were bound to fix up in their shops a priced catalogue of their books, besides other regulations of less importance. Books deemed by the university unfit for perusal were sometimes burned by its order.—*Literature of Europe.*

CERVANTES' "DON QUIXOTE."

Don Quixote is the only book in the Spanish language which can now be said to possess much of a European reputation. It has, however, enjoyed enough to compensate for the neglect of all the rest. It is to Europe in general what Ariosto is to Italy, and Shakespeare to England: the one book to which the slightest allusion may be made without affectation, but not missed without discredit. Numerous translations and countless editions of it in every language bespeak its adaptation to mankind; no critic has been paradoxical enough to withhold his admiration; no reader has ventured to confess a want of relish for that in which the young and the old in every climate have, age after age, taken delight. They have, doubtless, believed that they understood the author's meaning; and in giving the reins to the gayety that his fertile invention and comic humor inspired, never thought of any deeper meaning than he announced, or delayed their enjoyment for any metaphysical investigation of his plan. A new school of criticism, however, has of late years arisen in Germany, acute, ingenious, and sometimes eminently successful, or, as they denominate it, æsthetic, analysis of works of taste; but gliding too much into refinement and conjectural hypothesis, and with a tendency to mislead men of inferior capacities for this kind of investigation into mere paradox and absurdity. According to these writers, "the primary idea is that of a man of elevated character, excited by heroic and enthusiastic feelings to the extravagant pitch of wishing to restore the age of chivalry; nor is it possible to form a more mistaken notion of this work, than by considering it merely as a satire, intended by the author

to ridicule the abused passion for reading old romances."

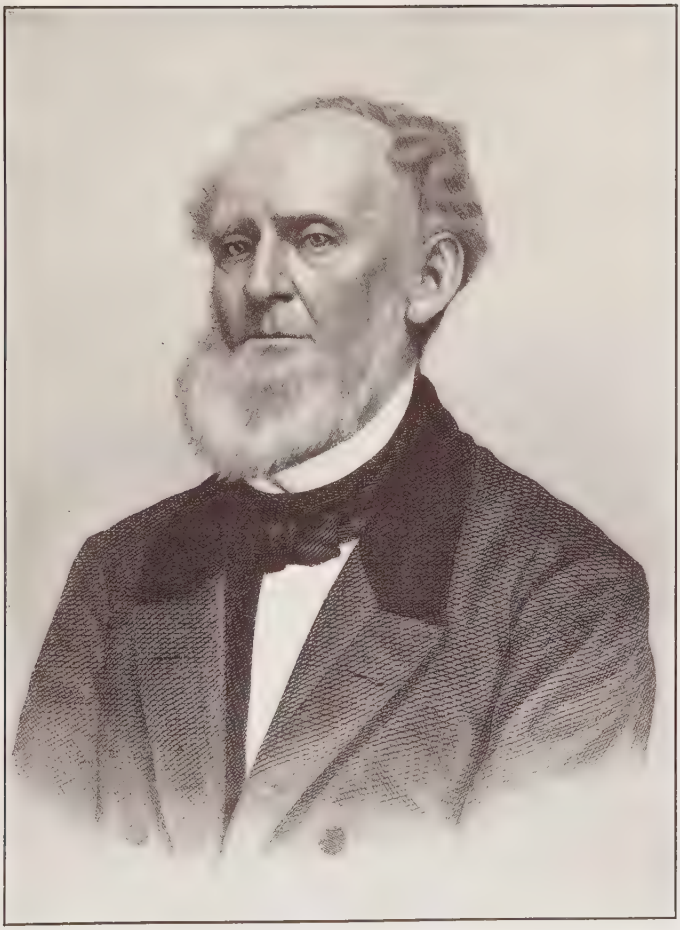
It has been said by some modern writer — though I cannot remember by whom — that there was a *prose side* in the mind of Cervantes. There was indeed a side of calm, strong sense, which some take for unpoetical. It might naturally occur how absurd anyone must appear who should attempt to realize in actual life the adventures of Amadis. Already a novelist, he perceived the opportunities this idea suggested. It was a necessary consequence that the hero must be represented as literally insane, since his conduct would have been extravagant beyond the probability of fiction on any other hypothesis; and from this very happy conception germinated, in a very prolific mind, the whole history of Don Quixote. Its simplicity is perfect, no limit could be found save the author's discretion, or sense that he had drawn sufficiently on his imagination. But the death of Don Quixote, which Cervantes has been said to have determined upon lest someone else should a second time presume to continue the story, is in fact the only possible termination that could be given after he had elevated the character to that pitch of mental dignity which we find in the last two volumes.

Few books of moral philosophy display as deep an insight into the mechanism of the mind as *Don Quixote*. And when we look also at the fertility of invention, the general probability of events, and the great simplicity of the story, wherein no artifices are practised to create suspense, or complicate the action, we shall think Cervantes fully deserving of the glory that attends this monument of his genius. It is not merely that he is superior to all his predecessors and contemporaries. This, though it might account for the European fame of his romance, would be an inadequate testimony to its desert. Cervantes stands on an eminence below which we must place the best of his successors. We have only to compare him with Le Sage or Fielding to judge of his vast superiority. To Scott, indeed, he must yield in the variety of his power; but in the line of comic romance, we should hardly think Scott his equal.— *Literature of Europe.*

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE, an American poet; born at Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1790; died there November 19, 1867. After acting as a clerk in his native town, he entered a banking house in New York. About 1832 he became private secretary to John Jacob Astor, retaining that relation until the death of Mr. Astor in 1848. Mr. Astor left him an annuity of $200 to which his son, William B. Astor, made a large addition; and Halleck retired to his native village, making frequent visits to New York, he being one of the trustees of the Astor Library. In 1819, in conjunction with Joseph Rodman Drake, he produced the "Croaker" papers, a series of poetical satires on public characters of the period, which were published in the New York *Evening Post.* Drake died in 1820, and Halleck commemorated him in some touching verses. His longest poem, *Fanny,* a social satire, was written in 1819. In 1822–23 he visited Europe, and wrote *Alnwick Castle,* and the lines on Burns. *Young America,* his latest poem, containing some three hundred lines, appeared in the New York *Ledger* in 1854. A complete edition of his *Poems,* as also a collection of his *Letters,* with a *Life,* edited by James Grant Wilson, appeared in 1869. A bronze statue of Halleck was erected in Central Park, New York, in 1877.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.



FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep;
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven,
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep,
Nor thoughts nor words are free;
The grief is fixed too deep
That mourns a man like thee.

A POET'S DAUGHTER.

[*Written in the album of a daughter of the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket."*]

"A lady asks the Minstrel's rhyme."
A lady asks? There was a time
When, musical as play-bells' chime
To wearied boy,
That sound would summon dreams sublime
Of pride and joy.

But now the spell hath lost its sway;
Life's first-born fancies first decay;
Gone are the plumes and pennons gay,
Of young Romance;
There linger here but ruins gray,
And broken lance.

'Tis a new world — no more to maid,
Warrior, or bard, is homage paid;
The bay-tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade,
Men's thoughts resign;
Heaven placed us here to vote and trade —
Twin tasks divine.

"'Tis youth, 'tis beauty asks; the green
And growing leaves of seventeen
Are round her; and, half hid, half seen,
A violet flower,
Nursed by the virtues she hath been
From childhood's hour."

Blind Passion's picture — yet for this
We woo thee life-long bridal kiss,
And blend our every hope of bliss
With hers we love;
Unmindful of the serpent's hiss
In Eden's grove.

Beauty — the fading rainbow's pride;
Youth —'twas the charm of her who died
At dawn, and by her coffin's side
A grandsire stands,
Age-strengthened, like the oak storm-tried
Of mountain lands.

Youth's coffin — hush the tale it tells! —
Be silent, memory's funeral bells!
Lone in one heart, her home, it dwells
Untold till death,
And where the grave-mound greenly swells
O'er buried faith.

"But what if hers are rank and power,
Armies her train, a throne her bower.
A Kingdom's gold her marriage dower.
Broad seas and lands?
What if from bannered hall and tower
A queen commands?"

A queen? Earth's regal moons have set,
Where perished Marie Antoinette!
Where's Bordeaux's mother? Where the jet-
Black Haytian dame?
And Lusitania's coronet?
And Angoulême?

Empires to-day are upside down,
The castle kneels before the town,
The monarch fears a printer's frown,
A brickbat's range;
Give me, in preference to a crown,
Five shillings change.

"But she who asks, though first among
The good, the beautiful, the young,
The birthright of a spell more strong
Than these hath brought her —
She is your kinswoman in song,
A Poet's daughter."

A Poet's daughter? Could I claim
The consanguinity of fame,
Veins of my intellectual frame!
Your blood would glow
Proudly to sing that gentlest name
Of aught below.

A Poet's daughter — dearer word
Lip hath not spoke nor listener heard,
Fit theme for song of bee or bird,
From morn till even,
And wind-harp by the breathing stirred
Of star-lit heaven.

My spirit's wings are weak, the fire
Poetic comes but to expire,
Her name needs not my humble lyre
To bid it live;
She hath already from her sire
All bard can give.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

[*A Greek patriot, who fell, August 20, 1823, in a victorious night-attack upon a Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa.*]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band:
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike and souls to dare
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on: the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke, to die, mid flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires!

Strike — for your altars and your fires!
Strike — for the green graves of your sires!
God — and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean-storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible! the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of Fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm
Blew over the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee! there is no prouder grave
Even in her own proud clime —
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long-loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said,
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys;
And even she who gave thee birth
Will by their pilgrim-circled hearth
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou are Freedom's now, and Fame's —
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!

ALNWICK CASTLE.

Home of the Percy's high-born race,
  Home of their beautiful and brave,
Alike their birth and burial place,
  Their cradle and their grave!
Still sternly o'er the castle-gate
Their house's Lion stands in state,
  As in his proud departed hours;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky,"
  Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
  Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
  Through this romantic scene,
As silently and sweetly still
As when, at evening, on that hill,
  While summer's wind blew soft and lo
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
His Katherine was a happy bride,
  A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile:
  Does not the succoring ivy, keeping
Her watch around it, seem to smile,
  As o'er a loved one sleeping?
One solitary turret gray
  Still tells, in melancholy glory,
The legend of the Cheviot day,
  The Percy's proudest border story.

That day its roof was triumph's arch;
  Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,
The light step of the soldier's march,
  The music of the trump and drum;
And babe and sire, the old, the young,
And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
And Woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
  Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild roses by the Abbey towers
  Are gay in their young bud and bloom;
They were born of a race of funeral-flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
  A Templar's knightly tomb.
He died, his sword in his mailèd hand,
On the holiest spot of the Blessèd Land,
  Where the Cross was damped with his dying
    breath,
When blood ran free as festal wine,
And the sainted air of Palestine
  Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,
What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"
  Those giant oaks could tell,
Of beings born and buried here!
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier,
  The welcome and farewell,
Since on their boughs the startled bird
First, in her twilight slumbers, heard
  The Norman's curfew-bell!

I wandered through the lofty halls
  Trod by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
  Each, high, heroic name;
From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
  Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons;
To him who when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
  A major of dragoons. . . .

That last half stanza — it has dashed
  From my warm lip the sparkling cup:
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
  The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world — is gone;
And Alnwick's but a market-town,

And this, alas! its market-day,
And beasts and burdens throng the way;
Oxen and bleating lambs in lots
Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,
  Men in the coal and cattle line;
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
  Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
  So dazzling to the dreaming boy:
  Ours are the days of fact, not fable;
Of knights, but not of the Round Table,
  Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy;
'Tis what "our President," Monroe,
Has called the "era of good feeling:"
The Highlander, the bitterest foe
To modern laws, has felt their blow,
Consented to be taxed, and vote,
And put on pantaloons and coat,
  And leave off cattle-stealing:
Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt
  The Douglas in red herrings;
And noble name and cultured land,
Palace, and park, and vassal-band,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
  Of Rothschild or the Barings. . . .

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
  In the armed pomp of feudal state?—
The present representatives
  Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"
Are some half-dozen serving men,
In the drab coat of William Penn;
  A chamber-maid, whose lip and eye,
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
  Spoke Nature's aristocracy;
And one, half groom, half seneschal,

Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,
From donjon-keep to turret-wall,
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

HALLEVI, JEHUDAH, a Spanish poet; born at Castile about 1100; died, probably at Jerusalem, about 1142. Of his early history very little is known, though he is said to have been very popular as a poet when but fifteen years of age. He founded a college at Toledo, and by means of the disciples who were gathered about him, as well as by his poems, he endeavored to spread abroad the knowledge of Arabic and Jewish literature. About 1141 he completed his *Book of Evidence and Argument in Apology for the Despised Religion,* more familiarly known among scholars, from the title of Jehudah Ibn-Tibbon's Hebrew translation of it, as the *Kuzari* or *Cusari.* This is the best book ever written in defence of the religion of the Jews; and has been translated into several languages. It is generally thought that Jehudah earned his living, while giving himself to the unremunerative cause of learning and religion, by the practice of medicine, but after the completion of his great religio-philosophical work he determined to leave all and go to the Holy Land, that he might die and find his grave among his forefathers. The tradition of his death is, that as he was lying in sad contemplation, with his face against the outer wall of Jerusalem, he was trampled to death by a murderous Arab rider. Besides the *Kuzari,* which De Sacy says is one of the most valuable and beautiful productions

of the Jewish pen, there are extant of Jehudah's writings about twelve hundred poems. Many of these are of a religious character, but most of them are secular; and together they represent the acme of the Spanish-Jewish renaissance of poetry.

LOVE SONG TO OPHRAH.

So we must be divided; sweetest, stay;
  Once more, mine eyes would seek thy glances' light.
At night I shall recall thee: thou, I pray,
  Be mindful of the days of our delight,
Come to me in my dreams, I ask of thee,
And even in my dreams be gentle unto me.

If thou shouldst send me greeting in the grave,
  The cold breath of the grave itself were sweet;
Oh, take my life, my life, 'tis all I have,
  If it should make thee live, I do entreat.
I think that I shall hear when I am dead,
The rustle of thy gown, thy footsteps overhead.

—*Translation of* AMY LEVY *through the German of* GEIGER.

THE BETROTHAL.

A dove of rarest worth and sweet exceedingly;
Alas, why does she turn and fly so far from me?
  In my fond heart a tent,
  Should aye preparèd be.

My poor heart she has caught with magic spells and wiles;
I do not sigh for gold, but for her mouth that smiles;
  Her hue it is so bright,
  She half makes blind my sight.

The day at last is here, filled full of love's sweet fire;
The twain shall now be one, shall stay our fond desire—
  Ah! would my tribe could chance
  On such deliverance!

—*Translation of* AMY LEVY.

TOLEDO.

I found that words can ne'er express
The half of all its loveliness;
From place to place I wandered wide,
With amorous sight unsatisfied,
Till last I reached all cities' queen,
Tolaitola the fairest seen.

Her palaces that show so bright
In splendor, showed the starry height,
Whilst temples in their glorious sheen
Rivalled the glories that had been;
With earnest reverent spirit there,
The pious soul breathes forth its prayer.

— *Translation of* KATIE MAGNUS.

JERUSALEM, I LONG FOR THEE!

Oh! city of the world, most chastely fair;
In the far west, behold, I sigh for thee.
And in my yearning love I do bethink me
Of bygone ages; of thy ruined fame,
Thy vanished splendor of a vanished day.
Oh! had I eagles' wings I'd fly to thee,
And with my falling tears make moist thine earth.
I long for thee; though indeed thy kings
Have passed for ever; what though where once uprose
Sweet balsam-trees the serpent makes his nest.
Oh! that I might embrace thy dust, the sod
Were sweet as honey to my fond desire.

— AMY LEVY'S *Translation.*

THE HOPE OF THE HEBREW.

Lord! where art Thou to be found?
Hidden and high is Thy home,
And where shall we find Thee not?
Thy glory fills the world.
Thou art found in my heart,

And at the uttermost ends of the earth.
A refuge for the near,
For the far, a trust.

The universe cannot contain Thee;
How then a temple's shrine?
Though Thou art raised above men
On Thy high and lofty throne,
Yet, art Thou near unto them
In their spirit and in their flesh.
Who can say he has not seen Thee?
When lo! the heavens and their host
Tell of Thy fear, in silent testimony.

I sought to draw near to Thee.
With my whole heart I saw Thee,
And when I went out to meet Thee,
To meet me, Thou wast ready on the road.
In the wonders of Thy might
And in Thy holiness I have beheld Thee.
Who is there that should not fear Thee?
The yoke of Thy kingdom is forever and for all.
Who is there that should not call upon Thee?
Thou givest unto all their food.

—*Translated for Good Words.*

HALPINE or HALPIN, CHARLES GRAHAM ("MILES O'REILLY"), an Irish-American journalist and poet; born at Oldcastle, County Meath, Ireland, November 20, 1829; died at New York, August 3, 1868. He was the son of a clergyman, and was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, and began the study of medicine, but soon turned to journalism; contributed to Irish and English papers, and at length emigrated to the United States. He

was connected editorially with the Boston *Post,* the New York *Times,* and *Leader,* and lastly became proprietor and editor of *The Citizen,* which he conducted until his death. When the Civil War broke out he enlisted as lieutenant in the Sixty-Ninth Regiment of New York Volunteers, was rapidly promoted, and at length attained the brevet rank of brigadier-general. In 1867 he was elected to the lucrative office of Register of the City of New York. In 1862 he assumed the *nom de plume* of "Miles O'Reilly," under which he wrote many amusing lyrics and fancy sketches in prose, published in the New York *Herald* and other papers, under the titles of *Miles O'Reilly, His Book; The Life and Adventures, Songs, Services and Speeches of Private Miles O'Reilly; Baked Meats of the Funeral,* etc. A collection of his poems, with a sketch of the author's life, was published in 1868. It is entitled *The Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine.*

IRISH ASTRONOMY.

O'Ryan was a man of might
  Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his heart's delight
  And constant occupation.
He had an ould militia gun,
  And sartin sure his aim was;
He gave the keepers many a run,
  And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Patrick wanst was passin' by
  O'Ryan's little houldin',
And, as the Saint felt wake and dhry,
  He thought he'd enther bould in.
"O'Ryan," says the Saint, "avick!
  To praich at Thurles I'm goin',
So let me have a rasher quick,
  And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you,
While betther is to spare, sir,
But here's a jug of mountain dew,
And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Patrick he looked mighty sweet,
And says he, "Good luck attind you,
And, when you're in your windin' sheet,
It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff —
"Them tidin's is thransportin',
But may I ax your saintship if
There's any kind of sportin'?
St. Patrick said, "A Lion's there,
Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer —"
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare;
St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,
For fear I'd tire your patience,
You'll see O'Ryan any night
Amid the constellations.
And Venus follows in his track
Till Mars grows jealous really,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
Of handling the shillaly.

MY BROKEN MEERSCHAUM.

Old pipe, now battered, bruised, and brown
With silver spliced and linked together,
With hopes high up and spirits down,
I've puffed thee in all kinds of weather;
And still upon thy glowing lid,
'Mid carving quaint and curious tracing,
Beneath the dust of years half hid,
The giver's name mine eye is tracing.

When thou wert given we were as one,
Who now are two, and widely sundered:
Our feud the worst beneath the sun,
Where each behind the other blundered.

No public squall of anger burst
The moorings of our choice relation —
'Tis the dumb quarrel that is worst,
Where pride forbids an explanation.

Old pipe! had then thy smoky bowl
A tongue that could to life have started —
Knowing the secrets of my soul,
In many a midnight hour imparted —
Thy speech, perchance, had then re-knit
The ties of friendship rudely sundered,
And healed the feud of little wit,
In which each thinks the other blundered.

JANETTE'S HAIR.

"Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet,"
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet,
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided and jewelled and kissed —
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled, and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress —
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old dear story, my pet —
They were gray, with that chestnut tinge of the sky,
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly.
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips — but I have no words, Janette —
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,

MURAT HALSTED.

When the spring is young, and the roses are wet
With the dew-drops in each red bosom set
And they suited your gold-brown hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet,
But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet,
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

HALSTEAD, MURAT, an American journalist; born at Ross, Butler County, O., September 2, 1829. He worked on his father's farm in the summer and attended school in winter until he was nineteen years of age, then, after teaching for a short time, he entered Farmer's College, near Cincinnati, from which he was graduated in 1851. He had been a contributor to the press for some time, and on leaving college became connected successively with the *Atlas, Enquirer, Columbian,* and *Great West,* and a Sunday paper which he established. In 1853 he began work on the Cincinnati *Commercial* as local reporter and soon after became its news editor; a year later he purchased a part interest in the paper; and in 1867 its control passed into his hands. For a time he conducted the paper independent of party politics, and then allied himself with the Republican party. In 1883, the *Commercial* and *Gazette* were consoli-

dated, and he became president of the *Commercial-Gazette* company; but subsequently removed to Brooklyn, N. Y. and became editor of the *Standard-Union.* Later he resigned to devote himself to literary work. He has written *The Story of Cuba; The Story of the Philippines; Life of McKinley,* and *Life of Admiral Dewey.*

TO THE YOUNG MAN AT THE DOOR.

We need to guard against ways of exclusiveness — against the assumption that for some mysterious reason the press has rights that the people have not; that there are privileges of the press in which the masses and the classes do not participate. The claim of privilege is a serious error. One neither gains nor loses rights in a profession. We have the same authority to speak as editors that we have as citizens. If we use a longer "pole to knock the persimmons," because we have a larger constituency for our conversational ability, that doesn't affect rights. It simply increases responsibility. One can say of a meritorious man or enterprise, or of a rascally schemer or scheme, as an editor the same that he could say as a citizen, a taxpayer, a lawyer, minister, farmer, or blacksmith. It conduces to the better understanding of our business to know that we are like other folks, and not set apart, baptized, anointed, or otherwise sanctified, for an appointed and exclusive and unique service.

It is in our line of occupation to buy white paper, impress ink upon it in such form as may be expressive of the news and our views, and agreeable to our friends or disagreeable to our foes, and sell the sheet, when the paper becomes, by the inking thereof that peculiar manufactured product, a newspaper, for a margin of profit. We should not go about magnifying our office. We are as gifted and good as anybody, so far as our natural rights are concerned, and are better or worse according to our behavior. It is our position to stand on the common ground with the people, and publish

the news and tell the truth about it as well as we can; and we shall, through influences certain in their operation, find the places wherein we belong. No one can escape the logic of his labor.

Communications from young gentlemen in or fresh from college, or active in other shops, who propose to go into journalism or newspaperdom, and want to know how to do it, are a common experience, for there is a popular fascination about our employment. There is nothing one could know — neither faculty to perform nor ability to endure — perfection of recollection, thoroughness in history, capacity to apply the lessons of philosophy, comprehension of the law, or cultivated intuition of the Gospel — that would not be of service going into newspaperdom. But it is beyond our power to prescribe a course of study. It is easier, when you have the knack, to do than to tell.

When the Young Man comes to say that he would be willing to undertake to run a newspaper — and we know that Young Man as soon as we see his anxious face at the door, and sympathize with him, for we may remember to have been at the door instead of the desk, and willing to undertake the task of the gentleman who sat at the desk and asked what was wanted — when perhaps the youth at the door had in his pocket an essay on the Mound-builders that he believed was the news of the day — and we don't like to speak unkindly to the Young Man. But there are so many of him. He is so numerous that he is monotonous, and it is not always fair to utter the commonplaces of encouragement. It is well to ask the Young Man, who is willing to come in and do things, what he has done (and often he hasn't done anything but have his being). What is it that he knows how to do better than any one else can do it? If there be anything, the question settles itself, for one who knows how to do right well something that is to do, has a trade. The world is under his feet, and its hardness is firm footing. He must ask what the Young Man wants to do; and he comes back with the awful vagueness that he is willing to do anything; and that always means nothing at all. It is the intensity of the current

of electricity that makes the carbon incandescent and illuminating. The vital flame is the mystery that is immortal in the soul and in the universe.

Who can tell the Young Man how to grasp the magic clew of the globe that spins with us? There is no turnpike or railroad that leads into journalism. There are no vacancies for didactic amateurs. Nobody is wanted. And yet we are always looking out for Somebody, and once in a while he comes. He does not ask for a place, but takes that which is his. Do not say to the Young Man, There are no possibilities. There certainly are more than ever before. Young man, if you want to get into journalism, break in. Don't ask how. It is the finding of it out that will educate you to do the essential thing. The Young Man must enter the newspaper office by main strength and awkwardness, and make a place for himself.

The machines upon which we impress the sheets we produce for the market — and we all know how costly they are in their infinite variety of improvements, for the earnings of the editor are swept away by the incessant, insatiable requirements of the press-maker — this facile mechanism is not more changeable than The Press itself, in its larger sense — and the one thing needful, first and last, is Man. With all the changes, the intelligence of the printer and the personal force of the editor is indispensable.— *Address on "Maxims, Markets, and Missions of the Press," delivered before the Wisconsin Press Association, January 23, 1889.*

HAMERTON, Philip Gilbert, an English artist and critic; born at Laneside, Lancashire, September 10, 1834; died at Boulogne-sur-Seine, November 6, 1894. He was early left an orphan and was sent by an aunt to the schools of Doncaster and Burnley. He received his later education

at Oxford, studied art in England and in Rome, and on his return to England devoted himself to painting and literature. He was the art-critic of the *Saturday Review* for three years, and edited *The Portfolio.* Among his works are *The Isles of Loch Awe and other Poems* (1885); *Thoughts About Art,* and *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands* (1862); *Etching and Etchers* (1868); *Wenderholm: a Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire* (1869); *The Sylvan Year* and *The Unknown River* (1870); *Chapters on Animals* and *The Intellectual Life* (1873); *Round My House* (1876); *Marmorne,* a novel; *Modern Frenchmen,* and the *Life of J. M. W. Turner* (1878); *The Graphic Arts* (1882); *Landscape* (1886); *The Painter's Imagination* (1887); *Man in Art* (1892); *Present State of Art in France* (1892); *Drawing and Engraving* (1893); *Contemporary French Painting* (1894); *Painting in France after the Decline of Classicism* (1894).

WORKING TO THE LAST.

Surely it would be a lamentable error if mankind were to carry out the recommendation of certain ruthless philosophers, and reject the help and teaching of the diseased. Without undervaluing the robust performances of healthy natures, and without encouraging literature that is morbid, that is fevered, impatient, and perverse, we may still prize the noble teaching which is the testament to sufferers to the world. The diseased have a peculiar and mysterious experience; they have known the sensations of health, and then, in addition to this knowledge, they have gained another knowledge which enables them to think more accurately even of health itself. A life without surfering would be like a picture without shade. The pets of nature, who do not know what suffering is, and cannot realize it, have

always a certain rawness, like foolish landsmen who laugh at the terrors of the ocean, because they have neither experience enough to know what those terrors are, nor brains enough to imagine them.

It is one of the happiest privileges of the high intellectual life that it can elevate us — at least in the intervals of relief from complete prostration or acute pain — to regions of disinterested thought, where all personal anxieties are forgotten. To feel that he is still able, even in days of physical weakness and decline, to add something to the world's inheritance of knowledge, or to bequeath to it some new and noble thought in the pearl of complete expression, is a profound satisfaction to the active mind that is lodged in a perishing body. Many diseases fortunately permit this activity to the last; and I do not hesitate to affirm, that the work done in the time of physical decline has in not a few instances been the most perfect and the most permanently valuable. It is not accurately true that the mind and the body invariably fail together. Physicians who know how prevalent chronic diseases are, and how many eminent men are physically inconvenienced by them, know also that minds of great spiritual energy possess the wonderful faculty of indefinitely improving themselves whilst the body steadily deteriorates. Nor is there anything irrational in this persistent improvement of the mind, even to the extremest limit of material decay; for the mind of every intellectual human being is part and parcel of the great permanent mind of humanity; and even if its influence soon ceases to be traceable — if the spoken words are forgotten — if the written volume is not reprinted or even quoted, it has not worked in vain. The intellectual light of Europe in this century is not only due to great luminaries whom every one can name, but to millions of thoughtful persons, now utterly forgotten, who in their time loved the light, and guarded it, and increased it, and carried it into many lands, and bequeathed it as a sacred trust. He who labors only for his personal pleasure may well be discouraged by the shortness and uncertainty of life, and cease from his selfish toil on the first approaches

of disease; but whosoever has fully realized the grand continuity of intellectual tradition, and taken his own place in it between the future and the past, will work till he can work no more, and then gaze hopefully on the world's great future, like Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, when his blind eyes beheld the future of zoölogy.— *The Intellectual Life.*

A SELECTING MEMORY.

Men who are set by others to load their memories with what is not their proper intellectual food, never get the credit of having any memory at all, and end by themselves believing that they have none. These bad memories are often the best; they are often the selecting memories. They seldom win distinction in examinations, but in literature and art. They are quite incomparably superior to the miscellaneous memories that receive only as boxes and drawers receive what is put into them. A good literary or artistic memory is not like a post-office that takes in everything, but like a very well-edited periodical that prints nothing that does not harmonize with its intellectual life. A well-known author gave me this piece of advice: "Take as many notes as you like, but when you write do not look at them — what you remember is what you must write, and you ought to give things exactly the degree of relative importance that they have in your memory. If you forget much, it is well, it will only save beforehand the labor of erasure." This advice would not be suitable to every author. An author who dealt much in minute facts ought to be allowed to refer to his memoranda; but from the artistic point of view in literature the advice was wise indeed. In painting, our preferences select whilst we are in the presence of nature, and our memory selects when we are away from nature. The most beautiful compositions are produced by the selecting office of the memory, which retains some features, and even greatly exaggerates them, whilst it diminishes others, and often altogether omits them. An artist who blamed himself for these exaggerations

and omissions would blame himself for being an artist.

Let me add a protest against the common methods of curing what are called treacherous memories. They are generally founded upon the association of ideas, which is so far rational; but then the sort of association which they have recourse to is unnatural, and produces precisely the sort of disorder which would be produced in dress if a man were insane enough to tie, let us say, a frying-pan to one of his coat-tails and a child's kite to the other. The true discipline of the mind is to be effected only by associating those things together which have a real relation of some kind; and the profounder the relation, the more it is based upon the natural constitution of things, and the less it concerns trifling external details, the better will be the order of the intellect. The memotechnic art wholly disregards this, and is therefore unsuited for intellectual persons, though it may be of some practical use in ordinary life. A little book on memory, of which many editions have been sold, suggests to men who forget their umbrellas that they ought always to associate the image of an umbrella with that of an open door, so that they could never leave any house without thinking of one. But would it not be preferable to lose two or three guineas annually rather than see a spectral umbrella in every doorway? The same writer suggests an idea which appears even more objectionable. Because we are apt to lose time, we ought, he says, to imagine a skeleton clock-face on the visage of every man we talk with; that is to say, we ought systematically to set about producing in our brains an absurd association of ideas, which is quite closely allied to one of the most common forms of insanity. It is better to forget umbrellas and lose hours than fill our minds with associations of a kind which every disciplined intellect does all it can to get rid of. The rational art of memory is that used in natural science. We remember anatomy and botany because, although the facts they teach are infinitely numerous, they are arranged according to the constructive order of nature. Unless there were a clear relation between the anatomy of one

animal and that of others, the memory would refuse to burden itself with the details of their structure. So in the study of languages we learn several languages by perceiving their true structural relations, and remembering them. Association of this kind, and the maintenance of order in the mind are the only arts of memory compatible with the right government of the intellect. Incongruous, and even superficial association ought to be systematically discouraged, and we ought to value the negative or rejecting power of the memory. The finest intellects are as remarkable for the ease with which they resist and throw off what does not concern them as for the permanence with which their own truths engrave themselves. They are like clear glass, which fluoric acid etches indelibly, but which comes out of vitriol intact.— *The Intellectual Life.*

HAMILTON, Alexander, an American statesman; born on the island of St. Nevis, West Indies, January 11, 1757; died at New York, July 12, 1804. His father emigrated from Scotland, and became a merchant at St. Christopher's, but failed in business, and was reduced to poverty. His mother, who was of French Huguenot descent, died while her son was a child; but relatives of hers took charge of the boy, and sent him to New York to be educated. He entered King's (now Columbia) College just before the breaking out of the American Revolution. At a public meeting in July, 1774, he delivered a speech which brought him into notice, and he wrote several able political pamphlets. He joined a volunteer military company, and at the age of nineteen was commissioned as captain of a company raised by

the State of New York. The city itself was abandoned by Washington, who took up a position on the upper part of Manhattan Island. Hamilton attracted the notice of Washington by whom, in March, 1777, he was appointed aide-de-camp, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and he took a prominent part in the military operations which ensued, commanding a battalion at the siege of Yorktown. In 1780 he married a daughter of General Philip Schuyler, who survived him more than half a century, dying in 1854, at the age of ninety-seven.

Near the close of the war Hamilton studied law, and was licensed to practice in 1782; and a few days after he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress. He took an active part in the political movements of the day, especially in the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. It was very doubtful whether the Constitution would be adopted by the requisite number of States. To bring about the adoption, Hamilton, in conjunction with Jay and Madison, undertook the writing of a series of essays, known as *The Federalist*. These essays reached the number of eighty-five; and there is some question as to the authorship of a portion of them. The most probable statement is that five were by Jay, fourteen by Madison, three by Madison and Hamilton jointly, and the remainder by Hamilton. (See FEDERALIST, Vol. IX.)

When the new government went into operation in 1789, Hamilton was selected by Washington as Secretary of the Treasury, and he bore a leading part in establishing the financial system of the country. In 1795 he resigned the secretaryship, and resumed the practice of law at New York; but he remained an

earnest supporter of the administration of Washington by whom he was consulted in the preparation of his "Farewell Address," and other important state papers. In 1798 there was a strong probability of a war with France, and Washington was appointed Commander-in-chief, with the title of Lieutenant-General. He accepted the appointment upon condition that he should not be called into active service unless actual hostilities should arise, and that Hamilton should be created a major-general, and be in charge of the details of the organization of the army. The war was, however, averted, and Hamilton continued the practice of his profession, taking also an earnest part in the stormy politics of the day. This led to a personal quarrel with Aaron Burr, who was a candidate for the office of Governor of New York. Burr was defeated, owing, as he alleged, to the hostility of Hamilton, whom he challenged to a duel. Hamilton was conscientiously opposed to duelling; but, as he himself wrote, "The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular." The meeting took place July 11, 1804, at Weehawken, N. J., just across the Hudson River from New York. Burr was uninjured, but Hamilton received a wound from which he died the next day.

The *Works of Alexander Hamilton* have been edited by his son, John C. Hamilton (7 vols., 1851), who also wrote a *Life* of his father (2 vols., 1834, 1840), and a voluminous *History of the Republic of the United States, as Traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and His Contemporaries* (1850). One

of the most important of Hamilton's essays has been given in this work in the article "THE FEDERALIST." The following extracts are from other writings of Hamilton:

THE NECESSITY OF A NATIONAL BANK.

I am aware of all the objections that have been made to public banks, and that they are not without enlightened and respectable opponents. But all that has been said against them only tends to prove that, like all other good things, they are subject to abuse, and when abused become pernicious. The precious metals, by similar arguments, may be proved to be injurious. It is certain that the moneys of South America have had great influence in banishing industry from Spain, and sinking it in real wealth and importance. Great powers, commerce, and riches — or, in other words, great national prosperity — may, in like manner, be denominated evils; for they lead to insolence and inordinate ambition, a vicious luxury, licentiousness of morals, and all those vices which corrupt a government, enslave the state, and precipitate the ruin of a nation. But no wise statesman will reject the good from an apprehension of the ill. The truth is, in all human affairs there is no good pure and unmixed. Every advantage has two sides; and wisdom consist in availing ourselves of the good, and guarding as much as possible against the bad. The tendency of a National Bank is to increase public and private credit. The former gives power to the state for the protection of its rights and interests; and the latter facilitates and extends the operations of commerce among individuals. Industry is increased, commodities are multiplied, agriculture and manufactures flourish: and herein consists the true wealth and prosperity of a state. Most commercial nations have found it necessary to institute banks; and they have proved to be the happiest engines that ever were invented for advancing trade. Venice, Genoa, Hamburg, Holland, and England, are examples of their utility. They owe their riches, commerce, and

the figure they have made at different periods, in a great degree to this source. Great Britain is indebted for the immense efforts she has been enabled to make in so many illustrious and successful wars, essentially to that vast fabric of credit, raised on this foundation.— *Letter to Robert Morris, April 30, 1781.*

NATHANAEL GREENE.

As a man, the virtues of Nathanael Greene are admitted; as a patriot he holds a place in the foremost ranks; as a statesman he is praised; as a soldier he is admired. But in the two last characters — especially in the last but one — his reputation falls far below his desert. It required a longer life, and still greater opportunities, to have enabled him to exhibit in full day the vast — I had almost said the enormous powers of his mind. The termination of the American war — not too soon for his wishes, nor for the welfare of his country, but too soon for his glory — put an end to his military career. The sudden termination of his life cut him off from those scenes which the progress of a new, immense, and unsettled empire could not fail to open to the complete exertion of that universal and pervading genius which qualified him not less for the senate than for the field. . . .

General Greene, descended from respectable parents, but not placed by birth in that elevated rank which, under a monarchy, is the only sure road to those employments that give activity and scope to abilities, must in all probability have contented himself with the humble lot of a private citizen — or at most with the contracted sphere of an elective office in a colonial and dependent government, scarcely conscious of the resources of his own mind — had not the violated rights of his country called him to act a part on a more splendid and more complete theatre. Happily for America he hesitated not to obey the call. The vigor of his genius, corresponding with the importance of the prize to be contended for, overcame the natural moderation of his temper; and though not hurried on by enthusiasm, but animated by

the enlightened sense of the value of free government, he cheerfully resolved to stake his fortune, his hopes, his life, and his honor, upon an enterprise of the danger of which he knew the whole magnitude — in a cause which was worthy of the toils and the blood of heroes.

The sword having been appealed to at Lexington, as the arbiter of the controversy between Great Britain and America, Greene shortly after marched, at the head of a regiment, to join the American forces at Cambridge, determined to abide the awful decision. He was not long there before the discerning eye of the American Fabius marked him out as the object of his confidence. His abilities entitled him to a pre-eminent share in the counsels of his chief. He gained it, and he preserved it, amidst all the chequered varieties of military vicissitude, and in defiance of all the intrigues of jealous and aspiring rivals.

As long as the measures which conducted us safely through the most critical stages of the war shall be remembered with approbation; as long as the enterprises of Trenton and Princeton shall be regarded as the dawnings of that bright day which afterward broke with such resplendent lustre; as long as the almost magic operations of the remainder of that memorable winter, distinguished not more by these events than by the extraordinary spectacle of a powerful army straitened within narrow limits by the phantom of a military force, and never permitted to transgress those limits with impunity; in which skill supplied the place of means, and disposition was the substitute for an army; as long, I say, as these operations shall continue to be the objects of curiosity and wonder, so long ought the name of Greene to be revered by a grateful country.

HAMILTON, ANTHONY, a British wit and satirist; born at Roscrea, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1646; died at St. Germain-en-Laye, France, August 6, 1720. He was the third son of Sir George Hamilton, and a nephew of James Hamilton, sixth duke of Chatellerault in the peerage of France. His mother was Mary Butler, sister of the Duke of Ormonde. From the age of four till he was fourteen he was brought up in France. Being a Roman Catholic he was denied such political preferment as he might have expected after the Restoration, but he became one of a band of brilliant courtiers whom he has entertainingly described in his *Mémoires du Comte de Grammont.* On the accession of James II. his religious disabilities became advantages, and he was given a regiment and appointed Governor of Limerick. After the battle of the Boyne, in which he participated, he became an exile to France, but as he had always maintained his connection with that country, this proved anything but a hardship. His sister had married the Comte de Grammont, and the first edition of the *Memoirs* was published anonymously at Cologne in 1713. Some thirty editions have since appeared.

In imitation of the satiric style of parody of the romantic tales which had come in vogue in France, Hamilton wrote *Le Belier; Fleur d'Epine; Zeneyde;* and *Les Quatre Facardins,* which are marked by an ease and grace of style excelled by few native Frenchmen. In the name of his niece, the Countess of Stafford, he maintained a witty correspondence with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Hamilton's *Contes de Ferie,* published at Paris in 1805, furnish perhaps

the best specimens of the genius of this witty and talented writer.

FAUSTUS AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Faustus had heard that the queen fancied herself to resemble the fair Rosamond; and no sooner was the name mentioned, than she was all impatience to see her.

"There is a secret instinct in this impatience," observed the doctor, craftily; "for, according to tradition, the fair Rosamond had much resemblance to your majesty though, of course, in an inferior style."

"Let us judge — let us judge," replied the queen, hastily; "but from the moment she appears, Sir Sidney, I request of you to observe her minutely, that we may have her description, if she is worth it." This order being given, and some little conjuration made, as Rosamond was only a short distance from London, she made her appearance in a second. Even at the door her beauty charmed every one, but as she advanced she enchanted them; and when she stopped to be gazed at, the admiration of the company, with difficulty restrained to signs and looks, exhibited their high approbation of the taste of Henry II. Nothing could exceed the simplicity of her dress; and yet in that simplicity she effaced the splendors of the day, at least to the spectators. She waited before them a long time, much longer than the others had done; and, as if aware of the command the queen had given, she turned especially toward Sidney, looking at him with an expressive smile. But she must go at last. And when she was gone, "My Lord," said the queen, "What a pretty creature! I never saw anything so charming in my life. What a figure! what dignity without affectation! what brilliancy without artifice! and it is said that I resemble her. My lord of Essex, what think you?" My Lord thought, Would to Heaven you did; I would give the best steed in my stable that you had even an ugly likeness to her. But he said, "Your majesty has but to make the tour of the gallery in her green robe and primrose petticoat, and if our magician himself would not mistake you

for her, count me the greatest —— of your three kingdoms."

During all this flattery with which the favorite charmed the ears of the good queen, the poet Sidney, pencil in hand, was sketching the vision of the fair Rosamond.

Her majesty then commanded it should be read, and when she heard it, pronounced it very clever; but as it was a real impromptu, not one of those born long before, and was written for a particular audience, as a picture is painted for a particular light, we think it but justice to the celebrated author not to draw his lines from the venerable antiquity in which they rest even if we had the MS. copy; but we have not, which at once finishes the business.

After the reading, they deliberated on the next that should succeed Rosamond. The enchanter, still of opinion that they need not leave England when beauty was the object in question, proposed the famous Countess of Salisbury — who gave rise to the institution of the Garter. The idea was approved of by the queen, and particularly agreeable to the courtiers, as they wished to see if the cause were worthy of the effect — *i.e.,* the leg of the garter; but her majesty declared that she should particularly like a second sight of her lovely resemblance, the fair Rosamond. The doctor vowed that the affair was next to impracticable in the order of conjuration — the recall of a phantom not depending on the powers submitted to the first enchantments. But the more he declared against it the more the queen insisted, until he was obliged, at last, to submit, with the information, that if Rosamond should return, it would not be by the way in which she had entered or retired already, and that they had best take care of themselves, as he could answer for no one.

The queen, as we have elsewhere observed, knew not what fear was; and the two courtiers were now a little reassured on the subject of apparitions. The doctor then set about accomplishing the queen's wishes. Never had conjuration cost him so much trouble, and after a thousand grimaces and contortions — neither pretty nor polite — he flung his books into the middle of the gallery, went three times around it on his hands and feet, then made the tree against the wall, head down and heels up; but

nothing appearing, he had recourse to the last and most powerful of his spells — what that was must remain forever a mystery, for certain reasons; but he wound it up by three times summoning, with a sonorous voice, "Rosamond! Rosamond! Rosamond!" At the last of these magic cries the grand window burst open with the sudden crash of a tempest, and through it descended the lovely Rosamond into the middle of the room.

The doctor was in a cold sweat, and while he dried himself, the queen, who thought her visitant a thousand times the fairer for the additional difficulty in procuring this second sight, for once let her prudence sleep, and, in a transport of enthusiasm, stepping out of her circle with open arms, cried out, "My dear likeness!" No sooner was the word out than a violent clap of thunder shook the whole palace; a black vapor filled the gallery, and a train of little fantastic lightnings serpentined to the right and left in the dazzled eyes of the company.

When the obscurity was a little dissipated, they saw the magician, with his four limbs in air, foaming like a wild boar — his cap here, his wig there; in short, by no means an example of either the sublime or beautiful. But though he came off the worst, yet no one in the adventure escaped *quite clear,* except Rosamond. The lightning burned away my Lord of Essex's right brow; Sir Sidney lost the left moustachio; her Majesty's head-dress smelt villanously of the sulphur, and her hoop-petticoat was so puckered up with the scorching that it was ordered to be preserved among the royal draperies, as a warning, to all maids of honor to come, against curiosity.— *From L'Enchanteur Faustus, in Contes de Férie.*

HAMILTON, Elizabeth, a British essayist and educator; born at Belfast, Ireland, July 21, 1758; died at Harrogate, England, July 23, 1816. When scarcely two years old her father died,

leaving his wife in destitute circumstances, and the child was adopted by a paternal aunt living near Stirling, Scotland. She became governess in the family of a Scottish nobleman, and most of her writings are either educational or relate to Scottish life and character. Among her works are: *Letters of a Hindoo Rajah* (1796), prompted by association with her brother Captain Charles Hamilton, with whom she was then living, and who was engaged on a translation of the *Hedaya: Memoirs of Modern Philosophers* (1800), a satire on the admirers of the French Revolution; *Letters on Education* (1802); *Life of Agrippina* (1804); *Letters on the Moral and Religious Principle* (1806); *The Cottagers of Glenburnie* (1808); *Exercises in Religious Knowledge* (1809); *Popular Essays* (1813); and *Hints to the Patrons and Directors of Schools* (1815).

A PICTURE OF SCOTTISH RURAL LIFE.

The road, which winded along the foot of the hills, on the north side of the glen, owed as little to art as any country road in the kingdom. It was very narrow, and much encumbered by loose stones, brought down from the hills above by the winter torrents.

Mrs. Mason and Mary were so enchanted by the change of scenery which was incessantly unfolding to their view, that they made no complaints of the slowness of their progress, nor did they much regret being obliged to stop a few minutes at a time, where they found so much to amuse and delight them. But Mr. Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated; and as he walked by the side of the car, expatiated upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who, though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on from year to year without making an effort to repair it.

"How little trouble would it cost," said he, "to throw

the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts, and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill! There are enough of idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work; and there is no one in the glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbors as much as himself."

As he was speaking, they passed the door of one of these small farmers; and immediately turning a sharp corner, began to descend a steep, which appeared so unsafe that Mr. Stewart made his boys alight, which they could do without inconvenience, and going to the head of the horse, took its guidance upon himself. At the foot of this short precipice the road again made a sudden turn, and discovered to them a misfortune which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any farther for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of the bridge, along which it had been passing. Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill-fated load, the harness by which he was attached to it was of so frail a nature as to make little resistance; so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the fall, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth. At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse was seen; but as Mr. Stewart advanced to examine whether, by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes, the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow, exclaiming:

"Come on, ye muckle brute! ye had as weel come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That's a gude beast now. Come awa! That's it! Ah, ye're a guide beast now!"

As the last words were uttered, a little fellow of about ten years of age was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him, with all his might, a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish-temper.

"You have met with a sad accident," said Mr. Stewart; "how did all this happen?"

"You may see how it happened plain enough," returned the boy; "the brig brak, and the cart coupet."

"And did you and the horse coup likewise?" said Mr. Stewart.

"O ay, we a' coupet thegither, for I was ridin' on his back."

"And where is your father and all the rest of the folk?"

"Whaur sud they be but in the hay-field? Dinna ye ken that we're takin' in our hay? John Tamsen's and Jamie Forster's was in a week syne, but we're aye ahint the lave."

All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers; and having learned from him that the hay-field was at no great distance, gave him some halfpence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with some assistance. He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on stepping at their usual pace.

"Why, farmer," said Mr. Stewart, "you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think" (pointing to where it had given way); "if you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and showed you how easily it might be repaired."

"It is a' true," said the farmer, moving his bonnet; "but I thought it would do weel enough. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamsen about it; but they said they wadna fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen."

"But you must now mend it for your own sake," said Mr. Stewart, "even though a' the folk in the glen should be better for it."

"Ay, sir," said one of the men, "that's spoken like yoursel! Would everybody follow your example there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighborhood."— *The Cottagers of Glenburnie.*

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's
Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws,
At feasts made for princes wi' princes I've been,
When the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my een;
But a sight sae delightfu', I trow I ne'er spied
As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside;
O cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside;
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, Gude be thankit, round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
Ther's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside;
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

HAMILTON, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet; born at Bangour, Linlithgowshire, in 1704; died at Lyons, France, March 25, 1754. He was a gentleman of an ancient family and of good fortune, and was early noted for his social accomplishments and poetical talent. In 1745 he embraced the cause of the "Young Pretender." After the discomfiture of the Jacobites at Culloden he made his escape to France, but he soon received a full pardon from the British Government, and the restoration of his paternal es-

tates. His health being delicate, he took up his residence in Southern France, where the later years of his life were passed. He wrote a serious poem, entitled *Contemplation,* and one in blank verse upon *The Thistle,* the national flower of Scotland, of which the following is a specimen:

THE THISTLE.

How oft beneath
Its martial influence have Scotia's sons,
Through every age, with dauntless valor fought
On every hostile ground! While o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame unsullied, and superior deed
Distinguished ornament! this native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems emblazed, and flame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride!

Most of Hamilton's poems are of a lyrical character. A surreptitious collection of many of them was put forth in 1748. In 1760, after his death, his friends published a fuller collection, from his own manuscripts. A complete edition of the poems and songs, edited by James Paterson, was published in 1850. His best poem, the ballad of *The Braes of Yarrow,* suggested to Wordsworth the poems "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited."

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."—

"Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?"—

"I got her where I darena weil be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride;
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu'ring the birks on the Braes of Yarrow."—

"Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow."—

"Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dool and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonny Birks of Yarrow?

"What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dool and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the doolful Braes of Yarrow.

"Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds, in tears,
His wounds in tears with dool and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow.
And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
That fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Did I not warn thee not to lo'e,
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bauld, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowin'.

"Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

"Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love;
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and weil beloved again,
Than me he never lo'ed thee better.

"Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the bands of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."—

"How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow.

"O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing.
Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dool and sorrow,
But ere the fall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Much I rejoiced that waeful, waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me.

"My happy sisters, may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffin'.
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband-lover.

"But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay his down;
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

"Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts;
No youth shall ever lie there after."—

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
The lover heeds nought of thy sighs;
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow."

HAMILTON, Sir William, a Scottish metaphysician; born at Glasgow, March 8, 1788; died at Edinburgh, May 6, 1856. He was educated at Glasgow and at Oxford, and distinguished himself in both universities. In 1813 he was admitted to the bar of Edinburgh, and began practice in the law, but continued to devote much time to the study of philosophy. In 1821 he delivered, in the University of Edinburgh, a course of lectures on the *Classic Nations of Antiquity.* Two papers on *Phrenology,* embodying the results of his investigations in the comparative anatomy of the brain, were read by him in 1826 before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. In these he combated the theories of phrenologists. A critique

of Cousin's *Cours de Philosophie,* contributed by him to the Edinburgh *Review* in 1829 attracted great attention both in Great Britain and on the Continent. It was followed by other philosophical papers, among which are: *On the Philosophy of Perception,* and *On Recent Publications in Logical Science.* These articles, with notes, were published collectively in 1852 under the title *Discussions in Philosophy and Literature, Education, and University Reform.* In 1836 he became Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, which position he retained during the remainder of his life. Between 1836 and 1846 he edited Reid's works, and later the works of Dugald Stewart.

PREPARATION FOR THE STUDY OF PHILOSOPHY.

"To attain a knowledge of ourselves," says Socrates, "we must banish prejudice, passion, and sloth;" and no one who neglects this precept can hope to make any progress in the philosophy of the human mind, which is only another term for the knowledge of ourselves.

In the first place, then, all prejudices,— that is, all opinions formed on irrational grounds — ought to be removed. A preliminary doubt is thus the fundamental conditions of philosophy; and the necessity of such a doubt is no less apparent than is its difficulty. We do not approach the study of philosophy ignorant, but perverted. There is no one who has not grown up under a load of beliefs — beliefs which he owes to the accidents of country and family, to the books he has read, to the society he has frequented, to the education he has received, and, in general, to the circumstances which have concurred in the formation of his intellectual and moral habits. These beliefs may be true, or they may be false, or, what is more probable, they may be a medley of truths and errors. It is, however, under their influence that he studies, and through them, as through a prism, that he views and judges the objects of knowledge. Everything is therefore

seen by him in false colors, and in distorted relations. And this is the reason why philosophy, as the science of truth, requires a renunciation of prejudices — (*præ-judicia, opiniones præ-judicatæ*) — that is, conclusions formed without a previous examination of their grounds.

In this, if I may without irreverence compare things human with things divine, Christianity and Philosophy coincide — for truth is equally the end of both. What is the primary condition which our Saviour requires of His disciples? That they throw off their old prejudices, and come with hearts willing to receive knowledge, and understandings open to conviction. "Unless," He says, "ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Such is true religion; such also is true philosophy. Philosophy requires an emancipation from the yoke of foreign authority, a renunciation of all blind adhesion to the opinions of our age and country, and a purification of the intellect from all assumptive beliefs. Unless we can cast off the prejudices of the man, and become as children, docile and unperverted, we need never hope to enter the temple of philosophy. It is the neglect of this primary condition which has mainly occasioned men to wander from the unity of truth, and caused the endless variety of religious and philosophical sects. Men would not submit to approach the word of God in order to receive from that alone their doctrine and their faith; but they come in general with preconceived opinions, and, accordingly, each found in revelation only what he was predetermined to find. So, in like manner, it is in philosophy. Consciousness is to the philosopher what the Bible is to the theologian. Both are revelations of the truth — and both afford the truth to those who are content to receive it, as it ought to be received, with reverence and submission. But as it has too frequently fared with one revelation, so has it with the other. Men turned, indeed, to consciousness, and professed to regard its authority as paramount, but they were not content humbly to accept the facts which consciousness revealed, and to establish these, without retrenchment or distortion, as the only principles of their philosophy; on the contrary, they came with opinions already formed, with systems

already constructed, and while they eagerly appealed to consciousness when its data supported their conclusions, they made no scruple to overlook, or to misinterpret, its facts when these were not in harmony with their speculations. Thus religion and philosophy, as they both terminate in the same end, so they both depart from the same fundamental condition. . . .

In the second place, in obedience to the precept of Socrates, the passions, under which we shall include sloth, ought to be subjugated. These ruffle the tranquillity of the mind, and consequently deprive it of the power of carefully considering all that the solution of a question requires should be examined. A man under the agitation of any lively emotion is hardly aware of aught but what has immediate relation to the passion which agitates and engrosses him. Among the affections which influence the will, and induce it to adhere to skepticism or error, there is none more dangerous than sloth. The greater proportion of mankind are inclined to spare themselves the trouble of a long and laborious inquiry; or they fancy that a superficial examination is enough; and the slightest agreement between a few objects in a few petty points, they at once assume as evincing the correspondence of the whole throughout. Others apply themselves exclusively to the matters which it is absolutely necessary for them to know, and take no account of any opinion but that which they have stumbled on — for no other reason than that they have embraced it, and are unwilling to recommence the labor of learning. They receive their opinion on the authority of those who have had suggested to them their own; and they are always facile scholars; for the slightest probability is for them all the evidence that they require.

Pride is a powerful impediment to a progress in knowledge. Under the influence of this passion, men seek honor but not truth. They do not cultivate what is most valuable in reality, but what is most valuable in opinion. They disdain, perhaps, what can be easily accomplished, and apply themselves to the obscure and recondite; but as the vulgar and easy is the foundation on which the rare and arduous is built, they fail even in attaining the object of

their ambition, and remain with only a farrago of confused and ill-assorted notions. In all its phases, self-love is an enemy to philosophical progress; and the history of philosophy is filled with the illusions of which it has been the source. On the one side, it has led men to close their eyes against the most evident truths which were not in harmony with their adopted opinions. It is said that there was not a physician in Europe, above the age of forty, who would admit Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. On the other hand, it is finely observed by Bacon, that "the eye of human intellect is not dry, but receives a suffusion from the will and from the affections, so that it may almost be said to engender any sciences it pleases. For what a man wishes to be true, that he prefers believing."—*Lectures on Metaphysics.*

HAMILTON, Sir William Rowan, an Irish astronomer; born at Dublin, August 5, 1805, died there September 2, 1865. He gave evidence of extraordinary intellectual powers at an early age. At thirteen he was in a measure acquainted with more than a dozen languages, among which were French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hindostanee, Malay, Persian, Sanskrit, and Syriac. He also, while yet a mere boy, was far advanced in the higher mathematics. In 1823 he entered the University of Dublin, where at every quarterly examination he obtained the chief honors in science and the classics. In 1827, while yet an undergraduate, he was appointed Andrews Professor of Astronomy in the University, and Astronomer Royal of Ireland. In 1835, at the meeting of the British Society for the Advancement of Science, he received the honor of knighthood; and

in 1837 he was elected President of the Royal Irish Academy. His researches extended to almost every department of human knowledge in any way connected with mathematics and physics, and the results were embodied in numerous memoirs in the transactions of learned societies, and in scientific periodicals. His most elaborate book was the *Methods or Calculus of Quaternions* (1853). His *Elements of Quaternions* was published shortly after his death. Although devoted to the investigation of the most abstruse philosophical subjects, Sir William R. Hamilton possessed poetical genius of a very high order. George Ticknor speaks of the following sonnet of Hamilton as "one of the finest in the English language."

A PRAYER.

O brooding Spirit of Wisdom and of Love
  Whose mighty wings even now o'ershadow me,
  Absorb me in thine own immensity,
And raise me far my finite self above!
  Purge vanity away, and the weak care
That name or fame of me may widely spread;
And the deep wish keep burning in their stead,
  Thy blissful influence afar to bear,
Or see it borne! Let no desire of ease,
  No lack of courage, faith, or love, delay
  Mine own steps on that thought-paven way
In which my soul her clear commission sees;
  Yet with an equal joy let me behold
  Thy chariot o'er that way by others rolled.

HAMLEY, Sir Edward Bruce, an English soldier, novelist and essayist; born at Bodmin, Cornwall, April 27, 1824; died at London, August 12, 1893. He received his education at the Royal Military Academy of Woolwich, and entered the army in 1843. He served in the Crimean campaign, taking part in the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, and in the siege and overthrow of Sebastopol. He was the British Commissioner in the delimitation of the Russo-Turkish boundary in Armenia in 1880, and in the evacuation by the Turkish troops of Thessaly and Epirus, and their occupation by Greek troops in 1881. After many promotions he was made a Lieutenant-General in 1882, and commander of a division in the Egyptian war of that year. He is the author of *Ensign Faunce,* a novel (1848); *Lady Lee's Widowhood* (1854); *The Story of a Campaign: A Narrative of the War in Southern Russia* (1855); *The Operations of War;* and *Our Poor Relations: a Philozoic Essay* (1870); *Voltaire* (1877); *Thomas Carlyle* (1881); *Shakespeare's Funeral,* and other essays.

COMING TO THE POINT.

Mr. Dubbley came in rubbing his forehead, and very nervous. He had started for the Heronry in a state of great elevation; exhilarated by punch, and the letter he had in his pocket, proposing seemed to him the easiest thing in the world; he laughed as he thought of his previous failures. But his spirits had gradually evaporated as he approached the house — they went off more and more rapidly as he followed Kitty up-stairs — and when he entered Lady Lee's presence, not even the dregs remained. . . .

"Pray, take this chair, Mr. Dubbley," said Lady Lee; "you will be more comfortable than in that"— for Mr. Dubbley, having put his hat in a low chair usually appropriated to Rosa as a lounging chair, had, in his confusion, sat down on the top of it, and, it being a pretty stiff and solid beaver, remained unconsciously perched thereon till it suddenly gave way, and the Squire's knees came rather violently in contact with his nose, as he leant forward in a courteous posture.

"Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Dubbley, starting up and looking ruefully at the crushed hat; "there's quite a fate about my hats; this is the second I've sat upon this year. However, that's of no consequence," said the Squire, recollecting himself; "lots more hats to be bought. 'Twould have been worse if it had been my head." . . .

"Do you find Monkstone solitary?" asked Lady Lee.

"Monstrous solitary, 'pon my life," said Mr. Dubbley; "it gets worse every day." (Now why should she ask that, he thought, if she didn't mean something by it?) "If there was somebody else there," he added, "it wouldn't be half so solitary."

"And will nobody come to see you then, Mr. Dubbley?"

"Yes, yes," said the Squire: "a good many might like to come if I asked 'em; but it isn't every one I would ask. If some people that I know would come for better for worse," and the squire looked wonderfully arch as he repeated, "for better for worse, you know, I'd rather than a thousand pounds."

"Dear me," thought Lady Lee, Mr. Dubbley has certainly fallen in love with somebody; who can it be? "Then why don't you ask them?" said she smiling, "and ascertain their wishes on the subject?"

"Why, so I will," said the delighted Squire, who, feeling certain that he had made his meaning perfectly obvious, and that he was meeting with the most charming encouragement, began to fumble in his pocket for the letter. "Faint heart never won fair lady," he muttered to himself. "Take time by the fetlock, you know."

"I wish you all success in your wooing, Mr. Dubbley,"

said Lady Lee, "and hope shortly to congratulate you on the result."

"Now what can she mean by that?" thought the Squire, letting the letter slip back into his pocket. "I musn't be rash — hang it, no; I must feel my way." And the Squire's warm feelings, suddenly condensed by the chill, broke out over his forehead in little beads like morning dew.

"Delightful thing the married state," said the Squire presently, remembering Mr. Randy's instructions. "Charming state of things when two hearts that have long beat together as one are joined together in holy matrimony, and nothing to cut their love in two."

Mr. Dubbley paused, rather breathless after this eloquent flight, in which he had mingled the form of publishing the banns of marriage with his recollections of a valentine he had once written to a bricklayer's daughter.

"Why, you speak like one inspired by the subject," said her ladyship. "But take care, Mr. Dubbley! If you indulge such bright visions before marrying, you may be disappointed afterward."

"Not the least afraid of that," said the Squire; "we understand one another too well for that. What should prevent me and — and her that I'm talking of, from being as happy as the day's long?"

"Nothing that I know of," returned her ladyship, "provided there is no striking disparity of any kind."

"Ah, she's thinking about my income now," thought the Squire; "I'm all right there. I ought to have mentioned something about it in my letter," And again the Squire dived up to his elbow in his breast pocket. "No objection on that score," said he; "no mistake about my property; all safe and sure, and rents regularly paid."

"Tiresome, absurd man!" thought Lady Lee; "what does he suppose I care about his property, or his rents, or his love-affairs? But there are other disparities," she said, "more fatal to nuptial felicity than that of an income: disposition, for instance — age — tastes — pursuits — intellect."

At the mention of this last item, the Squire once more let the letter fall back into his pocket.

"She's got cleverness enough for both," said the Squire. "Perhaps she's a very accomplished person, and perhaps I may be the same too in time — who knows? I dare say you don't know that I've been getting up a good deal of general information lately?"

Lady Lee had not heard of his process of mental culture, she said.

"Wait a bit!" said the Squire, with a knowing look; "perhaps I may disappoint those who think me a fool yet. I'm rubbing up my learning — all for your — I mean her sake, too. She's the only person in the world I'd take the trouble for."

"What a devoted attachment yours appears to be!" said her ladyship. "It certainly merits success."

And she smiled so pleasantly and encouragingly that the Squire dived once more into his pocket, and this time brought the letter fairly out, and put it in the crown of his hat, ready for delivery at the next favorable moment. He was several times on the point of going down on his knees and presenting it, and as often baffled by some chilling remark from the unconscious object of his admiration, and by his increasing sense of her unapproachableness. The quick alterations of hot and cold fits that he experienced were so trying, that he made up his mind to yield next time to the impulse, and declare himself like a man. But the impulse came, and was nipt like its predecessors; and the poor despairing Squire felt a load taken off his mind when the door opened, and Rosa and Orelia entered, full of conversation for Lady Lee. So he rose, and muttering to himself that his chance was over for that day, took his leave with the impression that he had left his intentions as profound a secret as ever. —*Lady Lee's Widowhood.*

HAMMOND, WILLIAM ALEXANDER, an American surgeon and novelist; born at Annapolis, Maryland, August 28, 1828; died at Washington, D. C., January 5, 1900. He was graduated from the University of New York in 1848, and entered the army as assistant-surgeon. In 1860 he became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Maryland, but the next year re-entered the army, and in 1862 was appointed Surgeon-General. In 1864 he was appointed a Professor in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College of New York, and Physician-in-chief to the New York Hospital for diseases of the nervous system. He wrote several valuable medical works, and a number of novels. Among his works are: *A Treatise on Hygiene, with Special Reference to Military Science* (1863); *Sleep and Its Derangements* (1868); *Physics and Physiology of Spiritualism* (1870); *A Treatise on Diseases of the Nervous System* (1871); *Insanity in Its Relations to Crime* (1873); *Over-Mental Work and Emotional Disturbances* (1878); and *Certain Conditions of Mental Derangement* (1881). His novels are *Lal,* and *Dr. Grattan* (1884); *Mr. Oldmixon,* and *A Strong-Minded Woman* (1885); *Tales of Eccentric Life* (1886), written in conjunction with his daughter, and *On the Susquehanna* (1887).

A PRINCESS IN DISGUISE.

Before the words were out of the woman's mouth the singing ceased, and an untidy and scantily clad girl came out into the passage. Her hair was hanging in long, black, frowsy masses over her naked shoulders, and her face did not exhibit any obvious indications of a recent

acquaintanceship with soap and water. A single garment, much the worse for dirt and wear, and rather shorter at both ends than was altogether proper, covered a portion of her body; her feet were bare. Still, she was not a bad-looking girl, in spite of the disadvantages in the way of cleanliness and adornment under which she labored. Her black eyes, with their intelligent and thoughtful though good-natured expression, her well-formed and white teeth which she liberally displayed when she laughed, and her shapely mouth — ample but not over-large — made altogether an *ensemble* that was capable of exciting both admiration and interest in most of those who might take the trouble to study her face. In some respects she resembled her mother, but she had not a single feature of her father's in her whole physical organization. To look at the two, no one would have supposed that they bore even the most distant relationship to each other, much less that they were father and daughter.

She was rather above than below the medium height, was well and strongly put together, was muscular without being bony, and graceful in her movements, without perhaps possessing that suppleness of motion resulting from slenderness. Her hands and feet, though giving evidence of hard usage, were nevertheless small and well made. Clearly, she was rough and uncouth in mind and body. She had grown up like a garden-weed, untutored and uncared for. Yes, even worse; for the good points that Nature had put into her had not even been allowed to develop after their own way, but had been dwarfed and twisted and deformed, and crowded out of place, by the circumstances under which she had lived as a child and expanded into womanhood.— *Lal.*

HANCOCK, JOHN, an American patriot; born at Quincy, Mass., January 12, 1737; died there October 8, 1793. He was graduated from Harvard in 1754, then entered the counting-house of an uncle, upon whose death in 1764 he received a large fortune, and soon became a prominent merchant in Boston. In 1766 he was chosen a member of the Legislature. In 1770 occurred the affray known as the Boston massacre. At the funeral of the victims Hancock delivered an oration in which the conduct of the British authorities was so severely censured that the Governor endeavored to arrest him and Samuel Adams, who had also become obnoxious. In 1775, after the action at Concord, Governor Gage offered a free pardon to all rebels except Adams and Hancock, "whose offenses were of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration but that of condign punishment." In 1775 Hancock was chosen President of the Continental Congress, and his name stands first on the list of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Leaving Congress in 1777, on account of infirm health, he returned to Massachusetts, where he was a member of the convention for framing a Constitution for the State. He was elected the first Governor of the State of Massachusetts; and was annually re-elected (with one interval of two years) until his death.

ORATION ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

The attentive gravity, the venerable appearance of this crowded audience, the dignity which I behold in the countenances of so many in this great assembly — the solemnity of the occasion upon which we have met to-

gether — joined to a consideration of the part I am to take in the important business of the day, fill me with an awe hitherto unknown, and heighten the sense which I have ever had of my unworthiness to fill this sacred desk. But allured by the call of some of my respected fellow-citizens, with whose request it is always my greatest pleasure to comply, I almost forget my want of ability to perform what they required. . . .

I have ever considered it the indispensable duty of every member of society to promote, as far as in him lies, the prosperity of every individual, but more especially of the community to which he belongs; and also as a faithful subject of the state, to use his utmost endeavors to detect, and having detected, strenuously to oppose every traitorous plot which its enemies may devise for its destruction. Security to the persons and property of the governed is so obviously the design and end of civil government, that to attempt a logical proof of it would be like burning tapers at noonday to assist the sun in enlightening the world; and it cannot be either virtuous or honorable to attempt to support a government of which this is not the great and principal basis; and it is to the last degree vicious and infamous to attempt to support a government which manifestly tends to render insecure the persons and properties of the governed.

Some boast of being friends of government; I am a friend to righteous government, founded upon the principles of reason and justice; but I glory in publicly avowing my eternal enmity to tyranny. Is the present system which the British administration have adopted for the colonies a righteous government? or is it tyranny? What tenderness, what regard, respect, or consideration has Great Britain shown, in their late transactions, for the security of the persons or properties of the inhabitants of the colonies? or rather, what have they omitted doing to destroy their security? They have declared that they have — ever had — and of right ought to have — full power to make laws of sufficient validity to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever. They have exercised this pretended right by imposing a tax upon us without our consent; and lest we should show some reluctance at

parting with our property, her fleets and armies are sent to enforce her mad pretensions. The town of Boston — ever faithful to the British Crown — has been invested by a British fleet. The troops of George the Third have crossed the wide Atlantic, not to engage an enemy, but to assist a band of traitors in trampling on the rights and liberties which, as a father, he ought ever to regard, and which as a king he is bound to defend, even at the risk of his own life. . . .

Surely you will never tamely suffer this country to be a den of thieves. Remember from whom you sprang. Let not a meanness of spirit, unknown to those of whom you boast as your fathers, excite a thought to the dishonor of your mothers. I conjure you by all that is dear, by all that is honorable, by all that is sacred, not only that ye pray, but that ye act — that, if necessary, ye fight, and even die, for the prosperity of our Jerusalem. Break in sunder, with noble disdain, the bonds with which the Philistines have bound you. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by the soft arts of luxury and effeminacy into the pit digged for your destruction. Despise the glare of wealth. That people who pay greater respect to a wealthy villain than to an honest upright man in poverty, almost deserve to be enslaved; they plainly show that wealth, however it may be acquired, is in their esteem to be preferred to virtue.

But I thank God that America abounds in men who are superior to all temptation, whom nothing can divert from a steady pursuit of the interest of their country: who are at once its ornament and its safeguard. From them let us take example; from them let us catch the divine enthusiasm, and feel, each for himself, the godlike pleasure of diffusing happiness on all around us; of delivering the oppressed from the iron grasp of tyranny; of changing the hoarse complaints and bitter moans of wretched slaves into those cheerful songs which freedom and contentment must inspire. There is a heartfelt satisfaction in reflecting on our exertions for the public weal which all the suffering and enraged tyrant can inflict will never take away; which the ingratitude of those whom we have saved from ruin cannot rob us of. The virtuous

asserter of the rights of mankind merits a reward which even a want of success in his endeavors to save his country — the heaviest misfortune which can befall a genuine patriot — cannot entirely prevent him from receiving.

I have the most animating confidence that the present noble struggle for liberty will terminate gloriously for America. And let us play the man for our God, and for the cities of our God. While we are using the means in our power, let us humbly commit our righteous cause to the great Lord of the Universe, who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity. And having secured the approbation of our hearts by a faithful and unwearied discharge of our duty to our country, let us leave our concerns in the hands of him who raiseth up and casteth down the empires and kingdoms of the world as He pleases; and, with cheerful submission to His sovereign will, devoutly say: "Although the figtree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet we will rejoice in the Lord, we will joy in the God of our salvation."

HANNAY, JAMES, a British novelist and critic; born at Dumfries, Scotland, February 17, 1827; died at Barcelona, Spain, January 9, 1873. At the age of thirteen he entered the Royal Navy, served five years, and then resigned, and devoted himself to literary work. He contributed largely to the *Quarterly* and *Westminster Reviews,* the *Athenæum; Punch,* and other periodicals. In 1848 he published *Biscuits and Grog; The Claret Cup,* and *Hearts are Trumps;* in 1849, *King Dobbs;* and in 1850 *Singleton Fontenoy,* a novel of sea-life, which

gave him a brilliant reputation. Others of his works are *Sketches in Ultramarine* and *Satire and Satirists* (1853); *Sand and Shells* (1854); *Eustace Conyers,* a novel (1855); *Characters and Criticisms,* a collection of essays first published in periodicals; *A Course of English Literature* (1866); and *Three Hundred Years of a Norman House* (1867). From 1860 to 1864 he was the editor of the Edinburgh *Courant.* In 1865 he was appointed consul at Barcelona, Spain, where he died

HORACE AND JUVENAL.

I may have partially succeeded in showing to you the points of distinction between these famous men: — between the man of the world, who is philosophical and moderate, and the fiery reformer, whose laughter is equally healthy, and whose indignation, however it expresses itself, is a genuine utterance of emotion. Both of them were of simple tastes and habits, as they have described themselves. Horace, in spite of his great associates, loved at times to trot out on his cropped mule; to chat with the country-folk, and ask the price of oil and grain; to wander out and see how the busy hum of men was going on in the Forum or the Circus; to attend at the religious rites in their turn, too, as part of actual life. Home he went after such duties as these, in the soft Italian afternoon, to the simple meal prepared for him — a salad and macaroni not forgotten — with his little goblets, one of wine and one of water, on a table covered, we may be sure, with a snow-white, though not a splendid cloth; then came his sleep; and he rose early — wandered out, reading and meditating; and so the day again went by. Let us think of him, when we do think of him, as such a man as this — as a wise, genial, calm spirit; yes, and worthy too of something better than the admiration of Augustus, and a tomb by the side of his splendid patron. The world cannot often have heard more cheerful and more charming talk than must have been that of a Hora-

tian party, when the men of genius met by themselves, and Virgil's mild and pure spirit brought with it an atmosphere of healthy peace; and the tender and amorous Tibullus told them how Delia should gather apples for them, if they would come and put themselves under the protection of his long-descended penates.

I doubt not that the calm and moderate spirit, which was the basis of Horace, increased in strength, as a characteristic, as he drew near to the fifty-seventh year of his age, which ended him. What is called his *nil admirari* doctrine was the expression of that temperament. Not to wonder! To look up at the heaven, with its revolving, starry glories, and feel that no vulgar fear should be inspired by that spectacle in the wise man; to have no foolish love of applause or wealth, no contempt of common life, yet no servility to pleasure; to occupy the firm medium, and defy the blasts of Fortune or the threats of Fate: this is the position of the Horatian philosopher. He does not dread, and he does not waver; but neither is he, however, too much given to enthusiasm, to reverence, or to love. It is as lofty a philosophy as a man of the world can get, perhaps, out of life; it was undoubtedly the most natural one to Horace; and there seems some strong affinity between it and particular stages of national civilization. For at this hour a version of it has hordes of disciples in England; and the Horatian tone of thinking is more consonant to the average mind than the tone which prevailed among our own ancestors in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Juvenal also appeals to our sympathies, not only as a satirist, but in his private personality, as a quiet and wise old Roman spirit, who knew the beauty of a simple and genial communion of hospitality, quite different from the "suppers of Nero," and the dinners of Crispinus. His eleventh *Satire,* in which he asks Persicus to a modest entertainment, promising him a kid innocent still of grass and the willow — a plump kid — but with more milk than blood in him — with no lack of rural delicacies, and a modicum of simple wine — comes in with a strange effect, with a fresh, genial influence, like a breath from the old hills of Italy. "You shall hear the verses of the *Iliad,*

and of Virgil," says the old satirist. And why shall we not think of him, too, as a manly, healthy, and lovable man? He is by no means as polite as Horace; but his mental vigor is equal to anybody's and, after all, he had deeper laughter than Horace's, too — something, with its virtues and its vices, more like what we understand by the genuine Roman character. Coarse laughter, fierce jests, he has; but with them, quite startling moral aphorisms; while at times there comes from him a kind of prophetic wail, that touches the heart more than any laughter; a cry as of the old blood, shed in the cause of the Republic, "crying from the ground!" The presence of such an element as this stamps the satirist with a moral superiority. From the heart it comes (however the speaker's other inferiorities may qualify it), and all else is comparatively commonplace beside it.

As long as any human society shall have impostors and rogues triumphant, the shades of these dead old Romans will be found stirring, like *banchees,* near them, and prognosticating doom!— *Satire and Satirists.*

HARBEN, WILLIAM NATHANIEL, an American novelist; born at Dalton, Georgia, July 5, 1858. He has contributed many short stories to the magazines, and his published novels include: *White Marie* (1890); *Almost Persuaded* (1891); *A Mute Confessor* (1891); *The Land of the Changing Sun* (1894); *From Clue to Climax* (1896); *The Caruthers Affair* (1898); *The Woman Who Trusted* (1901); *Westerfelt* (1901); *Abner Daniel* (1902); *The Substitute* (1903); and *The Georgians* (1904).

AND THERE WAS LIGHT.

Along a dusty highway in the twilight walked a woman bent in form, slight of figure and very poorly clad. She stepped quickly, but the stick she held out before her and a peculiar uncertainty of movement made it evident that she was blind. Hearing a man's tread approaching, she stepped timidly aside, her sightless eyes rolling.

"I'd like to ax a question, sir," she ventured meekly. "You may know me, but I'm a blind woman an' can't tell nobody tell they speak."

"Oh, it's me, Mrs. Watkins," replied the man, a touch of rough sympathy in his tone, "what kin I do fer you?"

"Oh, I'm glad it's you, Abr'am," exclaimed the woman in a voice of relief. "I'm out on my usual hunt fer my pore boy; have you seed 'im about? He left the cabin a' hour ago. He wasn't exactly as quiet as common an' I'm mighty afeerd he's got in some trouble."

"I ain't seed a sign of 'im, Mrs. Watkins, but you needn't worry — I reckon he'll turn up all right," and the speaker walked on ahead of her. Pursuing her way, she soon reached and entered a country store where a group of loungers sat on the counters and the heads of barrels.

"It's ol' Mrs. Watkins," said one of them as she emerged from the growing darkness outside into the faint candlelight in the long, narrow room. "She's out after that crazy boy o' her'n. I'd like to know what the state asylum's fer anyway."

The blind woman leaned on her stick near the door and waited for the storekeeper to finish waiting on a customer and come to her. But seeing her he called out:

"What is it, Mrs. Watkins?"

"Mr. Long," she said, "I'm lookin' fer Jeff; have you seed 'im around about heer?"

"He was in front o' the store a minute ago, Mrs. Watkins," the storekeeper answered. "He can't be fur away, I'll bound you."

"He's down at the ford whar the boys is killin' bullbats," said a boy who stood in the doorway panting from

the sport he had just quitted. The blind woman went out rapidly, walking in the direction indicated.

"Jeff, oh, Jeff," she called in her thin piping voice, as she drew near the crowd of noisy fellows who were hurling sticks and stones at a swarm of bats which were circling near the earth. "Jeff, oh, Jeff!"

"Heer he is, Mrs. Watkins," cried one of the crowd as he hurled a stone with all his strength. "Jeff, thar's yore mammy."

Jeff, a ragged, barefooted youth about fourteen years of age, with a vacant look in his face, paid no heed to the words addressed to him and seemed oblivious of his mother's presence. He stood apart from the crowd, laughing and clapping his hands excitedly. His mother knew the laugh and groped her way towards him.

"Jeff!" She took his hand firmly and drew it against her side, but he paid no attention to her, laughing loudly at a boy who had just thrown a stone upward.

"Come on home, Jeffie; come on with mammy; it's gettin' dark," she said soothingly. "You know mammy's blind an' can't see like you and other folks. She's afeered she'll fall in a ditch if you don't lead her. You won't let yore mammy fall, will you, Jeffie?"

He still seemed unable to take his mind from the sport.

"Bud hit one on the wing," he tittered. "Ma, look at 'em fly like eels in water."

"Yes," she answered, in a playful tone as she took a firmer grasp on his arm. "Yes, they are a-killin' of 'em powerful fast. But the pigs at home aint had a thing to eat; don't you want to feed yore little runty one? Le's go home an' stop the'r squealin'. Our supper's a-waitin', too. Now, that's a good boy; take mammy's arm an' lead 'er along — a hoss or a wagon mought run over 'er. Jeff don't want nothin' to hurt his old mammy, an' her blind."

It was her method of influencing his weak mind. Half impressed with the idea that he was aiding her, he permitted himself to be led homeward. As they passed the store he was attracted by the light and the crowd and

hung back a little until her voice and touch again assumed control over him.

"Don't go in thar, Jeff," she said. "They are a-eatin' their suppers like all decent folks ort to this time o' night. We hain't got a speck o' business o' botherin' of 'em. We've got our own meal to eat and' pigs to feed, aint we Jeff?"

Reaching the bars near her cabin, the blind woman, still anxiously holding her son's arm with her right hand, lowered the bars with her left and led him through the opening towards the cabin. A candle provided for his use alone flickered on a deal table. The room was furnished with a bed, a few chairs and a cupboard.

How this mother had contrived to rear the boy to his present age was a marvel; but by one means and another she had supported both herself and him ever since her husband's death, which occurred shortly after the son was born.

As the young child had grown, she wondered why he did not learn to talk like other children of his age. One day a doctor passed and she ventured to mention this defect, leading him to where Jeff was playing on the floor of the cabin. The doctor studied him a little while and then told her that he feared the child had no mind.

At that moment the face of the mother would have moved a heart of stone. A shudder shook her from head to foot. With a spasmodic movement she drew the child into her arms and stood panting, her lips against the child's brow.

"But what on earth'll I do?" she gasped. "I cayn't raise 'im an' take care of 'im like I ought, without my sight!"

Necessity, however, had taught the afflicted widow much that seemed impossible. Fortunately, she owned the few acres on which her cabin stood. She learned to cultivate her little crops, taking the child with her to the field. She knew when to sow and when to reap; could tell by touch when the grain was first shooting from the soil and knew every weed that took root on forbidden ground.

Jeff learned to talk finally in an aimless way; and

when he became large enough to give her some help she managed by soft words and cajolery to ground a vague sense of duty and obligation in his clouded brain. Through the long days of the spring he would labor mechanically at her side. At times, on his way to and from the field his wrath was raised by thoughtless boys who were fond of teasing him, but by a touch or a word she calmed him.

As was quite natural, her neighbors, who saw that she contrived to subsist without asking for help, grew to think that she was not particularly in need of their attention.

It was soon after the little incident already narrated that her greatest trouble came, and came when least expected. The officers of the law raised a complaint that drove sleep from her brain for many a night. It was whispered around in the neighborhood that the boy had grown troublesome. The gossips magnified his infirmity into a malignant type of lunacy, and whispered that it was likely to result in injury to some one if Jeff were allowed his freedom.

So it came about that she was formally summoned to the court house to attend an inquiry as to the necessity of committing the boy to a public insane asylum.

Who can imagine the mother's feelings, the tumult of fear and despair that raged in her darkness? She put away her dishes, donned her best gown, a faded black affair, and persuaded her boy to dress himself in his best suit of clothes, promising him — poor woman! — that she would take him to town on an outing of pleasure. As she led him thus to his fate, she realized that she never had loved him so much before. In some way she had heard that the inmates of the asylums were unkindly treated, and her heart bled over the thought that no one but herself could manage him. And then the thought of living on without his constant companionship was like the pangs of death.

"Are we a-gwine to a circus, ma?" he asked her as they trudged along the road side by side.

"No, I don't think the' is any in town to-day," she told him, a lump in her throat, "but mamy's a-goin' to buy you some red candy — some like you had Christmas."

Then his mind wandered away from rationality and he laughed foolishly at the people they met, or ran on ahead of her and stood behind some tree or boulder till she came up.

The court reached, she meekly took a seat as directed before the judge's stand, pulling her charge down by her side. How earnestly did she pray that the judge and jury would see only the boy's better side. No lawyer would appear for or against him. The boy's deportment under examination, together with the testimony of witnesses, must govern the jury in their decision.

The jurors filed into the room, their eyes averted as if the woman could see, or the boy understand. She held her poor demented child tightly by the hand, hoping thus to impress him with the importance of absolute quiet, and bent her head low under her sunbonnet. Little did those men know of her anguish. Their charitable impulses led them to think that it was the state's duty to provide a home for the youth in order that he should not be a burden on his helpless parent and a menace to the community.

A man whom the widow had always considered a friend of hers timidly brought before the jury the general complaint that Jeff had become troublesome. Under oath he deposed that he had seen the boy wildly furious amongst a crowd of boys who were teasing him.

Mrs. Watkins sprang up, interrupting the witness and causing Jeff to giggle out over her unwonted excitement. Tears rolled down her cheeks; her voice was husky with emotion as she tried to explain how really harmless her son was when unmolested. Many arguments were on her tongue to prove that he would be better under her care than amongst strangers; but she was asked to sit down and told that her statement was contrary to legal form — that she must be content to sit patiently and listen to the testimony of disinterested witnesses.

She complied and sat like a statue till all the proceedings were over and the jury had gone out of the room to decide upon a verdict, and when the foreman returned and announced that Jeff was to be taken away, not a muscle of her face moved.

"Jeff," said she in a low hoarse voice as the jury left the building, leaving her and the boy with two officers. "Jeff, you must go along with 'em, honey; they are a-gwine to take you away from mammy, but you must go long 'thout a word. If you'll be a good boy they'll let you come back maybe after awhile.

"Whar they gwine to take me, ma?" he questioned. "Ain't you a-gwine, too? Wade Sanders told what wasn't so; it was all Bud's fault. He hit the fust lick an' rolled me over in the mud an' then all the rest piled on top of me."

A broad leer, into which a hint of far-away earnestness struggled, was spreading over his face as he spoke.

"Yes, I know that, son," she said. "But it don't make no odds now. You must go 'long quiet. Maybe mammy'll git up the money and come down thar to see you some time."

"Whar they gwine to take me?"

"Jest a piece on the train," she said, stifling a sob.

"Huh, I want to go then!" he laughed gleefully. "I haint never rid on a train." He mimicked weirdly the escaping steam and the whistle of a locomotive. She shuddered and tried to stay his arm, which was moving like a piston rod. "Ef it's a train I'm ready, ma. I could run one ef I had a chance."

The meek-faced woman felt a deeper pang at his willingness to leave her, and she realized that it would not be long before all memory of her would be obliterated from his simple mind. When they informed her that it was train time, and that Jeff's custodian was ready, she rose and called the man aside.

"Mr. Barker," said she tremulously, twirling her apron in her stiff fingers, "I've heerd you spoke of as a good man to yore family an' a Christian an' I feel shore you wont treat Jeff bad on the way down thar. He aint no trouble ef he aint pestered. Please watch 'im an' don't let 'im fall off'n the train.

The man promised to be very considerate and watchful, and she groped her way back to where Jeff was standing. She took his hand and tenderly brushed back the coarse straggling locks that fell from his tattered hat.

"Tell mammy good-bye, honey," she said, in a whisper. But he happened to be in one of his most absent moods, and neither smile nor other expression of recognition came into his face. With a sound like a smothered groan, she drew his unwilling head down until his brown forehead met her lips. Then she released him and stood patiently aside in her eternal darkness.

As the sound of his and the crowd's steps died away down the walk the thought struck her that she had never longed so much for sight as she did at that moment in her vast desire to know if he looked lovingly back at her as he was led away.

She was left alone in the court-yard without the power to rid her heavy breast of the tears that seemed to clog it and hinder her very breathing. She sat there on the stone steps till the coolness of the day warned her that she ought to be moving homeward, and then she started forth. On the way she stopped at the store near her cabin to purchase a little coffee.

"A quarter's worth will do," she said to the storekeeper. "Jeff is tuck off now, an' I ain't much of a coffee drinker."

"Well, I'm glad they at last decided to look after 'im, Mrs. Watkins," said the man. "He must have been a great burden on you, blind an' helpless as you are."

The storekeeper wondered at her silence and the quickness with which she snatched her purchase from the counter and shambled away.

The sun was going down and the shadows had already deepened about her cabin when she reached it. She did not make a fire in the yawning chimney as had been her habit. She went to the cupboard and took out some pieces of bread and meat, but she was unable to touch it, laying it away with a deep, lingering sigh. Then she fed and milked the cow in the lot near the door. As she parted the young calf from its mother she embraced it hungrily with her arms and rubbed her wrinkled cheek against its face.

When she had put it out of the lot she came back to the cow, putting out her hand till it touched the animal's back.

"I'm a good mind," she said, "to let yore calf stay with you all night, but anyways, thar wont be but the fence betwixt you while miles an' miles is betwixt me'n Jeff."

Six months went by. Every day the widow found time to go to the postoffice when the mail carrier arrived. Her sensitive ears were always the first to catch the far-off beat of his horse's hoofs. Only twice in that time did she receive a letter. The asylum officials were too busy to write often to the relatives of their patients.

She carefully hoarded her money in order to visit her boy. But it was a long and expensive journey, almost an impossible one for a blind woman to undertake, and her taxes had increased and her crops had turned out badly, so she was obliged to forego the trip.

One day as she stood at the postoffice window waiting for the mail to be opened, the postmaster handed her a letter through the railing.

"Heer, Mrs. Watkins," he said, "heer's yore letter at last, Mr. Sanders will read it fur you."

The man referred to took the letter from the agitated woman's hands, adjusted his spectacles deliberately and unfolded the sheet. The bystanders leaned forward curiously, their ears open. She stood still, her bonnet pushed back from her brow, an expression on her face that no painter could have transferred to canvas — a blending of dread, mother love, and trembling hope.

The man slowly perused the letter, unconscious of her impatience to know its contents, and then he dropped it on the counter in sheer surprise.

"It's good news, Mrs. Watkins," he said. "My Lord, they are a-doin' wonders these days. They've operated on Jeff's skull down thar an' now he's well an' they say his mind is as sound as a silver dollar. They are a-goin' to send 'im right home to make a livin' fer you; he'll be heer day after tomorrow."

She stood still for a moment, her sightless eyes rolling in an effort to see the speaker's face, and then she sank in a heap on the floor, overcome with joy.

"Oh, my God! oh, my God! oh, my God!" she cried. "I thank Thee; I thank Thee for Thy mercy!" Some of the strong men turned away, their eyes filled with tears of

sympathy. The storekeeper's wife, who roomed in the rear of the building, put her baby in its crude cradle and came to her, her face wet with tears. She lifted the blind woman in her arms and embraced her. "I'm that glad I can't talk," she said. "You've suffered so much I thought God wasn't good to all His creatures an' I stopped goin' to meetin', but I'll begin agin. His way's the right one; the Lord is merciful."

Several years have passed. Now, when you go by the spot where the widow's cabin used to stand, a pretty white cottage smiles at you from behind its green vines and amid its flowers. If it is after work hours in the afternoon you will perhaps see a tall young man reading to a neatly dressed woman who wears a happy glow on her face. Behind the cottage, in the broad summer sunshine, lie lands richly laden with crops.

One day, quite recently, a neighbor asked the blind woman if she ever wanted her sight, and her reply was surprising.

"No," she declared. "I wouldn' swap places with a soul in this settlement. I believe God let's me see more of 'im heer in my darkness than He does anybody else. Sometimes I'm so happy I can hardly speak, an' I never heer many folks say that. I'd sing all the time ef I wasn't afeerd it would bother other folks."—*The New Age Magazine.*

HARDENBERG, FRIEDRICH VON ("NOVALIS"), a German lyric poet and philosopher; born at Wiederstädt, May 2, 1772; died at Weissenfels, March 25, 1801. His father was a director of the salt-works in Saxony, and the son was trained for a similar career. He studied at the universities of Jena, Leipsic, and Wittenberg, and the mining-school at Freiberg. He manifested decided capacities for

natural sciences and mathematics, united to a profoundly mystical turn of mind. His writings, with the exception of a few short pieces, notably, *Hymns to the Night,* were a kind of rhythmical prose, and altogether fragmentary. They were published, edited by his friends Tieck and Friedrich von Schlegel, in 1802.

DEVELOPMENTS OF THE PHILOSOPHIC SPIRIT.

The rude, discursive Thinker is the Scholastic. The true Scholastic is a mystical Sabbatist. Out of logical atoms he builds his universe; he annihilates all living Nature to put conjuror-tricks of Thought in its room. His aim is an infinite Automaton. Opposite is the rude, intuitive Poet. This is the mystical Macrologist. He hates rules and fixed form; a wild, violent life reigns instead of it in Nature; all is animate; no law; wilfulness and wonder everywhere. He is merely dynamic. Thus does the Philosophic Spirit arise at first in altogether separate masses.

In the second stage of culture these masses begin to come in contact, multifariously enough; and as in the union of infinite Extremes the Finite, the Limited, arises, so here also arise "Eclectic Philosophers" without number; the time of misunderstandings begins. The most limited is in this stage the most important, the purest philosopher of the second stage. This class occupies itself wholly with the actual, present world.

The philosophers of the first class look down with contempt on those of the second; say they are a little of everything, and so nothing; hold their views as results of weakness, as Inconsequentism. On the contrary, the second class, in their turn, pity the first; lay the blame on their visionary enthusiasm, which they say is absurd, even to insanity.

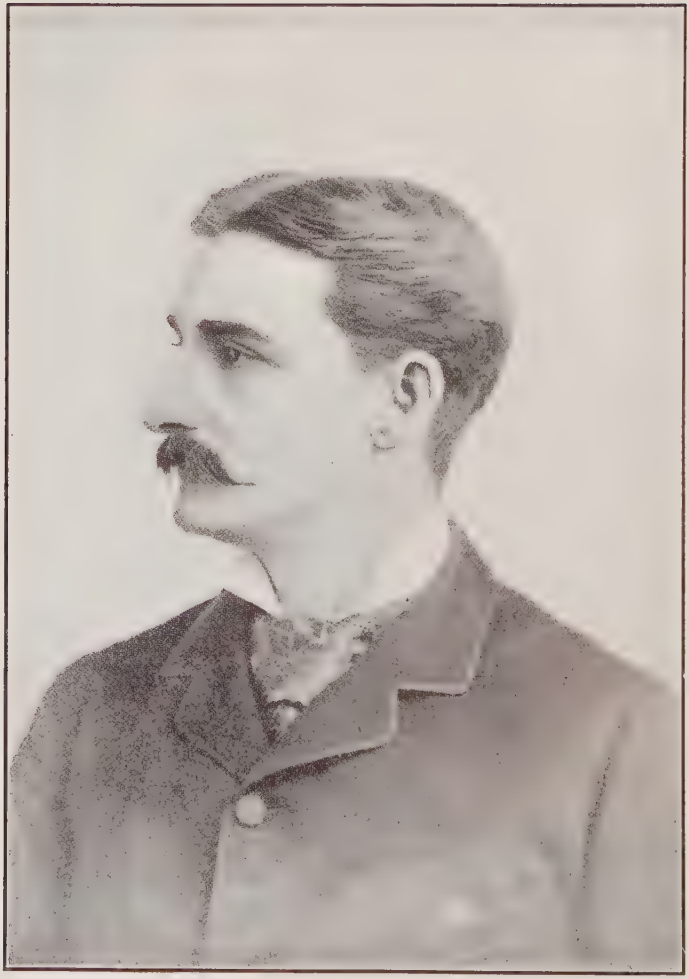
If, on the one hand, the Scholastics and Alchemists seem to be utterly at variance, and the Eclectics, on the other hand, quite at one, yet, strictly examined, it is altogether the reverse. The former in essentials are indirectly of one opinion: namely, as regards the non-de-

pendence and infinite character of Meditation, they both set out from the Absolute; whilst the eclectic and limited sort are essentially at variance. The former infinite but uniform, the latter bounded but multiform. The former have genius, the latter talent; those have ideas, these have knacks; those are heads without hands, these are hands without heads.

The third stage is for the Artist, who can be at once Implement and Genius. He finds that primitive separation in the absolute Philosophical Activities is a deep-lying separation in his own nature; which separation indicates, by its existence as such, the possibility of being adjusted, of being joined. He finds that, heterogeneous as these activities are, there is yet a faculty in him of passing from the one to the other; of changing his *polarity* at will. He discovers in them, therefore, necessary members of his speech. He observes that both must be united in some common Principle. He infers that Eclecticism is nothing but the imperfect defective employment of this Principle.— *Translation of* CARLYLE.

ON RELIGION.

Religion contains infinite sadness. If we are to love God He must stand in need of help. The Christian religion is especially remarkable, as it lays claim to the good-will in man, to his essential Temper, and values this independently of all culture and manifestation. It stands in opposition to Science and to Art, and properly to Enjoyment. Its origin is with the common people. It inspires the great majority of the Limited in this earth. It is the root of all Democracy, the highest Fact in the Rights of Man. Its unpoetical exterior, its resemblance to a modern Family-picture, seems only to be lent to it. Martyrs and spiritual heroes! Christ was the greatest martyr of our species; through Him has martyrdom become infinite, significant and holy.—*Translation of* CARLYLE.



ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.

ON BIBLES.

The Bible begins nobly with Paradise, the symbol of youth; it concludes with the Eternal Kingdom, the Holy City. Its two divisions also are genuine grand-historical divisions; for in every grand-historical compartment the grand-history must be, as it were symbolically, made young again. The beginning of the New Testament is the second higher Fall — (The Atonement of the Fall) — and the commencement of a new period. The history of every individual should be a Bible. Christ is the new Adam. A Bible is the highest problem of Authorship.— *Translation of* CARLYLE.

HARDY, ARTHUR SHERBURNE, an American novelist; born at Andover, Mass., August 13, 1847. He was educated at Amherst College and at the West Point Military Academy, and in 1871 was appointed Professor of Applied Mathematics in Iowa College. From 1874 to 1878 he taught civil engineering in the Chandler Scientific School of Dartmouth College. He was then appointed Professor of Mathematics in the same college. He is the author of *Francesca da Rimini,* a poem (1878); *Elements of Quaternions and Imaginary Quantities* (1881); *But Yet a Woman,* a novel (1883); *Topographical Surveying; New Methods in Surveying* (1884); *The Wind of Destiny,* a novel (1886); *Passe Rose* (1889); *Life and Letters of Joseph H. Neesima* (1891); and *His Daughter First* (1903).

A BENEDICTION.

The convent church was crowded. In the tragic play of human destiny there are always the spectators. They climbed the steps and poured down the aisles, an eager, curious throng, filling the chairs while yet the sacristan was lighting the lamps in the great gallery along the nave. From that lofty place, where his taper moved like a wandering star, and above which the arches rose into a gloom the lamps could not dissipate, they appeared so many pygmies whose bustle and murmur the vast spaces overhead swallowed up and silenced. The choir alone was brilliant with light. In shone in the faces of those nearest the railing, and reached up to the white statue of the Holy Mother high above the altar. . . .

The silence had now become complete. Those who came late, and endeavored in vain on the outskirts of the throng to reach a better position, could scarce be heard by those who, near the chancel, watched the glass doors of the choir whence the procession would issue. Suddenly, without warning, the organ sounded, the cantors burst into song, "*O gloriosa Virginum, sublimis inter sidera,*" and the procession entered the choir doors. How exultant the voices as they rose and echoed overhead like the tide of a sea on the shore. "Thou art the gate of the Supernal King; thou the refulgent palace of light."

As Rénée saw the long files of the Religious, habited in their black church-cloaks and bearing their tapers, follow the cross-bearer to their places this triumphant song buoyed up her heart; and often again the hymns of the cantors and the peal of the organ gave her courage, as the martial strains inspire the soldier in the long day of battle. She had seen the figure, between the Mother Superior and assistant, whom she knew by its secular dress to be Stephanie; but she had not dared to look in its face, and, as the procession approached the sanctuary steps, she had shut her eyes, struggling with a sob that rose from her heart to her throat. All through the sermon she sat motionless. Sometimes the voice of the preacher reached her, but he could not chain her thoughts. Would

Stephanie not look at her? She was hungry now for a blessing from those eyes. She saw the cincture girded about her, and the veil placed on her head. She watched her as she received the black church-cloak, and took her taper in her hand. She heard again the clear voice rising like the morning star above the mists of earth and fading in the celestial day:

"The empires of the world, and all the grandeur of this earth, I have despised for love of our Lord Jesus Christ, whom I have seen, whom I have loved, in whom I have believed, and toward whom my heart inclineth." The choir caught up the words: — "Whom I have seen, whom I have loved, in whom I have believed, and toward whom my heart inclineth."

Rénée watched her with an eagerness of hope and desire. Would she not look upon her now before she received, prostrate at the steps of the altar, the last benediction, and passed forever beyond earthly eyes? Yes, as she turned to the vast audience, her gaze rested for the first time upon the little group near the chancel-rail. Father Le Blanc crossed himself and sighed. Did he think of the part he had played in this human life? Was he thinking of the woman at whose white throat he had so often seen the flash of the Czar's diamonds? Whose heart he, better than any other, had known and gauged, and whose eyes said to him now, "It does not hurt, O Pætus?"

It would be difficult to tell whether the good father's sigh was one of anguish or exultation. It was only for a moment — but for that moment all the light of the choir seemed to radiate from that single face. Then the veil fell over it, the Religious rose from their knees, the acolytes took their places, the procession moved again to the song of the cantors, and disappeared, file by file, through the choir doors. . . . In the great throng of the porch, Rénée, clinging to her husband's side, whispered, "Did you see her face at the last? It was a prayer." And Roger, who in the compass of that last look had seen the past, from its first unknown pain to its final peace answered, "It was more than a prayer; it was a benediction."— *But Yet a Woman.*

HARDY, THOMAS, an English novelist; born in Dorsetshire, June 2, 1840. In his seventeenth year he was articled to an architect, and about the same time formed an acquaintance with a classical scholar with whom he read for the ensúing four years. In 1871 he published his first novel, *Desperate Remedies,* which was followed by *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872), *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (1873), and numerous minor tales. *Far From the Madding Crowd* (1874), was a great success. Among his later works are: *The Hand of Ethelberta, a Comedy in Chapters* (1876); *The Return of the Native* (1878); *The Trumpet Major* (1880); *A Laodicean* (1881); *Two on a Tower* and *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1882); *The Woodlanders* (1886); *A Group of Noble Dames* (1891); *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1892); *The Three Wayfarers* (1893); *Life's Little Ironies* (1894); *Jude the Obscure* (1895); *Wessex Poems* (1898); and *Poems of the Past and Present* (1902).

Mr. Hardy is a novelist of high rank. His character drawing is sharp and incisive, his studies of peasant life truthful and sympathetic, and his descriptive passages masterly.

A THUNDER STORM.

Bathsheba's property in wheat was safe for at any rate a week or two, provided always that there was not much wind. Next came the barley. This it was only possible to protect by systematic thatching. Time went on, and the moon vanished, not to reappear. It was the farewell of the ambassador previous to war. The night had a haggard look, like a sick thing, and there came finally an utter expiration of air from the whole heaven in the form

THOMAS HARDY.

of a slow breeze which might have been likened to a death. And now nothing was heard in the yard but the dull thuds of the beetle which drove in the spars, and the rustle of the thatch in the intervals.

A light flapped over the scene, as if reflected from phosphorescent wings crossing the sky, and a rumble filled the air. It was the first arrow from the approaching storm, and it fell wide. The second peal was noisy, and comparatively little visible lightning. Gabriel saw a candle shining in Bathsheba's bedroom, and soon a shadow moved to and fro upon the blind. Then there came a third flash. Manœuvres of a most extraordinary kind were going on in the vast firmamental hollows overhead. The lightning now was the color of silver, and gleamed in the heavens like a mailed army. Rumbles became rattles. Gabriel from his elevated position could see over the landscape for at least half-a-dozen miles in front. Every hedge, bush, and tree was distinct as in a line-engraving. In a paddock in the same direction was a herd of heifers, and the forms of these were visible at this moment in the act of galloping about in the wildest and maddest confusion, flinging their heels and tails high into the air, their heads to earth. A poplar in the immediate foreground was like an ink-stroke on burnished tin. Then the picture vanished, leaving a darkness so intense that Gabriel worked entirely by feeling with his hands.

He had struck his ricking-rod, groom, or poignard, as it was indifferently called — a long iron lance, sharp at the extremity and polished by handling — into the stack to support the sheaves. A blue light appeared in the zenith, and in some indescribable manner flickered down near the top of the rod. It was the fourth of the larger flashes. A moment later and there was a smack — smart, clear and short. Gabriel felt his position to be anything but a safe one, and he resolved to descend.

Not a drop of rain had fallen as yet. He wiped his weary brow, and looked again at the black forms of the unprotected stacks. Was his life so valuable to him, after all? What were his prospects that he should be so chary of running risk, when important and urgent labor could not be carried on without such risk? He resolved to stick

to the stack. However, he took a precaution. Under the staddles was a long tethering-chain, used to prevent the escape of errant horses. This he carried up the ladder, and sticking his rod through the clog at one end, allowed the other end of the chain to trail upon the ground. The spike attached to it he drove in. Under the shadow of this extemporized lightning conductor he felt himself comparatively safe.

Before Oak had laid his hands upon his tools again, out leapt the fifth flash, with the spring of a serpent and the shout of a fiend. It was green as an emerald, and the reverberation was stunning. What was this the light revealed to him? In the open ground before him, as he looked over the ridge of the rick, was a dark and apparently female form. Could it be that of the only venturesome woman in the parish — Bathsheba? The form moved on a step; then he could see no more.

"Is that you, ma'am?" said Gabriel to the darkness.

"Who is there?" said the voice of Bathsheba.

"Gabriel. I am on the rick, thatching."

"O Gabriel! and are you? I have come about them. The weather awoke me, and I thought of the corn. I am so distressed about it, can we save it anyhow? I cannot find my husband. Is he with you?"

"He is not here."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Asleep in the barn."

"He promised that the stacks should be seen to, and now they are all neglected! Can I do anything to help? Liddy is afraid to come out. Fancy finding you here at such an hour! Surely I can do something?"

"You can bring up some reed-sheaves to me, one by one, ma'am; if you are not afraid to come up the ladder in the dark," said Gabriel. "Every moment is precious now, and that would save a good deal of time. It is not very dark when the lightning has been gone a bit."

"I'll do anything!" she said, resolutely. She instantly took a sheaf upon her shoulder, clambered up close to his heels, placed it behind the rod, and descended for another. At her third ascent the rick suddenly brightened with the brazen glare of shining majolica; every knot in every

straw visible. On the slope in front of him appeared two human shapes, black as jet. The rick lost its sheen — the shapes vanished. Gabriel turned his head. It had been the sixth flash which had come from the east behind him, and the two dark forms on the slope had been the shadows of himself and Bathsheba.

Then came the peal. It hardly was credible that such a heavenly light could be the parent of such a diabolical sound.

"How terrible!" she exclaimed, and clutched him by the sleeve. Gabriel turned, and steadied her on her aëriel perch by holding her arm. At the same moment, while he was still reversed in his attitude, there was more light, and he saw, as it were, a copy of the tall poplar-tree on the hill drawn in black on the wall of the barn. It was the shadow of that tree, thrown across by a secondary flash in the west.

The next flare came. Bathsheba was on the ground now, shouldering another sheaf, and she bore its dazzle without flinching — thunder and all — and again ascended with the load. There was then a silence everywhere for four or five minutes, and the crunch of the spars, as Gabriel hastily drove them in, could again be distinctly heard. He thought the crisis of the storm had passed. But there came a burst of light.

"Hold on!" said Gabriel, taking the sheaf from her shoulder, and grasping her arm again.

Heaven opened then, indeed. The flash was almost too novel for its inexpressibly dangerous nature to be at once realized, and Gabriel could only comprehend the magnificence of its beauty. It sprang from the, east, west, north, south. It was a perfect dance of death. The forms of skeletons appeared in the air, shaped with blue fire for bones — dancing, leaping, striding, racing around, and mingling all together in unparalleled confusion. With these were intertwined undulating snakes of green. Behind these was a broad mass of lesser light. Simultaneously came from every part of the tumbling sky what may be called a shout; since, though no shout ever came near it, it was more of the nature of a shout than anything else earthly. In the meantime one of the grisly

forms had alighted upon the point of Gabriel's rod, to run invisibly down it, down the chain, and into the earth. Gabriel was almost blinded, and he could feel Bathsheba's warm arm tremble in his hand — a sensation novel and thrilling enough; but love, life, everything human, seemed small and trifling in such close juxtaposition with an infuriated universe.

Oak had hardly time to gather up these impressions into a thought, and to see how strangely the red feather of her hat shone in this light, when the tall tree on the hill before mentioned seemed on fire to a white heat, and a new one among these terrible voices mingled with the last crash of these preceding. It was a stupefying blast, harsh and pitiless, and it fell upon their ears in a dead flat blow, without that reverberation which leads the tones of a drum to a more distant thunder. By the lustre reflected from every part of the earth, and from the wide domical scoop above it, he saw that the tree was sliced down the whole length of its tall straight stem, a huge ribbon of bark being apparently flung off. The other portion remained erect, and revealed the bared surface as a strip of white down the front. The lightning had struck the tree. A sulphurous smell filled the air; then all was silent and black as a cave in Hinnom. "We had a narrow escape!" said Gabriel.— *Far From the Madding Crowd.*

EGDON HEATH.

A Saturday afternoon in November was approaching the time of twilight, and the vast tract of uninclosed wild known as Egdon Heath embrowed itself moment after moment. Overhead, the hollow stretch of whitish cloud shutting out the sky was as a tent which had the whole heath for its floor.

The heaven being spread with this pallid screen, the earth with the swarthiest of vegetation, their closing line at the horizon was clearly marked. In such contrast the heath wore the appearance of an instalment of night, which had taken up its place before its astronomical hour was come; darkness had to a great extent arrived hereon, while day stood distinct in the sky. Looking upward, a

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

Photogravure—From a photograph.

Specially engraved for the Ridpath Library.

furze-cutter would have been inclined to continue work; looking down he would have decided to finish his fagot and go home. The meeting rims of the world and of the firmament seemed to be a division in time no less than a division in matter. The face of the heath by its mere complexion added half an hour to eve; it could in like manner retard the dawn, sadden moon, anticipate the forming of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread.

In fact, precisely at this point of its transitional roll into darkness, the great and particular glory of the Edgon waste began, and nobody could be said to understand the heath, who had not been there at such a time. It could best be felt when it could not clearly be seen. Its completed effect and explanation lay in this and the succeeding hours before the next dawn: then, and only then, did it tell its true tale. The spot was indeed a close relation of night; and when the night was beginning to draw near, a certain tendency to gravitate together could be perceived between its shades and the scene. The sombre stretches of round and hollow seemed to rise to meet the evening gloom in pure sympathy; nay, they anticipated its livery, putting on the obscurity of night while the upper night of the sky was still in the far distance. First, the heath exhaled darkness; next the heavens precipitated it. The obscurity in the air and the obscurity in the land then closed together in a black fraternization toward which each advanced halfway.

The place became full of a watchful intentness now. When other things sank brooding to sleep, the heath appeared slowly to awaken and listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed thus to await something.

What it awaited none could say. It had waited unmoved during so many centuries, through the crisis of so many other things, that it could only be imagined to wait one last crisis — the final overthrow.

It was a spot which returned upon the memory of those who loved it with an aspect of peculiar and kindly congruity. Smiling champaigns of flowers and fruit hardly do this, for they are permanently harmonious only with an existence of better reputation as to its issue than the

present. Twilight combined with the scenery of Egdon Heath to evolve a thing majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity. The qualifications which frequently invest the façade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the façade of a palace double its size lent to this heath a sublimity in which spots renowned for their attractions were utterly wanting. Gay prospects wed happily with gay times; but, alas, if times be not gay! Men have oftener suffered from the mockery of a place too smiling for their reason than from the oppression of surroundings over-sadly tinged. Haggard Edgon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learned emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming. . . .

The most thorough-going ascetic could feel that he had a natural right to wander on Egdon: he was keeping within the line of legitimate indulgence when he laid himself open to influences such as these. Colors and beauties so far subdued were at least the birth-right of all. Only in summer days of the highest feather did its mood touch the level of gayety. Intensity was more usually reached by way of the solemn than by way of the brilliant, and such a sort of intensity was often arrived at during winter darkness, tempests and mists.

Then Egdon was aroused to reciprocity. The storm was its lover; the wind was its friend. Then it became the lair of strange phantoms; it was found to be the hitherto unrecognized original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flight and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream till revived by scenes like this.

It was at present an environment perfectly accordant with man's nature — a scene neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly: neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted, enduring, and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have lived long apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

This obscure tract of land, this superseded country, this

obsolete thing, figures in Domesday. Its condition is recorded therein as that of heathy, furzy, briery wilderness —"Bruaria." Then follows the length and breadth in leagues; and, though some uncertainty exists as to the exact extent of this ancient lineal measure, it appears from the figures that the area of Egdon down to the present day has but little diminished. "Tubaria Bruaria" — the right of cutting heath turf — occurs in charters relating to the district. "Overgrown with heath and moss," says Leland of the same dark sweep of country.

Here at least were intelligible facts regarding landscapes — far-reaching proofs productive of genuine satisfaction. The untamable Ishmaelitish thing that Egdon now is, it always had been. Civilization was its enemy. Ever since the beginning of vegetation its soil had worn the same antique brown dress — the natural and invariable garment of the formation. In its monomorphous costume lay a certain vein of satire on human vanity in clothes. For this reason a person on a heath, in raiment of modern cut and colors, wears more or less an anomalous look. We seem to want the oldest and simplest human clothing where the clothing of the earth is so primitive.

To recline on a stump of thorn in the central valley of Egdon, between afternoon and night, as nowhere the eye could reach nothing of the world outside the summits and shoulders of heath-land which filled the whole circumference of its glance, and to know that everything around and underneath had been from pre-historic times as unaltered as the stars overhead, gave ballast to the mind adrift on change, and harassed by the irrepressible New. The great inviolate place had an ancient permanence which the sea cannot claim. Who can say of a particular sea that it is old? Distilled by the sun, kneaded by the moon, it is renewed in a year, in a day, in an hour. The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers changed, the villages changed, the people changed, yet Egdon remained. Those surfaces were neither so steep as to be destructible by weather, nor so flat as to be the victim of floods and deposits. With the exception of an aged highway, and a still more aged barrow, presently to be re-

ferred to, themselves almost crystalized to cosmic products by long continuance — even the trifling irregularities were not caused by pickaxe, plough, or spade, but remained as the very finger-touches of the last geological change.

The above-mentioned highway traversed in a straight line the lower levels of the heath, from one horizon to another. In many portions of its course it overlaid an old vicinal way, which branched from the great western road of the Romans, the Via Iceniana, or Ikenild street, hard by. On the evening under consideration it would have been noticed that, though the gloom had increased sufficiently to confuse the minor features of the heath, the white surface of the road remained almost as clear as ever.— *The Return of the Native.*

HARE, Augustus John Cuthbert, an English traveler and essayist; born at Rome, March 13, 1834; died at London, January 22, 1903. He was educated at Harrow School, and at University College, Oxford. His first publication was *Epitaphs for Country Churchyards* (1856). Among his other publications are *A Winter in Mentone* (1861); *Walks in Rome* (1870); *Wanderings in Spain* and *Memorials of a Quiet Life* (1872); *Days Near Rome* (1874); *Cities of Northern and Central Italy* (1875); *The Life and Letters of Baroness Bunsen* (1879); *Cities of Southern Italy and Sicily* (1882); *Sketches of Holland and Scandinavia* and *Studies in Russia* (1885); *Paris and Days Near Paris* (1887); *Northeastern France; Southeastern France; Southwestern France* (1890); *Two Noble Lives* (1893); *Sussex* (1894); *The Gurneys of Earlham* and *Northwestern France* (1895).

THE RUINS OF POBLET

No remains elsewhere impress the beholder with the same sense of melancholy as the convent of Poblet. An English ruin, softened and mellowed by time, fading and crumbling by a gentle, gradual decay, can give no idea of it. Here, it is the very abomination of desolation. It is all fresh; it might be all perfect now, but it is the most utterly ruined ruin that can exist. Violence and vengeance are written on every stone. The vast walls, the mighty courts, the endless cloisters, look as if the shock of a terrible earthquake had passed over them. There is no soothing vegetation, no ivy, no flowers, and the very intense beauty and delicacy of the fragments of sculpture which remain in the riven and rifted walls, where they were too high up for the spoiler's hand to reach them, only make stronger contrast with the coarse gaps where the outer coverings of the walls have been violently torn away, and where the marble pillars and beautiful tracery lie dashed to atoms upon the ground.

The convent was founded in 1149 by Ramon Berenguet IV., on the spot where mystic lights had revealed the body of Poblet, a holy hermit, who had taken refuge here during the Moorish occupation. Every succeeding monarch increased its wealth, regarding it, not only in the light of a famous religious shrine, but as his own future resting-place; for hither, over moor and mountain, all the earlier kings of Aragon were brought to be buried. As the long line of royal tombs rose thicker on either side of the choir, the living monarchs came hither too for a retreat of penitence and prayer, and lived for a time a conventual life. . . .

The library of Poblet became the most famous in Spain, so that it was said that a set of wagons employed for a whole year could not cart away the books. As Poblet became the Westminster Abbey of Spain as regarded its kings and queens, so it gradually also answered to Westminster in becoming the resting-place of all other eminent persons, who were brought hither to mingle theirs with the royal dust. Dukes and grandees of the first class oc-

cupied each his niche around the principal cloister, where their tombs, less injured than anything else, form a most curious and almost perfect epitome of the history of Spanish sepulchral decoration. Marqueses and counts, less honored, had a cemetery assigned them in the strip of ground surrounding the apse; famous warriors were buried in the nave and ante-chapel; and the bishops of Lerida and Tarragona, deserting their own cathedrals, had each their appointed portion of the transept; while the abbots of Poblet, far mightier than bishops, occupied the chapter-house.

Year by year the power of the convent increased, till, like autocratic sovereigns, the friars of Poblet issued their commands, and the surrounding country had only to hear and obey. He who failed to attend to the summons of their mass-bell, had to answer to the monks for his neglect. Strange rumors began to float of peasants who, entering the convent gates, had never been known to come forth. Gradually the monks became the bugbear of neighboring children, and threats, which tampered with their names, were whispered by the lace-making mothers in the ears of their naughty little ones. At last came the wars of Don Carlos. Then political dissensions arose within the mystic circle; half the monks were royalists, half were Carlists, and the latter, considering themselves oppressed, and muttering vengeance, whispered abroad tales of secret dungeons and of hidden torture. The public curiosity became excited. Many yet live who remember the scene when the convent doors were broken in by night, and the townsfolk, streaming through court and cloister, reached the room which had been designated, where, against a wall, by which it may still be traced, the dreaded rack was found, and beneath it a dungeon filled with human bones and with other instruments of torture. Twenty-four hours were insisted upon by the authorities to give the friars a chance of safety; they escaped, but only with their lives. Poblet, beautiful Poblet, was left in all its riches and perfection. Nothing was taken away. Then the avenging torrents streamed up the mountain side and through the open portals. . . .

The Coro retains its portals of lumachella marble, but

within it is utterly desolate, though overhead the grand vaulting of the roof, and its supporting columns, are perfectly entire. There is no partition now beyond this, and through the pillared avenue the eye pierces to the high altar, where the splendid retablo of white marble still stands erect, though all its delicate reliefs are shattered to fragments, even the figure of the infant Saviour being torn from the arms of the central Madonna. Here, perhaps, is the climax of the destruction. On either side were the royal tombs.

The monuments remain, but, so altered, so battered with chisel and hammer, that scarcely a fragment of their beautiful ornaments is intact, and the effigies have entirely disappeared. Caryatides without arms or faces, floating angels, wingless and headless, flowers without stems, and leaves without branches, all dust-laden, cracked, and crumbling, scarcely testify to what they have been; and thus it is throughout. From the sacristy blackened with fire, where one portion of the gorgeous Venetian framework still hangs in mockery, one is led to the dormitory of the novices, where the divisions of the cells may be traced, though none are left, and to the refectory, in which the fountain may still be seen, where, in this hot climate, the luxury of iced water always played during dinner in a central marble basin, while, from a stone pulpit, a reader refreshed the souls of the banqueters. The great cloister remains comparatively entire, surrounded with tombs, and enclosing, amid a thicket of roses, which have survived the fate of all else, a portico, with a now dry fountain. . . .

Space would not suffice to describe in detail each court with its dinstinctive features, through which the visitor is led in increasing wonder and distress, to the terrible torture-chamber, which is wisely shown last, as offering the clue and key to the whole. But surely no picture that the world can offer of the sudden destruction of human power can be more appalling than fallen Poblet, beautiful still, but most awful, in the agony of its unexpected destruction.— *Wanderings in Spain.*

HARE, JULIUS CHARLES, an English clergyman and essayist; born at Valdagno, Italy, September 13, 1795; died at Hurstmonceaux, Sussex, England, January 23, 1855. He was educated at the Charterhouse School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a fellow in 1818. In 1822 he was appointed a tutor in the college, and retained the position for ten years, at the end of which he became rector of Hurstmonceaux. At Cambridge he applied himself to the classics, to philology, and a special study of Coleridge and Wordsworth. In 1827 he and his brother published *Guesses at Truth, by Two Brothers,* a collection of essays chiefly critical and philological. He was made archdeacon of Lewes in 1840, prebendary of Chichester in 1851, and chaplain to the Queen in 1853. Among his works are several volumes of sermons: *The Duty of the Church in Times of Trial* (1848); *The True Remedy for the Evils of the Age* (1850); *A Vindication of Luther Against Some of His Recent English Assailants* (1854); and an edition of *Essays and Tales of John Sterling, with a Memoir* (1848). He also assisted Thirlwall in the translation of Niebuhr's *History of Rome* (1828–32).

A LESSON FOR GENIUS.

It is a lesson which Genius too, and wisdom of every kind must learn, that its kingdom is not of this world. It must learn to know this, and to be content that this should be so, to be content with the thought of a kingdom in a higher, less transitory region. Then, peradventure may the saying be fulfilled with regard to it, that he who is ready to lose his life shall save it. The wisdom which

aims at something nobler and more lasting than the kingdom of this world will also fall into its lap. How much longer and more widely has Aristotle reigned than Alexander! with how much more power and glory Luther than Charles the Fifth! His breath still works miracles at this day. —*Guesses at Truth.*

THE WORK OF TRUE LOVE.

A loving spirit finds it hard to recognize the duty of preferring truth to love — or rather of rising above human love, with its shortsighted dread of causing present suffering, and looking at things in God's light, who sees the end from the beginning, and allows His children to suffer, when it is to work out their final good. Above all is the mind that has been renewed with the spirit of self-sacrifice, tempted to overlook the truth, when, by giving up its own ease, it can for the moment lessen the sufferings of another. Yet, for our friend's sake, self ought to be renounced, in its denials as well as its indulgences. It should be altogether forgotten; and in thinking what we are to do for our friend, we are not to look merely, or mainly, at the manner in which his feelings will be affected at the moment, but to consider what will, on the whole and ultimately, be best for him, so far as our judgment can ascertain it.— *Guesses at Truth.*

THE TRUE IDEAL.

The common notion of the Ideal, as exemplified more especially in the Painting of the last century, degrades it into a mere abstraction. It was assumed that to raise an object into an ideal, you must get rid of everything individual about it. Whereas the true ideal is the individual, purified and potentiated, the individual freed from everything that is not individual in it, with all its parts pervaded and animated and harmonized by the spirit of life which flows from the centre.

This blunder, however, ran cheek by jowl with another, much like a pair of mules dragging the mind of man to

the palace of the Omnipotent Nonentity. For the purport of the *Essay on the Human Understanding,* like that of its unacknowledged parent, and that of the numerous fry which sprang from it, was just the same — to maintain that we have no ideas; or, what amounts to the same thing, that our ideas are nothing more than abstractions, deificated by divers processes of the understanding. Thus flame, for instance, is an abstraction from coal, a rose from a clod of earth, life from food, thought from sense, God from the world, which itself is only a prior abstraction from Chaos.

There is no hope of arriving at Truth, until we have learnt to acknowledge that the creatures of Space and Time are, as it were, so many chambers of the prison house, in which the timeless, spaceless Ideals of the Eternal Mind are shut up, and that the utmost reach of Abstraction is, not to create, but to liberate, to give freedom and consciousness to that which existed potentially and in embryo before.—*Guesses at Truth.*

WASTEFULNESS OF MORAL GIFTS.

Among the numberless marvels at which nobody marvels, few are more marvellous than the recklessness with which priceless gifts, intellectual and moral, are squandered and thrown away. Often have I gazed with wonder at the prodigality displayed by Nature in the cistus, which unfolds hundreds or thousands of its white starry blossoms morning after morning, to shine in the light of the sun for an hour or two, and then fall to the ground. But who, among the sons and daughters of men gifted with thoughts "which wander through eternity," and with powers which have the godlike privilege of working good, and happiness — who does not daily let thousands of those thoughts drop to the ground and rot? Who does not continually leave his powers to draggle in the mould of their own leaves? The imagination can hardly conceive the heights of greatness and glory to which mankind would be raised, if all their thoughts and energies were to be animated with a living purpose — or even those of a single people, or of the educated among a single

people. But as in a forest of oaks, among the millions of acres that fall every autumn, there may perhaps be one in a million that will grow up into a tree, somewhat in like manner it fares with the thoughts and feelings of man. What then must be our confusion, when we see all these wasted thoughts and feelings rise up in the judgment, and bear witness against us!

But how are we to know whether they are wasted or not? We have a simple, infallible test. Those which are laid up in Heaven, those which are laid up in any heavenly work, those whereby we in any way carry on the work of God upon earth, are not wasted. Those which are laid up on earth, in any mere earthly work, in carrying out our own ends, or the ends of the Spirit of Evil, are heirs of death from the first and can only rise out of it for a moment, to sink back into it forever.

HARINGTON, Sir John, an English poet; born at Kelston, near Bath, 1561; died there, November 20, 1612. His mother was an illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII.; and Queen Elizabeth stood as his godmother. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. In 1599 he accompanied the Earl of Essex to Ireland, and was by him knighted on the field of battle, to the great displeasure of Queen Elizabeth; but her successor, James I., made him a Knight of the Bath. As early as 1591 he published a translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso,* the first ever made into English. In 1596 he wrote a satirical poem, *The Metamorphosis of Ajax.* License to print it was refused; but he published it notwithstanding, and was in consequence excluded from Court. He wrote several other satirical poems, among

which is *The Englishman's Doctor* (1608). Twenty years after his death a collection of his *Most Elegant and Wittie Epigrams* was appended to a new edition of his *Orlando Furioso.* An edition of his works, with a *Memoir,* was published in 1804. Among his *Epigrams* are the following:

AGAINST CRITICS.

The Readers and the Hearers like my books,
But yet some Writers cannot them digest;
But what care I for when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the cook.

OF A PRECISE TAILOR.

A tailor, though a man of upright dealing;
True, but for lying — honest, but for stealing,—
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance;
The fiends of hell mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry colored silks displayed a banner,
Which he had stolen, and wished, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian;
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he shewed great reformation.
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;
He vowed to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but "Truly;"
And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest:
And lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff — allowance being large —
He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.

This done — I scant can tell the rest for laughter —
A captain of a ship came three days after,
And bought three yards of velvet and three-quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt aside three-quarters of the stuff.
His man, espying it, said in derision:
"Master, remember how you saw the vision!"
"Peace, knave!" quoth he; "I did not see one rag
Of such a colored silk in all the flag."

OF FORTUNE.

Fortune, they say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

HARLAND, Henry ("Sidney Luska"), an American novelist; born at St. Petersburg, Russia, in March, 1861. He was educated at Harvard, leaving college before completing his course of study and made a tour of Southern Europe and spent a winter in Rome. In 1883 he was employed in the Surrogate's office in New York; but in 1886 devoted himself to literature and later became editor of *The Yellow Book*. It was while employed in the Surrogate's office that his literary work was commenced. It was his daily habit, pursued throughout one winter, to go to sleep immediately after dinner; at two o'clock in the morning he arose, and fortifying his nerves with black coffee, he wrote undisturbed until it was time for breakfast, preceding the commencement of his day's work. The fruit of his winter's labors, in which there is not a trace of midnight

oil or pre-prandial coffee, is his first novel, *As It Was Written,* a tale of Jewish life in New York (1885); *Mrs. Peixada* (1886); *The Yoke of Thorah* (1887); *My Uncle Florimond,* and *Mr. Sonnenschein's Inheritance* (1888), were all romances containing scenes and characters similar to those in his first work.

Harland realized that he had opened a new mine of romance in portraying Jewish character and customs in New York, and he conscientiously wrought his material into many pleasing shapes, each characterized by an agreeable individuality of treatment. He was led to the choice of his subject by his own predilections. He had many friends among the Jews, and claimed to have a strong admiration for the character. The name Henry Harland, with which he gradually replaced his earlier pseudonym, Sidney Luska, appears to be, of the two, the real *nom de plume.* At any rate the Hebrew types so familiar in the eastern section of New York City have never been so sympathetically or so faithfully delineated. *The Yoke of Thorah* evoked some protest on the part of the Jews, and its author was called upon to vindicate his position, which he most ably did in an address delivered in one of the city synagogues.

Since 1889 Harland has been a resident of London, and has spent much of his time in Paris. *The Yellow Book* attracted much attention by the literary work of its editor, as well as by the illustrations of Aubrey Beardsley. Other novels are *Land of Love* (1887); *Grandison Mather* (1889); *A Latin-Quarter Courtship and other Stories* (1889); *Two Voices* (1890); *Two Women or One* (1890); *Mea Culpa* (1891); *Mademoiselle, Miss* (1893); *Gray Roses* (1895); *Comedies and Errors* (1898); *A Latin Quarter*

Courtship (1899); *The Cardinal's Snuff Box* (1900); and *My Friend Prospero* (1903).

SCHLEMIEL'S GRATITUDE.

Mr. Sparks and I climbed upstairs to Mr. Sonnenschein's tenement.

"Vail, my kracious, Saimmy, fat brings you baick again so soon?" was the old man's greeting.

As briefly and as clearly as I could I explained what had happened since my former visit.

"*Mein Gott!* You don't mean it!" he cried, when I had done. "Go 'vay. You don't really mean it! Mr. Levinson, he set fire to dot establishment, and you got baick de money? Vail, if I aifer? Vail, dot beats de record; it does, and no mistake. Talk about brains! Fy, Saimmy, smartness ain't no vord for it. You got vun of de graindest haits on your shoulders de Lord aifer mait. And Mr. Levinson, he aictually set fire to dot establishment, so as to get my money! Vail, dat *vas* outracheous, dere ain't no use in talking. Vail, Saimmy, I cain't hardly belief it; I cain't, honor bright."

The marshal was busy with pen and ink at a table hard by, drawing up an affidavit and a receipt for Mr. Sonnenschein to sign and swear to. After the old man had laboriously traced his name and vouched for the truth of what was written above it, the marshal handed him the bundle containing his inheritance, and, covered with thanks from both of us, went away.

"Vail, now, Saimmy," said Mr. Sonnenschein, "now I tell you fat you do. You cairry dot poontle downtown mit you, and you go to your popper's office, and you gif it to him, and you tell him to make all de investments of dot money fich he likes. Dare's no two vays about it, Saimmy, I vas a raikular Schlemiel; and I guess maybe de best ting I can do is to let your popper mainage dot money shust exaictly as if it vas his own. No maither fat investments he makes of it, Saimmy, I tell you vun ting, I bet a hat dot vun vay or anudder dot money gets lost inside of six monts. Vail, Saimmy, as I told you a great many times before already, dis is

a fearful funny vorld; and I guess maybe now, aifter dis fire and aiferydings, I guess maybee you'll belief me."

My father made such investments of "dot money" as would yield Mr. Sonnenschein an annual income of fifteen hundred dollars, which the old gentleman, still hale and hearty, is enjoying to this day. Though a Jew by birth and faith, he is as good a Christian as most of the professing ones; for after he learned of Levinson's imprisonment he insisted upon making a liberal provision for Mrs. Levinson and her children. Nor is ingratitude a vice that could justly be attributed to our Schlemiel. When my parents celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of their wedding, a few months ago, they received by express a large and luminous worsted-work picture; enclosed by a massive gilt frame, which represented in the primary colors the nuptial ceremonies of Jacob and Rachel. A card attached informed them that it came with compliments and best wishes from Mr. Sonnenschein and Nettie, and on the obverse of the card, in Mr. Sonnenschein's chirography, we read, "Nettie dun it ole herself."

But his continued prosperity has undermined the old man's philosophy and upset all his established views of life. He calls at my father's office to receive his allowance on the first day of every month. "Vail, ainydings haippened yet?" is the inquiry with which he invariably begins. And when my father replies that nothing has happened, and proceeds to count out his money, "Vail, *Gott in Himmel,* fat kind of a vorld is dis, ainyhow!" he cries. "I gif it oop. I cain't make haits or tails of it. Here I been a Schlemiel aifer since I vas born already, and now all of a sutten I change ofer, and I ain't no Schlemiel no more. Vail, dot beats me,—it beats me all holler, and no mistake about it. But de Lord done it, and I guess maybe he's got some reason for it. Blessed be de name of de Lord."—*A Latin-Quarter Courtship, and Other Stories.*

HARNEY, William Wallace, an American journalist and poet; born at Bloomington, Ind., June 20, 1831. He studied for a time at Louisville College, of which his father was for some years president. He afterward studied law, and was graduated in 1855 at the law department of Louisville University. He taught school for some years in Louisville, and was the first principal of the High School in that city; after which he was for about two years Professor of Languages in the State University at Lexington. He afterward assisted his father for some years as co-editor of the Louisville *Democrat,* of which he became editor-in-chief after his father's death. In 1869 he went to Florida to engage in orange-culture, and here he wrote a number of valuable papers on this branch of horticulture. In 1883 he became editor of *Bitter-Sweet* at Kissimee. His writings, especially his home sketches and fugitive verses, are very popular, not only in the South but throughout the United States.

JIMMY'S WOOING.

The wind came blowing out of the west,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came blowing out of the west;
It stirred the green leaves out of the rest,
And rocked the bluebird up in his nest,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
Milly came with her bucket by,
With wee light foot so trim and sly,
With sunburnt cheek and laughing eye;
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
A rustic Ruth in linsey gown;
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
And more he thought than e'er he told
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The rain came pattering down amain,
And under the thatch of the laden wain,
Jimmy and Milly — a cunning twain —
Sat sheltered by the hay.

The merry rain-drops hurried in
Under the thatch of hay;
The merry rain-drops hurried in,
And laughed and pattered in a din,
Over that which they saw within,
Under the thatch of hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay;
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Like a wild bird fluttering to its nest;
And then I'll swear she looked her best,
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out
Over the ruined hay;
And when the sun came laughing out
Milly had ceased to pet and pout;
And twittering birds began to shout,
As if for a wedding-day.

HARPER, William Rainey, an American educator; born at New Concord, Ohio, July 26, 1856. He was educated at Muskingum College and at Yale University, graduating from the latter in 1875. From 1875 to 1876 he was principal of Masonic College, Macon, Tenn.; tutor in Denison University, Granville, Ohio, 1876 to 1879; principal of Denison University from 1879 to 1880; Professor of Hebrew and the Cognate Languages, Baptist Union Theological Seminary, Morgan Park, Ill., 1880 to 1886; principal of Chautauqua System, 1891; Professor of the Semitic Languages, Yale University, 1889 to 1891, and Woolsey Professor of Biblical Literature, Yale University, 1889 to 1891. At the opening of the Chicago University, in 1892, he became its president and head Professor of the Semitic Languages and Literatures. He has edited the *Old and New Testament Student* and *Hebraica.* He teaches by the inductive system, and the text-books he has published have been written upon that principle. Among his publications are *Elements of Hebrew Syntax by an Inductive Method* (1888); with R. F. Weidner, *An Introductory New Testament Greek Method* (1889); with I. B. Burgess, *Inductive Latin Primer* (1891); with C. F. Castle, *Exercises in Greek Prose Composition* (1893); *Inductive Studies in English Grammar* (1894); *Amos and Hosea* (1904); and *The Trend in Higher Education* (1905).

THE FOUNDER OF THE CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT.

For what will Bishop Vincent's name stand in the far-distant future? As what will he be best known? As student, preacher, or teacher? I do not hesitate to say

that his fame will go down to our children's children *as a teacher and an educator.* His work has influenced for good the cause of education more strongly than that of any other man living to-day. What are the ideas which he has emphasized? The answer may be given briefly: (1) Education and life are inseparable, indeed identical, and consequently this thing called education is something which should be continuous, never ceasing, lasting as long as life lasts. What is life but a period of training for something higher and beyond? Education is also something which should be symmetrical, running parallel with life itself and adapted to the needs and necessities of life. His mother's doctrine, reiterated by his father, he tells us, was, "Education without religious faith and life is valueless." That this doctrine sank deep into the heart of the son his whole life bears testimony. Still, education must be broad and comprehensive, not a little here and a little there, but something everywhere, and to be regarded as ideal only in proportion as it makes one able to deal with the problems of life and brings him into contact with all the culture of the higher life of civilization. (2) Education is not to be confined to formal study. It includes this, but it includes much more. Books alone are insufficient. One must come in contact with people, and especially with "the ablest men and women, specialists, scientists, littérateurs," "great teachers who know how to inspire and quicken minds," and from whom a special inspiration may be gained for the doing of special service. One must travel at home and abroad, and bring himself into contact with the localities in which the great lives of the world have been lived and its great events enacted. Perhaps more may be gained than in any other way from personal thought and meditation, in hours during which one is able to examine himself and hold before his soul a mirror in which shall be reflected his inner life and thought. (3) Education is not limited to any place or places. It should be the highest work of the home, and the entire policy of the home life should be directed toward the encouragement of that kind of living which shall be essentially educative in its character. It will, of course,

be the exclusive work of the school; but outside of school, at the desk, in the factory, anywhere and everywhere, the desire to secure it should be the most intense desire of the human heart. (4) Education shall not be restricted in time. At no stage in life should one feel that his education has been finished. There is no age at which the work of education is impossible. Every man should be a student every day through all the days of life. Very striking are the words with which Bishop Vincent closes his article in the *Forum* on *How I Was Educated*:—"I am in school now as a student every day, and unfinished *curricula* reach out into undefined futures. I shall never 'finish' my education."—*From an article in The Outlook.*

HARRADEN, Beatrice, an English novelist; born at Hampstead, London, January 24, 1864. She was educated at Cheltenham, at the Girls' College, Queen's College, and Bedford College. She has traveled extensively in Europe and the United States. She attained world-wide reputation in 1893 by her first novel, *Ships that Pass in the Night.* This was followed by *In Varying Moods* (1894); *Hilda Strafford* (1897); *Untold Tales of the Past* (1897); *The Fowler* (1899); *Things Will Take a Turn* (1902); and *Katherine Frensham* (1904). In this latest novel, the hero is a man of thirty-five who has been thwarted in his life work by the incompatibility of his wife, whose influence follows and nearly wrecks his sensitive nature even after her death. Fortunately for him and his son, a boy of twelve, Katherine Frensham comes into their lives and not only brings them into harmony with each other, but with

her love rounds out and completes a life that was dangerously near to shipwreck. The scene of the story is laid partly in England and partly in Norway and Sweden, and the pictures given of life in the North are exceedingly interesting.

THE TRAVELER AND THE TEMPLE OF KNOWLEDGE.

Countless ages ago a Traveler, much worn with journeying, climbed the last bit of rough road which led to the summit of a high mountain. There was a temple on that mountain, and the Traveler had vowed that he would reach it before death prevented him. He knew the journey was long, and the road rough. He knew that the mountain was the most difficult of ascent of that mountain chain called "The Ideals." But he had a strongly hoping heart and a sure foot. He lost all sense of time, but he never lost the feeling of hope.

"Even if I faint by the way-side," he said to himself, "and am not able to reach the summit, still it is something to be on the road which leads to the High Ideals." That was how he comforted himself when he was weary. He never lost more hope than that — and surely that was little enough.

And now he had reached the temple.

He rang the bell, and an old white-haired man opened the gate. He smiled sadly when he saw the Traveler.

"And yet another one," he murmured. "What does it all mean?"

The Traveler did not hear what he murmured.

"Old white-haired man," he said, "tell me; and so I have come at last to the wonderful Temple of Knowledge? I have been journeying hither all my life. Ah but it is hard work climbing up to the Ideals!"

The old man touched the Traveler on the arm. "Listen," he said, gently. "This is not the Temple of Knowledge. And the Ideals are not a chain of mountains; they are a stretch of plains, and the Temple of Knowledge is in their center. You have come the wrong road. Alas! poor Traveler."

The light in the Traveler's eyes had faded. The hope in his heart died. And he became old and withered. He leaned heavily on his staff.

"Can one rest here?" he asked, wearily.

"No."

"Is there a way down the other side of these mountains?"

"No."

"What are these mountains called?"

"They have no name."

"And the temple — how do you call the temple?"

"It has no name."

"Then I call it the Temple of Broken Hearts," said the Traveler.

And he turned and went. But the old white-haired man followed him.

"Brother," he said, "you are not the first to come here, but you may be the last. Go back to the plains, and tell the dwellers in the plains that the Temple of True Knowledge is in their very midst; any one may enter it who chooses; the gates are not even closed. The temple has always been in the plains, in the very heart of life, and work, and daily effort. The philosopher may enter, the stone-breaker may enter. You must have passed it every day of your life — a plain, venerable building, unlike our glorious cathedrals."

"I have seen the children playing near it," said the Traveler. "When I was a child I used to play there. Ah, if I had only known! Well, the past is the past."

He would have rested against a huge stone, but that the old white-haired man prevented him.

"Do not rest," he said. "If you once rest there you will not rise again. When you once rest, you will know how weary you are."

"I have no wish to go further," said the Traveler. "My journey is done; it may have been in the wrong direction, but still it is done."

"Nay, do not linger here," urged the old man. "Retrace your steps. Though you are broken-hearted yourself, you may save others from breaking their hearts. Those whom you meet on this road, you can turn back.

Those who are but starting in this direction you can bid pause and consider how mad it is to suppose that the Temple of True Knowledge should have been built on an isolated and dangerous mountain. Tell them that, although God seems hard, He is not as hard as all that. Tell them that the Ideals are not a mountain range, but their own plains, where their great cities are built, and where the corn grows, and where men and women are toiling, sometimes in sorrow and sometimes in joy."

"I will go," said the Traveler.

And he started.

But he had grown old and weary. And the journey was long, and the retracing of one's steps is more tiresome than the tracing of them. The ascent, with all the vigor and hope of life to help him, had been difficult enough; the descent, with no vigor and no hope to help him, was almost impossible.

So that it was not probable that the Traveler lived to reach the plains. But whether he reached them or not, still he had started.

And not many Travelers do that.—*Ships that Pass in the Night.*

HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER, an American novelist; born at Eatonton, Ga., December 8, 1848. In 1862 he became an apprentice in the office of a small weekly paper, *The Countryman,* published on a plantation nine miles from any post-office. He soon began to contribute to the paper while setting type, and the proprietor, discovering this, encouraged him by lending him books from his library. While here he heard the negro folk-lore which he has since given to the world. In 1877 he became connected with the Atlanta *Constitution,* and was made editor-in-chief in

1890. He had published *Uncle Remus* (1880); *Nights with Uncle Remus* (1883); *Mingo and Other Sketches* (1884). A novel, *Azalia,* appeared in the *Century* in 1887.

His more recent works include *Free Joe* (1887); *Daddy Jake the Runaway* (1889); *Life of Henry W. Grady,* former editor of the *Constitution* (1890); *Balaam and His Master,* short stories (1891); *On the Plantation* (1892); *Uncle Remus and His Friends* (1892); *Little Mr. Thimblefinger,* folk-lore (1894); *Mr. Rabbit at Home* (1895); *The Story of Aaron* (1896); *Stories of Georgia History* (1897); *Sister Jane,* a novel (1897); *Minervy Ann* (1899); *On the Wings of Occasion* (1900); *Wally Wanderson* (1902); *Gabriel Tolliver* (1902); *A Little Huron Scout* (1903); and *The Tar Heel Baby, and Other Stories* (1904).

The *Spectator* says that "Uncle Remus deserves to be placed on a level with "Reineke Fuchs" for his quaint humor, without reference to the ethnological interest possessed by his stories as indicating, perhaps, a common origin for very widely severed races. The *Nation,* comparing Harris with Bret Harte, says that his perception is subtler and more truthful. "Both authors have keen instincts and insights, but Harris's are the finer and deeper. Harte's characters are by far the more picturesque, his incidents are more thrilling; but Harris's people wind themselves about our hearts, and owe little to circumstance."

THE WONDERFUL TAR-BABY.

"Didn't the fox *never* catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy the next evening.

"He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you baun — Brer Fox did. One day after Brer Rabbit fool 'im wid

dat calamus root, Brer Fox went ter wuk en got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentine, en fix up a contrapshun wat he call a Tar-Baby, en he tuck dish yer Tar-Baby, en he set 'er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer ter see wat de news waz gwineter be. En he didn't hatter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come Brer Rabbit pacin' down de road — lippity clippity, slippity lippity — dez ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit come prancin' 'long twel he spy de Tar-Baby, en den he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonished. De Tar-Baby, she sot dar, she did, en Brer Fox he lay low.

"'Mawnin', sez Brer Rabbit, sezee — 'nice wedder dis mawnin',' sezee.

"Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'How duz yo'sym'tums sëem tor segashuate?' says Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Brer Fox, he wink he eye slow, en lay low, en de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'. 'How you come on, den? Is you deaf?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Kaze if you is, I kin holler louder,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low, 'You're stuck up, dat's w'at you is,' says Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en I'm gwineter kyore you, dat's w'at I'm gwineter do,' sezee.

"Brer Fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummuck, he did, but Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nothin'.

"'I'm gwineter larn you howter talk' 'specttubble fokes ef hit's de las' ack,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Ef you don't take off dat hat en tell me howdy, I'm gwineter bus' you wide open,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit keep on axin' 'im, en de Tar-Baby, she keep on sayin' nuthin', twel present'y Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis', he did, en blip he tuck'er side er de head. Right dar's whar he broke his merlasses jug. His fis' stuck, en he can't pull loose. De tar hilt 'im. But Tar-Baby, she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low. 'Tu'n me loose, fo' I kick de natral stuffin' outen you,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, but de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'. She

des hilt on, end den Brer Rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer Fox, he lay low. Den Brer Rabbit squall out dat ef de Tar-Baby don't tu'n 'im loose, he butt'er cranksided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den Brer Fox, he sa'ntered fort'; lookin' des ez innercent ez wunner yo' mammy's mockin' birds. 'Howdy, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin', sezee, en den he rolled on the groun', en he laft en laft twel he couldn't laff no mo', 'I speck you'll take dinner wid me dis time, Brer Rabbit. I done laid in some calamus root, en I ain't gwineter take no skuse,' sez Brer Fox, sezee."

Here Uncle Remus paused, and drew a two-pound yam out of the ashes.

"Did the fox eat the rabbit?' asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.

"Dat's all de fur de tale goes," replied the old man. "He mout, en den agin he moutent. Some say Jedge B'ar come 'long en loosed 'im — some say he didn't. I hear Miss Sally callin'. You better run 'long."— *Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings.*

HARRIS, William Torrey, an American metaphysician and educator; born at North Killingly, Conn., September 10, 1835. He was educated at the Woodstock, Worcester, and Phillips Academies, and at Yale College, which he entered in 1854. At the close of his junior year he removed to St. Louis, Mo., where he became the principal of a public school. He was one of the founders of the St. Louis Philosophical Society in 1866, and in 1867 began the publication of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy,* of which he has since been the editor. In 1868 he became Superintendent of Schools of St.

Louis. In 1880 he removed to Concord, Mass. He has delivered numerous lectures and addresses upon art, social science, and education; edited the department of philosophy in *Johnson's Cyclopædia,* for which he wrote many articles. In 1874 he wrote a *Statement of the Theory of Education in the United States* for the Vienna Exposition and in 1880 represented the United States at the Brussels congress of educators, earning several honorary titles abroad. In 1877 he was appointed University Professor of the Philosophy of Education in Washington University, St. Louis. He was one of the founders of the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord, Mass. In 1890, he published *The Logic of Hegel,* and in 1891 *Spiritual Sense of the Divina Commedia.*

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Michelangelo passes by all subordinate scenes and seizes at once the supreme moment of all History — of the very world itself and all it contains. This is the vastest attempt that the artist can make, and is the same that Dante has ventured upon in the *Divina Commedia.* In Religion we seize the absolute truth as a process going on in Time: the deeds of humanity are judged "after the end of the world." After death Dives goes to torments, and Lazarus to the realm of the blest. In this supreme moment all worldly distinctions fall away, and the naked soul stands before Eternity with naught save the pure essence of its deeds to rely upon. All souls are equal before God, so far as mere worldly eminence is concerned. Their inequality rests solely upon the degree that they have realized the Eternal will by their own choice.

But this dogma, as it is held in the Christian Religion, is not merely a dogma; it is the deepest of speculative truths. As such it is seized by Dante and Michelangelo, and in this universal form every one must recognize it

if he would free it from all narrowness and sectarianism. The point of view is this: — The whole world is seized at once under the form of Eternity; all things are reduced to their lowest terms. Every deed is seen through the perspective of its own consequences. Hence every human being under the influence of any one of the deadly sins — Anger, Lust, Avarice, Intemperance, Pride, Envy, and Indolence — is being dragged down into the Inferno just as Michelangelo has depicted. On the other hand, any one who practises the cardinal virtues — Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude — is elevating himself toward celestial clearness.

If any one will study Dante carefully, he will find that the punishments of the Inferno are emblematical of the very states of the mind one experiences when under the influence of the passion there punished. To find the punishment for any given sin, Dante looks at the state of mind which it causes in the sinner, and gives it its appropriate emblem. . . .

So Michelangelo in this picture has seized things in their essential nature; he has pierced through the shadows of time, and exhibited to us at one view the world of humanity as it is in the sight of God, or as it is in its ultimate analysis. Mortals are there, not as they seem to themselves or to their companions, but as they are when measured by the absolute standard — the final destiny of spirit. This must recommend the work to all men of all times, whether one holds to this or that theological creed; for it is the Last Judgment in the sense that it is the ultimate or absolute estimate to be pronounced upon each deed, and the question of the eternal punishment of any individual is not necessarily brought into account. Everlasting punishment is the true state of all who persist in the commission of those sins. The sins are indissolubly bound up in pain. Through all times anger shall bring with it the "putrid mud" condition of the soul; the indulgence of lustful passions, the stormy tempest and spiritual night; intemperance, the pitiless rain of hail and snow and foul water. The wicked sinner — so far forth and so long as he is a sinner — shall be tormented forever; for we are now and always in Eternity. . . .

Just as we strive in our human laws to establish justice by turning back upon the criminal the effects of his deeds, so *in fact* when placed "under the form of Eternity," all deeds do return to the doer; and this is the final adjustment, the "end of all things" — it is *the Last Judgment*. And this judgment is always the only actual Fact in the world.

HARRISON, BENJAMIN, an American statesman, twenty-third President of the United States; born at North Bend, Ohio, August 20, 1833; died at Indianapolis, Ind., March 13, 1901. He was a grandson of William Henry Harrison. He was graduated from the Miami University, and afterward studied law in Cincinnati. He began practice in Indianapolis and established a reputation as an attorney which extended throughout the country. He was appointed Supreme Court reporter in 1860, and in 1862 entered the army as Colonel of an Indiana regiment. At the close of the war he retired with the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General.

In 1881 General Harrison was elected to the United States Senate, and in 1888 received the Republican nomination for President, and was elected on a tariff platform. His administration was marked by the passage of the McKinley Tariff Bill and the Sherman Silver Act, and by the reduction of the public debt and the extension of the civil service. In 1892 he was renominated by the Republicans, but was defeated by Cleveland. He then returned to his law practice in Indianapolis, and later was appointed lec-

turer on International Law at the Leland Stanford University.

President Harrison was a gifted orator and an able writer. He published *This Country of Ours* (1897); and *Views of an Ex-President* (1901); and was a frequent contributor to the magazines and reviews.

THE VETO POWER OF THE PRESIDENT.

When a bill has passed both Houses of Congress it is enrolled upon parchment and signed by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House. It is then taken, by the clerk of the Committee on Enrolled Bills, to the Executive Mansion, where the date of its delivery is stamped upon it. The practice is then to send the bill to the head of the department to which its subject-matter belongs — to the War Department, if to army matters; to the Interior, if to pensions, or public lands, or Indian affairs, etc.,— for the examination of the Secretary, and for a report from him as to any objections that may occur to him. As to the frame of the bill, and as to Constitutional questions involved, the Attorney-General is often consulted, though the bill does not relate to his department. The President then takes up the bill, with the report from the department, and examines it, and if he approves writes thereon "Approved," giving the date, and signs his name. The bill, now become a law, is then sent to the State Department to be filed and published in the Statutes-at-Large.

If the President finds such objections to the bill as to prevent him from giving it his approval two courses are open to him. He may, at any time within ten days (Sundays not counted) from the time it was brought to him, return the bill to the Senate or to the House — according as the bill was first passed by the one or the other — with a message stating his objections to it; or he may suffer the bill to lie upon his table, taking no action whatever upon it. If he takes no action then the fate of the bill turns upon the fact whether Congress remains in session during the ten days — and by this is not meant

that both houses shall be in session every legislative day of the ten. If it does the bill becomes a law; if it does not, the bill fails — does not become a law. You will see in the Statutes-at-Large of the United States many laws which do not have the President's signature. These are usually acts of small moment — relief bills or such like, which, while he could not approve, he did not deem of sufficient moment to be the subject of a veto message.

But, now and then, acts of a general nature and of the highest importance appear without the President's signature. It will be remembered that Mr. Cleveland allowed the Tariff Bill of August, 1894 (known as the Wilson Bill), to become a law without his signature. If Congress adjourns before the expiration of the ten days given to the President for the consideration of a bill, and he does not sign it, but retains it without action, it fails as I have said. This has come to be called a "pocket veto." It will be seen, therefore, that as to bills presented to the President during the last ten days of a session of Congress his veto is an absolute, not a qualified, one. He has only to do nothing and the bill fails. The object clearly was to secure to the President proper time for the examination of all bills. If a flood of bills could be thrown upon him in the last ten days of the session, depriving him of a proper time for examining them, and they were to become laws unless he stated his objection in veto messages, it would practically abrogate, as to such bills, the veto power. In fact, just such a flood of bills is usually passed, many in the very last hours of the session, when the attendance in the Houses is small, and the members are wearied by night sessions, and many of the leading members are absent from their seats, serving on conference committees. Every interval in the consideration of the appropriation bills is eagerly watched for and utilized by members who have some personal relief bill or some bill of a local character that they want to get through. This hasty legislation needs especial scrutiny, and it is well that when he is in doubt, and has no time to investigate, the President can use the "pocket veto." It sometimes happens that an important appropriation bill is passed in the very last

moments of the session, and, indeed by the true time, after the session is ended — for the hands of the clocks in the chambers are sometimes turned back to gain a few moments to complete the passage of a bill. Generally the President, in recent times, has gone to his reception-room in the Senate wing of the Capitol in the last hours of a session, especially if some of the appropriation bills were not yet disposed of, in order to save the time that would otherwise be necessary to carry the bills to the Executive Mansion.

A Constitutional Amendment forbidding Congress to pass any laws in the last twenty-four hours of a session, save such as might be returned with a veto, was suggested by President Grant. The object of this suggestion was "to give the Executive an opportunity to examine and approve or disapprove bills understandingly." But it would be no remedy for hasty legislation; for the last day would, as an Irishman might say, "be the day before the last," and the same rush and hurry would characterize it.

There is another practice in legislation that greatly restrains the freedom of the President in using the veto power. What are called "riders" are often placed in general appropriation bills — that is, legislation of a general character having nothing to do with appropriations is put into an appropriation bill. This is equivalent to saying to the President, "Give your approval to this general legislation or go without the appropriations necessary to carry on the Government." President Hayes resisted attempts by this method to impair the Constitutional Powers of the Executive, and vetoed five appropriation bills because general legislation had been incorporated to which he could not give his assent.

There are other practical restraints upon the freedom of the President in the exercise of the veto power. Very many laws contain more than one proposition — some a number of such — and the President must deal with them as thus associated. In each of the great appropriation bills many hundreds of distinct appropriations are made. Some of these the President may think to be wrong, either as a matter of policy, or of Constitutional power;

but he cannot single these out; he must take the bill as a whole. In some of the State Constitutions the Governor is given power to veto any item in an appropriation bill.

It has been much contended that the veto was given to enable the President to defend himself against legislative attempts to encroach upon his Constitutional powers, or those of the Judiciary; and that he should exercise it only where he finds Constitutional objections to a bill. But the power is not so limited, and from the beginning has been exercised upon the ground of the inexpediency or unwisdom of the legislation proposed, as well as upon Constitutional grounds. I do not suppose that any President has ever dealt with the bills submitted for his approval upon the principle that he should approve only such as he would have voted for if he had been a member of Congress. Much deference is due to the Congress, and vetoes have customarily been used only when the fault in the proposed legislation was serious in itself, or as a precedent.

When a bill is returned by the President the veto message is read, and the question is put: "Shall the bill pass, the objections of the President to the contrary notwithstanding?" The vote must be taken by yeas and nays, and recorded on the journals. The object of this is that the public may know just how each member has voted, and that the record shall show whether or not two-thirds of the members have voted for the passage of the bill. If two-thirds of each House of Congress are recorded in the affirmative the bill becomes a law. This does not mean two-thirds of all the members of each House, but two-thirds of those present and voting — a quorum, as a matter of course being present.— *From The Ladies' Home Journal.*

MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

HARRISON, Constance Cary ("Mrs. Burton Harrison"), an American novelist; born near Alexandria, Va., April 25, 1845. She was descended from Archibald Cary of Ampthill, Virginia, who presided over the senate of his native state from its organization and through the Revolutionary War, while on her mother's side she belonged to the Fairfax family. Educated in private schools in Virginia, she was noted in her girlhood for her piquant beauty. Her mother's home was devastated in the Civil War, and the family resided in Richmond, where, in 1867, she was married to Burton Harrison, who had been private secretary to Jefferson Davis. He became a member of the New York bar, and early established a summer residence at Bar Harbor, Maine. Mrs. Harrison's first book concerned this summer resort, and was entitled *Goldenrod: An Idyll of Mount Desert* (1879). Eight years later she published *Bar Harbor Days.* The literary work of Mrs. Harrison has been concerned with the scenes of her life and with society. In magazines and collections of tales she has depicted with sympathetic art life in Virginia. *Flower de Hundred* (1891) is concerned with the plantations of her native state, where kinship, hospitality and inherited culture gave rise to sunny manners. *Crow's Nest and Belhaven Stories* (1892) disclose life in quaint old Alexandria, one of the most historic cities of the South, and the pathos of the old families living through the war. In 1887 Mrs. Harrison appeared as a satirist of society manners, in *Anglomaniacs.* The commingling of aspiring and newly opulent people with those of hereditary fortune and culture in the re-

sorts of fashion furnished her with themes that she handled with a genial but unsparing pen, and with keen appreciation of incongruities. Of this character are *A Daughter of the South* (1892); *Sweet Bells Out of Tune* (1893); *A Bachelor Maid* (1894); *An Errant Wooing,* a romance of foreign travel (1895); *A Virginia Cousin* (1896); and *A Triple Entanglement* (1898). She also wrote *The Well-Bred Girl in Society* (1898); *A Son of the Old Dominion* (1898); *Good Americans* (1898); *A Princess of the Hills* (1901); *The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch* (1902), and *The Carlyles* (1905).

HIS LORDSHIP.

In the morning-room of a house in Hill Street, London, S. W., a council of three had been for some time sitting over the affairs of Young Humphrey Augustus William Frederic Dale, eighth earl of Teviot, known to his intimates as "Tev."

The dominant figure of the council was a lady, of aspect large, fair and troubled. She wore her bonnet, and that fact, added to the general appearance of the house in a winter livery of brown hollands, suggested that the dowager countess Teviot had come up to town for the day only.

Standing with his back to the fire was a gentleman advanced in years, spare, hook-nosed, courteous, well-dressed — evidently in ordinary times a delightful and lovable old boy — but at present abnormally out of humor. He was Col. Kilgore, cousin on the father's side and late guardian of the young earl.

The third member of the inquisition revealed himself in look and manner so unmistakably the family solicitor that enlargement upon his appearance were needless. Mr. Cliff was a type of a class as unchanging and as solid in exterior as the Bank of England. But, in spite of his composed countenance, in all the years he had been

bestowing advice upon the noble house of Teviot, he had never at heart felt more depressed than now.

"I really think, Adelbert," said Lady Teviot, addressing herself to the colonel, after an interval of uncomfortable silence between the three: "I really think you might give me you definite opinion about my poor, dear boy."

"God bless my soul, madame," answered the old gentleman, explosively, "do you want me to say that I think he is a very bad egg?"

The dowager shuddered, extending her right hand to ward off the unpleasant image.

"No, Adelbert," she answered angelically; "I do not ask you to be vulgar, and to wound my feelings, already lacerated by misfortune. If my son has been imprudent——"

"Imprudent! Imprudent!" interrupted the colonel, shifting his position to walk up and down the hearthrug like a lion in a cage. "He has wrecked his future and brought you to poverty, and made himself the talk of the kingdom by his monstrous follies. That much is indisputable. The question now is — what remains to be done with him, and with Belmore?"

"He might sell one or two of the pictures out of the gallery at Belmore — and I dare say the gold service would fetch a pretty penny," murmured Lady Teviot.

"Pooh! A mere drop in the bucket beside his debts, and what the place costs to keep up," replied the colonel.

"Then, it will be no doubt best to let Belmore to some of those rich Americans."

"I wish we could be so fortunate," said the colonel dryly.

"And this house is sure to be taken for the season at a good price; but he must do over the drawing-rooms. As for me, I can get on at Cosycote, for the house is comfortable, if small. Or we might go to Alassio, where one lives for a mere trifle. If I could only induce Tev to go with me to Alassio, I would tell Jennings to begin packing at once, so that we might start this week. There is the little villa Lady Dorking had last year; if we could engage it, by wire, Jennings wouldn't mind hurry-

ing, for once. In that delicious air of the Riviera, Tev's health might improve."

"It is not Tev's health that concerns me," remarked the heartless colonel. "He is strong enough to do more mischief in his day, and my advice to you is to keep him away from Alassio. It is quite too convenient to Monte Carlo. No, my dear Agnes, Cliff and I are fully agreed on one point. There will be no money to carry on Belmore a week longer at the present rate. You must dismiss the establishment, and remove to Cosycote, where with the trifle of income you will have, you can live at least respectably."

"As to giving up Belmore, it is only what I should have done, had Tev married Gertrude; so I am prepared for that. But I am awfully afraid, Adelbert, that my poor boy will hardly be content at Cosycote."

"I presume not," said the colonel, a grim smile in the wrinkles around his eyes. "But I hardly think I would trouble myself, Agnes, with preparations for Lord Teviot's accommodations anywhere in England, just at present."

"Then what — what is there to do? You know Tev hates travel for travel's sake. But no doubt it would be better for him to go somewhere, out of this cruel, carping society of ours, which has no mercy on the indiscretions of a lad."

"Hum! Yet London can stand a fair share of 'indiscretions,'" said the colonel. "However, my dear lady, there's nothing to be gained by harping on the old string. If Lord Teviot does us the honor to keep his engagement to meet us here this morning, it is possible we may obtain from him some token of what are his own wishes in the matter."

"Oh; Tev wishes only to please me — and you —" murmured Lady Teviot, melting at thought of her son's submissive state of mind. "I sent you the beautiful letter he wrote me, Adelbert. I have not had such a letter from him since that time he was in trouble at Eton. A young man capable of writing such a letter as that, Col. Kilgore, must not be judged by the laws that apply to mere commonplace people."

"Unfortunately, society at large is not prepared to segregate Lord Teviot from mere commonplace people; and his offenses against it have been too numerous and flagrant to be overlooked. In plain words, Lady Teviot, your son is an outlaw in most of the houses he was born with the right to enter."

The dowager burst into tears. Mr. Cliff, not unaccustomed to scenes of this nature, and in the case of this especial client having been treated to them more than once, walked to the window and looked out, clearing his throat in a fashion that might mean anything.

"To tell you the truth, Adelbert," sobbed her ladyship, "Teviot has disappointed me in many ways, but in nothing more than in his conduct regarding his engagement. I had every hope from the project of his marriage with Gertrude Clair."

"Lord Brelincourt has forbidden Lord Teviot his house, madame," replied the colonel, briefly; "and Lady Gertrude would be a brave woman if she took Teviot now."

"There are others," went on Lady Teviot, dreadfully depressed, but making a forlorn attempt to nail her colors to the mast. "With our large connection, Teviot can certainly find somebody as good as Gertrude Clair, and with as good a fortune, too."

The colonel shrugged and made no answer.

"Then there is no help for it!" exclaimed Lady Teviot, between genuinely bitter sobs. "He must marry an American."

At the moment of this dramatic climax the door opened and Lord Teviot came into the room.

He was a handsome, boyish young fellow, with almost feminine regularity of feature, small of frame, Celtic of coloring and pleasant of voice and manner. Certainly there was nothing about him to suggest the traditional black sheep. And his attire was carefully and elegantly adjusted to meet the "last cry" of the fashionable tailors.

"Good-morning, mummy, dear," he remarked, cheerfully, kissing her upon one of her delicately-marked eyebrows; "Good-morning, colonel. Mornin', Cliff. Who's goin' to do it now?"

"Do what, my son?" answered the dowager, trying to maintain her dignity.

"Marry an American."

"Oh, Teviot, do not jest about this! it is your only hope," exclaimed his mother, tearfully. "Colonel Kilgore and Mr. Cliff will tell you that you have reached the last extremity."

"They have been tellin' me that any time this half a dozen years," remarked his lordship, grinning, while the colonel and the lawyer looked things unutterable.

"The last extremity!" reiterated her ladyship, who felt, poor woman, vaguely pleased to have acquired a phrase at once expressive and unanswerable.—*His Lordship.* (Copyright, 1896, by BACHELLER, JOHNSON AND BACHELLER.)

HARRISON, FREDERIC, an English historian and philosopher; born in London, October 18, 1831. He was educated at Oxford, and was called to the bar in 1858. From 1867 to 1869 he was a member of the Royal Commission upon Trades Unions, and in 1869–70 Secretary to the Royal Commission for the Digest of the Law. In 1877 he was appointed Professor of Jurisprudence and International Law. He has contributed numerous articles to the *Westminster; Fortnightly; Nineteenth Century,* and *Contemporary Reviews,* and has published the following works. *The Meaning of History* (1862); *Order and Progress* (1875); *The Choice of Books and Other Literary Pieces* (1886); *Oliver Cromwell* (1888); an English translation of *Social Statics; or, the Abstract Theory of Social Order,* the second volume of Comte's *Positive Philosophy* (1875); and

also *William the Silent* (1897); *Tennyson, Ruskin and Mill* (1899); *Byzantine History in the Early Middle Ages* (1900); and *Theophano* (1904). He was one of the founders of the Positivist School in 1870, and of Newton Hall in 1881.

When his *Choice of Books* was published, the London *Athenæum* said that "a writer of such wide interests, who can find something instructive to say about subjects so far apart as the French Revolution and the developments of modern æstheticism, the law courts and the Academy exhibition, St. Bernard and Lord Beaconsfield, who tackles Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Arnold with equal intrepidity, cannot fail to suggest matter for discussion to any intelligent reader."

THE REPUBLICAN SENTIMENT.

Better than all attack on monarchy is the cultivation of the true republican sentiment. That sentiment in its integrity is the noblest and the strongest that has ever animated communities. It is nothing but the most exalted force of that which all society implies; for it is the utmost distribution of function with the greatest social co-operation. In simple words, it is the idea that the common good permeates and inspires every public act. Government becomes the embodiment of the common good; to accomplish which is its only title. The one qualification of office, the sole right to power, is capacity to effect this common good. He who commands with this title in the State, ordains not merely with the whole force of a superior nature, but with the majesty of that multitude of wills which are incarnate in his. From the humblest official up to the first magistrate of the State, all who have public duties feel behind them the might of the united community. Every public act of every citizen, and in the republic life is but one long public act, is in itself an act of patriotism, has its bearing on the welfare of the State. The barren claim

of rights, the coarse notion of property in power, the sense of being born to privilege, dies out of the social conscience, and from one end of the body politic to the other there rises up the supreme instinct that no function is legitimate save that which is truly fulfilled. This was the idea which lit in the mind of the Roman the thought of the City, as that from which all that gave him dignity was drawn, as that to which his life and powers were continually and entirely owed. This too, throughout the Middle Ages, was the spirit which inspired the municipal bodies to whose energy civilization owes the seeds of its progress. It was, in fact, but this spirit which in a crude and personal form was the real spring of that loyalty and liege-trust which are the boast of the feudalisms and royalties of Europe. And it is simply this which in the scramble of our modern society makes any government possible, or gives any dignity to our national life.—*Order and Progress.*

HARRISON, Mary Saint Leger ("Lucas Malet"), an English novelist; born at Eversley, Hampshire, June 4, 1852. She was a daughter of Charles Kingsley, poet and novelist, and in 1867 was married to Rev. William Harrison. She was educated at Slade School and at University College, London. She traveled extensively on the continent and in India.

She made her first appearance as a novelist in 1882, with *Mrs. Lorimer: a Sketch in Black and White,* writing under the pseudonym of "Lucas Malet." Her novels have been widely popular in the United States and in Great Britain. Her work is marked by skilful construction and vigorous characterization.

Mrs. Harrison's novels include *Colonel Enderby's*

Wife (1885); *Little Peter* (1887); *A Counsel of Perfection* (1888); *The Wages of Sin* (1891); *The Carissima* (1896); *The Gateless Barrier* (1900); *Sir Richard Calmady* (1901); and *The Paradise of Dominic* (1905).

A PEN PICTURE.

Mary left the grass path, and went up over the heather to the edge of the cliff. There she sat down, on a mossy spot amid the heath, threw aside her hat, and paused, watching.

Along the extreme verge, just here, grow some leggy tufted furzes; their stems for ever shaken by the draught sucking up the cliff face from the beach, nearly three hundred feet below. Their rounded heads are clipt as close by the wind as by any pruning-hook, still they flower. They were now packed thick and close, a blaze of rich yellow blossom scenting the air with that luscious yet cleanly sweetness which seems compact of summer and sunshine and fruitful warmth. Mary sitting there saw, framed and crossed by their pale, polished, many-eyed stems and masses of bloom, the vast plain of water — translucent green here in shore, growing bluer, more opaque and solid for every added hundred yards of distance. The mist had risen, and immediately opposite Tabery Point and the land on the far side of the bay lay along the horizon, in shape like a huge lilac crocodile, outstretched head and wavy knotted crest, floating asleep upon the confines of that turquoise sea. Rounding the point, a mere black dot amid the blueness, an outward-bound ocean steamer; the smoke from its funnel rising in a tall upright column, and then, caught by some stronger current in the upper air, trailing back and back horizontally in long fine wisps across miles of sky. The tinkling treble of the streams came faintly from the valleys behind; the deeper note of the waves, breaking slowly, singly, along the coast reached her in rising and falling cadence from the beach beneath; and, deeper note still, the ceaseless sullen beat of surf on the far-away bar at

the head of the bay. The jackdaws still chattered, the cuckoo called.—*The Wages of Sin.*

MODERN ENGLISH ART.

"Now is my chance," Colthurst went on, in his hot urgent way. "And it is a glorious one, a wonderful, epoch-making one — if I am big enough to lay hold of it. The bulk of English art is like the valley of dry bones, dead, desiccated, profitless, useless — the refuse of what has been and is not; no genius, no intention, no purpose, no warmth and moisture left in it. Well, I have got to make those dry bones live. To turn them from a miserable, imbecile mockery of past beauty and greatness into a living present beauty and greatness. I have got to breathe the breath of a great resurrection into them, to make those dry bones come together, to clothe them with flesh, to make them rise up and stand on their feet — a great army, strong with modern thought, with the modern gospel of science, of democracy, of sacred, uncompromising fact. I have got to put my fingers through all the æsthetic, artificial rot and rubbish of the day, and the effete, emasculated classicism alike. What do we want with reconstructions of the age of Zeus and Aphrodite? Or of the Age of Nero and Domitian? Or of the age of Arthur and Charlemagne? Or of the miserable, pedantic artificialities of the reign of Queen Anne? They are all dead and gone, exploded, past, done with. We have moved on, thank heaven. Why call up their futile ghosts? What we want is an art up to date — the drama of love and hate, joy and torment, degradation and splendour of the men and women of to-day. To show the poetry and romance and glamour of the mind, and heart, and push, and noise, and vigorous living of to-day; that's what has got to be done. And, by God," cried Colthurst, passionately, "by God, I'll do it."— *The Wages of Sin.*

HART, ALBERT BUSHNELL, an American historian; born at Clarksville, Pa., July 1, 1854. He was graduated from Harvard in 1880, and subsequently became Professor of History there. His published works are largely biographical and historical, and include: *Coercive Power of the United States Government* (1885); *Formation of the Union* (1890); *Studies in American Education* (1895); *Life of Salmon P. Chase* (1899); *Practical Essays on American Government* (1900), and *Actual Government as Applied Under American Conditions* (1903). He has also edited *American History Told by Contemporaries* (1901); The *American Citizen* Series, and since 1895 has been editor of *The American Historical Review.* In 1904 be became editor of *The American Nation,* an original American history to be completed in twenty-eight volumes, five of which were issued in 1905. Of this work Professor William E. Dodd writes: "Long years of successful work as a teacher in our foremost university, wide experience as an investigator and writer on American history, and an intimate acquaintance with the practical workings of our institutions in all parts of the country have made Professor Hart, perhaps, the best man in the country for his present task."

REMEDIES FOR THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM.

In a previous article the conclusion was reached that economic and social complications in the South, however distressing, were less cogent than psychological reasons in producing a state of irritation and apprehension in the South. Everybody down there is trying to find some way

out, but there is no more agreement on the solution of the difficulty than on its occasion.

The first and most obvious remedy is to remove the supposed cause. This idea of deportation of the negroes was suggested more than a century ago by Thomas Jefferson and was later urged by Lincoln. An instant objection is that it is resisted by nearly every one of the nine million negroes South and North alike. They no more wish to cross the ocean eastward than their ancestors did to come westward. The negroes in general are attached to their homes and would probably fight rather than add to the repeated failures of attempts to build up civilized communities of American negroes in Africa, which is the only region available for such an emigration. An equally strong objection is that the white people absolutely will not permit the negro to leave the country. When in 1889 attempts were made to draw negroes to Kansas the boats that were carrying them were stopped by armed men and the negroes were driven back with the shotgun. On the other hand, in a number of communities, especially in the mountains, the poor whites will not permit the negroes to come in; and, for that matter, there is a town of several thousand people in southern Ohio where no negro has ever been allowed to stop over night. Nevertheless, where the negro is there he stays; and for the very simple reason that without him or her there would be no breakfast in the big house, no wood cut for the fires, no cotton raised, no babies dressed — for the real confidence of the whites in the negro race is shown by their almost universal practice of committing their little children to negro nurses. To deport the negro would mean the social disruption as well as the economic ruin of the greater part of the South, and the fierce and brutal advocacy of that method which one hears occasionally from Southern men is simply a piece of acting.

For there is no substitute in sight, since the South has never been able to attract foreign immigrants. The census of 1900 shows that the eleven States that seceded in 1861 have 11,400,000 native whites, 7,200,000 negroes and only 350,000 people of foreign birth, of whom two-thirds are in Louisiana and Texas, while the rest of the Union

shows 45,300,000 native whites, 1,600,000 negroes and 10,100,000 foreigners. The figures explain themselves: most immigrants work with their hands and avoid regions where there is a poor opportunity for their children, and where handwork classes them with a servile race. The only foreign element now seeking the South is the Italian, some thousands of whom are to be found in the Mississippi bottoms; but their influx is likely to be checked when they discover that they, like the negroes, are to be excluded from the suffrage wherever they come to be in the majority or to exercise the balance of power.

A remedy not publicly advocated, yet practiced in some remote parts of the South, is peonage. It is not necessary to go to the length of some State laws which assume to legalize contracts by which the laborer agrees to work or else to accept a whipping and a bull pen; servitude is realized if they are deliberately kept in such a condition of debt and dependence that they cannot acquire land or move about freely. The testimony of people who have visited rural plantations is that in many places great advantage is taken of the ignorance of the negro; that he is cheated in his efforts to buy land, that in some places he is a serf, tied to the land. Inasmuch as probably a majority of the intelligent people of the South insist that the negro was better off in slavery than in freedom, there is in some regions insufficient healthy public sentiment to protect the rural laborer.

Another method widely applied in the South has been put by Senator Tillman in the sententious form: "We shall have to send a few more negroes to hell." This brute method is a deliberate attempt to keep the race down by occasionally shooting negroes because they are bad, or loose-tongued, or influential, or acquiring property; and by insisting that the murder of a white man, or sometimes even a saucy speech by a negro to a white man, is to be followed by swift, relentless and often tormenting death. In every case of passionate conflict between two races the higher one loses most, because it has most to lose; and lynch law as a remedy for the lawlessness of the negroes has the disadvantage of demoralizing the white race, and eventually of exposing white men to

the uncontrollable passions of other white men. The usual, tho not the real, justification for lynching is that nothing else can protect or avenge white women. Rapes and lynchings aggravate but do not cause race hostility. Any Southern State might fortwith reduce both the negro crime and that of his white executioners by following a useful precedent of slavery times — by providing a special tribunal of reputable men, not necessarily lawyers, with summary process, testimony behind closed doors if desirable, and quick but civilized punishment for aggravated crimes of violence, committed by whites or blacks.

Another remedy is education. It would be very unjust to leave the impression that the white people of the South as a community approve of solving the negro question by aggravating it. Indeed, the South has made great sacrifices since the Civil War to educate the negro, tho it somewhat exaggerates its benefactions by dwelling on the fact that the negroes pay two per cent. of the taxes and furnish nearly one-half of the school children. One of the most influential newspapers in the South recently threatened to cut off the funds for negro education if Northern benefactors did not cease giving money to negro schools. In New York and Chicago there is no protest because the people who furnish nineteen-twentieths of the school children pay only one-twentieth of the taxes. The South, however, begins to realize that reducing the present illiteracy in the South among both negroes and whites is not all the battle. Your negro chambermaid may have been through eight years' study in the city schools and yet remain incredibly ignorant and brutish. Still the North also has learned that ability to read, write and cipher will not make model citizens out of the morally degraded. In many ways the most hopeful thing for the negro is the work of institutions like Fisk, Atlanta and Talladega, which aim to train future professional men and women and especially teachers.

Hence the great interest now felt by good people in the South in industrial education for negroes, and sometimes even for whites. This is partly due to the success of Hampton, Tuskegee, Calhoun and other like institu-

tions, which have proven the expansion of mind resulting from the more intelligent forms of handiwork combined with a judicious use of books. In these schools a great part of the good is done by the character of the teachers, and nobody can see the fine body of young, alert minds trained by the best universities of the country which make up the faculty, say of Tuskegee, without hopefulness that they will train as well as instruct. Yet from the Southern point of view their success will raise the same ultimate difficulty as other forms of education for the negroes. Notwithstanding the influence of a few notable men, at the head of whom is Booker T. Washington, the whites in general do not wish to see leaders and organizers arise among the negroes; they distrust the negro preachers and have a contempt for negro professors, lawyers and physicians. If industrial education produces good blacksmiths, carpenters and domestic servants the South will be pleased, tho perhaps the trades unions will have something to say; but the South does not wish to see political and social leaders springing up among the negroes, lest they attempt such organization of the negroes as would give them power over the white race.

A panacea recommended by some people most genuinely interested in the negro race is the so-called "race separation." The phrase does not mean the color line, for that is now so strict that last year a white visitor to a rich negro planter was told by his host that if they both sat down at the family table the house would probably be burned over the head of the owner. No negro by character or good behavior can acquire membership in a white club or the right to sit in the presence of a white man, or association for his children with those who might uplift them, or even a resting place for his dead in the same enclosure with his white neighbor. That, however, is a closed chapter; social equality does not exist, cannot be made to exist, and did not exist when there was a squad of Union troops in every town in the South.

"Race separation," then, means that whites and blacks shall keep up two distinct social and business organizations — that negroes shall deposit in African banks, establish their separate corporation stores, patronize negro

theaters. So far this plausible *régime* has made little headway; half a dozen negro banks, a few real estate businesses, one department store, an insurance company or so — that is about all. The idea is in practice unworkable; how can good bankers and organizers and men of property and judgment be developed by contact with the poorest and most ignorant element of society? And the plan instantly runs aground when the white dealer is called on to deprive himself of all negro custom. What would become of the retailers of Charleston if the negro laborers were to withdraw the purchases which their weekly wages enable them to make? And in rural regions, where the negroes most predominate, almost all large plantations and country stores are carried on by white people. Race separation is impossible in the sense of building an inaccessible wire netting between the two races, for they tread the same streets, read the same newspapers, drink the same water, ride in the same trolley cars and trains, and each is indispensable to the other.

If the foregoing remedies do not seem thorough-going, what else has been seriously put forward by the South? Practically nothing; yet in the deepest grooves of the Southern mind is the conviction that the negro question is to be solved only by Southerners, and that even a suggestion of interest on the part of Northern people is an impertinence. The same feeling permeated the pro-slavery literature of ante-bellum days, and occasionally blazes out as in the remark of a Southern lady to a member of the author's family who happened to mention Harriet Beecher Stowe: "I hope she's roasting in hell now!"

Does any one soberly think it possible for any one section of the United States to settle its difficulties alone? Under the Federal system we are "every one members one of another" — the people of South Carolina through their share in making the Federal Constitution have modified the constitution of Massachusetts; the Congressional representatives of Massachusetts in their turn have to settle questions which deeply affect South Carolina. The United States of America has a character to maintain. If the public authorities of Colorado arrest and deport people in defiance of right and justice, have not the peo-

ple of the South a right to protest? Does not injustice toward the negro in the South injure the good name of the whole country and thus concern the North? The attempt of the South to muzzle critics of their "Peculiar Institution" melted down once for all in the furnace of the Civil War.

Any remedy for the ills that beset the South must recognize that the condition of the negroes is discouraging; that in forty years of freedom they have made less progress than white people expected; that as a race they have little sense of truth and perhaps of sexual morality; that they furnish great numbers of idlers and many criminals. This dark picture must, however, include also about half the poor whites, who, tho far superior to the negroes in intellect, match them in ignorance and overmatch them in bloodthirstiness. These are the conditions from which the community must extricate itself or admit that it cannot civilize its own people.

It is perfectly true, and we of the North must candidly acknowledge and appreciate it, that many Southerners are making genuine and self-sacrificing effort to upraise their colored neighbors, by personal interest in their education, by protection of their rights, by example of moderation and respect for law, by appreciation (so far as the color line admits) of their best men. These are the white people who ought to solve the problem if anybody, yet they are precisely the people who see the only solution in a very slow elevation of the colored race, during which many things may come in to accentuate the race problem.

On one side the remedy is the slow uplifting of the negro race, the practice of those homely virtues of industry, steadiness, thrift and habits of saving which have made the Northern communities what they are. The Southern people are right in demanding that the negroes themselves shall discourage and discountenance the criminals of their race, and make it their business to help to bring to legal, orderly punishment the desperate criminals who arouse the most fearful resentment of the whites. The negroes must be taught to respect and honor the best members of their own race and to bring up their

children to follow such models. That is the way, and the only way, in which a race can arise.

But how can the negroes be expected to respect and admire what the whites despise? Can the poor white call the thriftlessness of the negro hopeless? Is the negro to set the example of law-abiding to the white man? Are the Southern whites to abjure the duty of the highest in the community to make the standard of coolness, patience and observance of law? Why does not the white man, who boasts of his interest in and aid to the negro during slavery, do more to educate him now? The other day a South Carolina storekeeper who stepped into a negro school and made a speech of encouragement found himself in danger of mobbing and made an abject recantation. Why not everywhere put cultivated white teachers into the negro schools, such as are employed in Charleston? Why should not negroes of high character be honored by degrees from institutions of learning? Why do not the white people with good will open the door of opportunity to a few places in the public service to negroes whom they recognize as qualified?

The reason is simple; the Southern whites have an unfounded and unformulated fear that somehow white supremacy is endangered; and they see no halting place between acknowledging that some negroes are men of character and "permitting your daughter to marry a nigger." The true remedy for the South is to do with the negro exactly what his brethren are doing up North with the Pole, the Slovak and the Hungarian. Why does he not make the best of a bad job and not the worst? Why not set before the negro every possible inducement to rise, by facilitating the purchase of land, by opening new industries, by granting to the best negroes such scant rewards as the white man's color line permits? The Southern white community may well ponder the meaning of one of Booker Washington's noble utterances: "I will never allow any man to drag me down by making me hate him!"—*The Independent.*

HARTE, Francis Bret, an American poet and novelist; born at Albany, N. Y., August 25, 1839; died at Aldershot, England, May 5, 1902. In 1854 he went to California, and after working successively as miner, school-teacher, and express-messenger, he entered the office of *The Golden Era,* as compositor. He contributed numerous articles to the paper, and was at length transferred to the editorial room. In 1864 he was appointed Secretary of the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco. Upon the establishment of the *Overland Monthly,* in 1868, he became its editor. From 1878 to 1885 he was consul successively at Crefield and Glasgow. Several of his books are collections of tales and sketches originally contributed to periodicals. His works include *Condensed Novels* (1867); *Poems* and *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches* (1870); *East and West Poems* and *Poetical Works* (1871); *Mrs. Skaggs' Husbands* (1872); *Echoes of the Foot-Hills* (1874); *Tales of the Argonauts* (1875); *Gabriel Conroy* and *Two Men of Sandy Bar* (1876); *Thankful Blossom* (1877); *Story of a Mine* and *Drift from Two Shores* (1878); *The Twins of Table Mountain and Other Stories* (1879); *In the Carquinez Woods* (1883); *On the Frontier* (1884); *By Shore and Ledge* (1885); *Snow-bound at Eagle's* (1886); *The Crusade of the Excelsior* (1887); *A Phyllis of the Sierras* (1888); *A Ward of the Golden Gate* and *A Waif of the Plains* (1890); *Sally Dows* and *A Sappho of Green Springs* (1892); *Susy* (1893); *A Protégé of Jack Hamlin's* and *The Bell-Ringer of Angel's* (1894): *Clarence* (1895); *In a*

Hollow of the Hills (1895); *Three Partners* (1897); *Later Verses* (1898); *Barker's Luck* (1898); *Mr. Jack Hamlin's Meditation* (1899); and *From Sandhill to Pine* (1900).

Current Literature of January, 1895, says of Bret Harte: "He is a polished critic, a man of the world, an epicure, carrying everywhere the independence of a distinct personality. He talks as he writes — like a gentleman. This is a subtle attribute, but one which England never fails to recognize and value, and it is the prime cause of his popularity in the United Kingdom, where he has resided for a number of years. Characteristic attributes of the man continually in evidence are those thoughtful and artistic attentions to details, which are best described by the word 'nicety' — nicety in dress, nicety in speech, nicety in thought. This nicety pervades his life and writings. It is a singular quality to be found in combination with his emotional breadth and dramatic sweep as a writer, but it is the one that finishes and polishes as a whole the splendid genius of this deeply sympathetic American poet."

TAKING THE LUCK WITH HIM.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hill-sides, tearing down giant trees, and scattering its drift and débris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once, and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crashing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy, nearest the river-bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner: but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief-boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated; "he's a-taking me with him — tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now;" and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.— *The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

SNOW IN THE SIERRAS.

Snow everywhere. As far as the eye could reach — fifty miles, looking southward from the highest white peak — filling ravines and gulches, and dropping from the walls of cañons in white shroud-like drifts, fashioning the dividing ridge into the likeness of a monstrous grave, hiding the bases of giant pines and completely covering young trees and larches, rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of still, cold lakes, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon. Snow lying everywhere over the California Sierras on the 15th day of March, 1848, and still

falling. It had been snowing for ten days, snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp spongy flakes, in thin feathery plumes: snowing from a leaden sky steadily, snowing fiercely, shaken out of purple black clouds in white flocculent masses, or dropping in long level lines, like white lances from the tumbled and broken heavens. But always silently! The woods were so choked with it, the branches were so laden with it — it had so permeated, filled, and possessed earth and sky; it had so cushioned and muffled the ringing rocks and echoing hills, that all sound was deadened. The strongest gust, the fiercest blast, awoke no sign or complaint from the snow-packed rigid files of forest. There was no cracking of bough nor crackle of underbush; the overladen branches of pine and fir yielded and gave way without a sound. The silence was vast, measureless, complete.— *Gabriel Conroy.*

THE BULLS OF THE BLESSED TRINITY.

The absolute freedom of illimitable space, the exhilaration of the sparkling sunlight and the excitement of the opposing wind, which was strong enough to oblige him to exert a certain degree of physical strength to overcome it, so wrought upon Arthur that in a few moments he had thrown off the mysterious spell which the Rancho of the Blessed Trinity appeared to have cast over his spirits, and had placed a material distance between himself and its gloomy towers.

The landscape which had hitherto seemed monotonous and uninspiring, now became suggestive; in the low dome-shaped hills beyond, that were huddled together like half-blown earth-bubbles raised by the fiery breath of some long-dead volcano, he fancied he saw the origin of the Mission architecture. In the long sweep of the level plain, he recognized the calm uneventful life that had left its expression in the patient gravity of the people. In the fierce restless wind that blew over it, a wind so persistent and perpetual that all umbrage — except a narrow fringe of dwarfed willows defining the line of an extinct water-course — was hidden in sheltered cañons

and the leeward slopes of the hills, he recognized something of his own restless race, and no longer wondered at the barrenness of the life that was turned toward the invader.

"I dare say," he muttered to himself, "somewhere in the leeward of these people's natures may exist a luxurious growth that we shall never know. I wonder if the Doña has not—" but here he stopped, angry; and, if the truth must be told, a little frightened at the persistency with which Doña Dolores obtruded herself into his abstract philosophy and sentiment.

Possibly something else caused him for the moment to dismiss her from his mind. During his rapid walk he had noticed, as an accidental and by no means an essential feature of the bleak landscape, the vast herds of crawling, purposeless cattle. An entirely new and distinct impression was now forming itself in his consciousness: namely, that they no longer were purposeless, vagrant, and wandering, but were actually obeying a certain definite law of attraction, and were moving deliberately toward an equally definite object. And that object was himself!

Look where he would; before, behind, on either side — north, east, south, west, on the bleak hill-tops, on the slope of the *falda,* across the dried up *arroyo,* there were the same converging lines of slowly moving objects toward a single focus — himself! Although walking briskly and with a certain definiteness of purpose, he was apparently the only unchanging, fixed, and limited point in the now active landscape. Everything that rose above the dead, barren level was now moving slowly, irresistibly, instinctively, but unmistakably, toward one common centre — himself! Alone and unsupported he was the helpless unconscious nucleus of a slowly gathering force, almost immeasurable in its immensity and power.

At first the idea was amusing and grotesque. Then it became picturesque. Then it became something for practical consideration. And then — but no! — with the quick and unerring instincts of a powerful will he choked down the next consideration before it had time to fasten upon or paralyze his strength. He stopped and turned.

The Rancho of the Blessed Trinity was gone! Had it suddenly sunk into the earth or had he diverged from his path? Neither; he had simply walked over the little elevation in the plain beside the *arroyo* and *corral,* and had already left the rancho two miles behind him.

It was not the only surprise that came upon him suddenly like a blow between the eyes. The same mysterious attraction had been operating in his rear, and when he turned to retrace his steps toward the Mission, he faced the staring eyes of a hundred bulls not fifty yards away. As he faced them the nearest turned, the next followed their example, the next the same, and the next, until in the distance he could see the movement repeated with military precision and sequence.

With a sense of relief that he put aside as quickly as he had the sense of fear, he quickened his pace, until the nearest bull ahead broke into a gentle trot, which was communicated line by line to the cattle beyond, until the whole herd before him undulated like a vast monotonous sea.

He continued on across the *arroyo* and past the *corral,* until the blinding and penetrating cloud of dust raised by the plunging hoofs of the moving mass before him caused him to stop. A dull reverberation of the plain — a sound that at first might have been attributed to a passing earthquake — now became so distinct that he turned. Not twenty yards behind him rose the advance wall of another vast tumultuous sea of tossing horns and undulating backs that had been slowly following his retreat! He had forgotten that he was surrounded.

The nearest were now so close upon him that he could observe them separately. They were neither large, powerful, vindictive, nor ferocious. On the contrary, they were thin, wasted, haggard, anxious beasts — economically equipped and gotten up, the better to wrestle with a six months' drought, occasional famine, and the incessant buffeting of the wind; wild and untamable, but their staring eyes and nervous limbs expressed only wonder and curiosity. And when he ran toward them with a shout, they turned as had the others, file by file, and rank by rank, and in a moment were like the others

in full retreat. Rather, let me say, retreated as the others *had* retreated, for when he faced about again to retrace his steps toward the Mission, he fronted the bossy bucklers and inextricable horns of those he had driven only a few moments ago before him. They had availed themselves of his diversion with the rear-guard to return.

With the rapidity of a quick intellect and swift perceptions Arthur saw at once the resistless logic and utter hopelessness of his situation. The inevitable culmination of all this was only a question of time — and a very brief period. Would it be sufficient to enable him to reach the *casa?* No! Could he regain the *corral?* Perhaps. Between it and himself already were a thousand cattle. Would they continue to retreat as he advanced? Possibly. But would he be overtaken meanwhile by those in his rear?

He answered the question for himself by drawing from his waistcoat pocket his only weapon, a small "Derringer," and taking aim at the foremost bull. The shot took effect in the animal's shoulder and he fell upon his knees. As Arthur had expected, his nearest comrades stopped and sniffed at their helpless companion. But, as Arthur had not expected, the eager crowd pressing behind overbore them and their wounded brother, and in another instant the unfortunate animal was prostrate and his life beaten out by the trampling hoofs of the resistless, blind, and eager crowd that followed. With a terrible intuition that it was a foreshadowing of his own fate, Arthur turned in the direction of the corral and ran for his very life.

As he ran he was conscious that the act precipitated the inevitable catastrophe — but he could think of nothing better. As he ran, he felt from the shaking of the earth beneath his feet that the act had once more put the whole herd in equally active motion behind him. As he ran he noticed that the cattle before him retreated with something of his own precipitation. But as he ran he thought of nothing but the awful Fate that was following him, and the thought spurred him to an almost frantic effort.

I have tried to make the reader understand that

Arthur was quite inaccessible to any of those weaknesses which mankind regard as physical cowardice. In the defence of what he believed to be an intellectual truth, in the interests of his pride or his self-love, or in a moment of passion he would have faced death with unbroken fortitude and calmness. But to be the victim of an accident; to be the lamentable sequel of a logical succession of chances, without motive or purpose; to be sacrificed for nothing, without proving or disproving anything; to be trampled to death by idiotic beasts, who had not even the instincts of passion or revenge to justify them; to die the death of an ignorant tramp or any negligent clown — a death that had a ghastly ludicrousness in its method, a death that would leave his body a shapeless, indistinguishable, unrecognizable clod which affection could not idealize nor friendship reverence — all this brought a horror with it so keen, so exquisite, so excruciating, that the fastidious, proud, intellectual being, fleeing from it, might have been the veriest dastard that ever turned his back on danger. And superadded to it was a superstitious thought that for its very horror, perhaps it was a retribution for something that he dared not contemplate!

And it was then that his strength suddenly flagged. His senses began to reel. His breath, which had kept pace with the quick beating of his heart, intermitted, hesitated — was lost! Above the advancing thunder of hoofs behind him, he thought he heard a woman's voice. He knew now that he was going crazy! — he shouted and fell — he rose again and staggered forward a few steps and fell again. It was over now! A sudden sense of some strange, subtle perfume beating up through the acrid, smarting dust of the pain that choked his mouth and blinded his eyes — came swooning over him. And then the blessed interposition of unconsciousness and peace!

He struggled back to life again with the word "Philip" in his ears, a throbbing brow, and the sensation of an effort to do something that was required of him. Of all experience of the last few moments only the perfume remained. He was lying alone in the dry bed of the

arroyo, on the bank a horse was standing and above him bent the dark face and darker eyes of Doña Dolores.—*Gabriel Conroy.*

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.*

Which I wish to remark,
  And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
  And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
  Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
  And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
  What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
  As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
  And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
  That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
  And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
  And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre: the same
  He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table
  With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
  In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
  At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
  And the same with intent to deceive.

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But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor —"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four jacks,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers — that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar —
Which the same I am free to maintain.

DICKENS IN CAMP.*

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

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The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face, and form that drooped and fainted,
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy — for the reader
Was youngest of them all —
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray.
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes — o'ertaken
As by some spell divine —
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost in that camp, and wasted all its fire!
And he who wrought that spell? —
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak, and holly,
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptous folly —
This spray of Western pine!

THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-EASE.*

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shining,
By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest them to tell.

The delicate thought that cannot find expression
For ruder speech too fair,
That like thy petals, trembles in possession
And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
And, leaning on his spade,
Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neighbor
To see thy charms displayed.

But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises,
And for a moment clear,
Some sweet home-face his foolish thought surprises
And passes in a tear.

Some boyish vision of an Eastern village,
Of uneventful toil,
Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage
Above a peaceful soil.

One moment only, for the pick uplifting,
Through root and fibre cleaves,
And on the muddy current slowly drifting
Are swept by bruiséd leaves.

And yet, O poet, in thy homely fashion,
Thy work thou dost fulfil,
For in the turbid current of his passion
Thy face is shining still.

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A GRAYPORT LEGEND.*

(1797.)

They ran through the streets of the seaport town,
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay;
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
Was never as cold or white as they.
"Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden!
Run for your shallops, gather your men
Scatter your boats in the lower bay."

Good cause for fear! In the thick mid-day
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with children in happy play,
Parted its moorings and drifted clear —
Drifted clear beyond reach or call —
Thirteen children they were in all —
All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper: "God help us all!
She will not float till the turning-tide!"
Said his wife: "My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or heaven she bide."
And she lifted a quivering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore:
There was not a sound but the breath they drew
And the lap of water and creak of oar;
And they felt the breath of the downs fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale,
That when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,
The mackerel-fishers shorten sail:

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For the signal they know will bring relief:
For the voices of the children still at play
In a phantom hulk that drifts away
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page;
But still, when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
We hear from the misty troubled shore
The voice of children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

HAUFF, WILHELM, a German novelist and poet; born at Stuttgart, Würtemberg, November 29, 1802; died there, November 18, 1827. He attended the Schola Anatolica, and at the age of sixteen he was sent to the Klosterschule at Blaubeuren, and two years later he entered the Seminary at Tübingen, where by 1824, he had completed his philosophical and theological studies. After spending two years as a private tutor, he became editor of the *Morgenblatt,* married and lived a happy and quiet life for less than a year, when a fatal illness cut short what promised to be a brilliant literary career. His literary activity was confined chiefly to the last two years of his life. In 1826 he published *Marchenalmanach,* containing the fairy tales he used to relate to his pupils during the days of his tutorship. Many of them are strikingly original and fantastic, and all are written in a style superior to the general tone of such literature. *Mittheilungen aus den Memorien des Satans* (Extracts from the Memoirs of Satan, 1826–

27) was a sort of compilation of fragments of humor, and added to the author's growing reputation as a popular narrator. In an effort to parody the sensualism of Clauren, he wrote a novel which he called *The Man in the Moon,* and published in 1826 under Clauren's name. During the course of writing the parody became an imitation, and the object of the author's ridicule brought action against him for the abuse of his name. Clauren won the suit, but was afterward completely annihilated by Hauff's *Controverspredigt* (Controversial Sermon, 1826), in which he gave a witty imitation of his opponent's maudlin style of narrative.

Sir Walter Scott's close attention to detail in the relation of historical romance found many admirers in contemporaneous literature, and Hauff, animated by a desire to produce something in this line, wrote *Lichtenstein* (1826), depicting life in the most interesting period of the history of Würtemberg. Notwithstanding the literary weakness of this novel, it became very popular throughout Germany. Hauff's poems have become regular folk-songs in Germany, and all of his books have passed through several editions. He belonged to the literary school of Hoffman, but was perhaps inferior to him in richness of imagination. *Phantasien im Bremer Rathskeller* (1827) exhales a fanciful spirit of exuberant conviviality. *Die Bettlerin vom Pont des Arts* is accounted his most perfect bit of fiction.

THE DEVIL AT THE UNIVERSITY.

I have borne a great deal in the world — I have even entered into swine (Matt. viii. 31, 32), but into such a philosopher? Not much! I had rather be excused!

What the good man brought forward in his unpleasant voice, was to his hearers as good as French to an Esquimau. Everything must be properly translated into German before it became clear that he was not more capable of flying than other people. But he looked very large, because out of his inferences he had concocted a Jacob's ladder, and adorned it with a mystical varnish. Upon this he clambered up into the blue ether promising to call out, from his luminous elevation, what he saw; he ascended and ascended, pushed his head through the clouds, looked into the clear blue of the sky, which is greatly prettier as seen from the green ground than up there, and saw — like Sancho Panza when he rode to the sun on a wooden horse — beneath him the earth as large as a mustard-seed; men like flies; and above him — nothing.— *From The Memoirs of* ***Satan.***

THE FAIR EXORCIST.

"It is I," she whispered, as she came quite close to him, the courageous, angelically-beautiful maiden; "it is I who announce to you the forgiveness of the dead. I bring it you in the name of God, who is a God of love and not of torment, who forgives a mortal when he sins out of weakness and precipitation, if with true penitence he seeks to reconcile the judge. This is my faith; it is also yours, and you will not disgrace it. But thou," she added with a solemn voice, turning to the chancel of the church, "thou who didst fall by the hand of a friend, if thou still hast claims on this remorseful heart, then appear in this hour, let us see thee, or else give token of thy presence!"

Deep silence was within the church — deep silence without in the night; not a zephyr stirred, not a leaflet moved. With a transporting smile, with the triumph of conviction in her beaming eyes, Ida turned again to the count. "He is silent," she said; "his shadow returns no more — he is reconciled!"

"He is reconciled!" shouted the count, till the church echoed again. "He is reconciled, and returns not again! Oh, angel of heaven! — you, you have banished him;

your faithful friendship for unfortunate me, it is as high, it is as pure, as Antonio's faithfulness and generosity; it has reconciled his bleeding shadow! How, how can I thank you?"—and speechless, he again seized the tender little hand, and pressed it to his beating heart. —*From The Man in the Moon.*

THE TROOPER'S MORNING SONG.

Morning-red,
Dost light me to the early dead?
Soon the trumpet-call will blow,
Then must I my life let go,
I and many a comrade true!

Scarcely thought
Ere his life's delight was naught
Yestern on his snorting gray,
Through the bosom shot to-day,
In the grave so cold to-morrow!

Soon, alas!
Stately form and fairness pass.
Boastest of thy cheeks of silk,
Rosy-red, and white as milk?
Ah, the roses wither all!

Therefore, still,
Yield I me as God may will;
Now then will I bravely fight,
Then if I am cold to-night,
'Tis a gallant trooper dead.

HAUPTMANN, GERHARDT, a German poet and dramatist; born at Salzbrunn, Silesia, November 15, 1862. Having attended for a time the polytechnic institute, and given some atten-

tion to the science of agriculture, he became a student in the school of arts at Breslau, intending to devote himself to sculpture. Thence he passed to the universities of Jena and Berlin, where he gave himself up to scientific studies. During 1883, he spent some months in Italy; and in 1884 he was living in Rome as a sculptor. He traveled a year in Switzerland, and then settled down to the writing of poetry. His first published work was an epic poem entitled *Promethidenlos* (1885); but from this sort of writing he was early turned away by reading Ibsen and the realists, and it is upon his naturalistic dramas, or "play-poems," that his fame rests. The first of these, *Vor Sonnenaufgang,* appeared in 1889, and "provoked," as Boyesen said, "a drawn battle between the old and the new school." This was followed by *Friedensfest* (1890); *Einsame Menschen* (1891) and *College Crampton,* a comedy (1892).

Boyesen says of *Die Weber,* which appeared in Berlin in 1892: "It dances a war-dance upon the prostrate corpse of all dramatic traditions. It has, properly speaking, no action in the old sense." *Hannele,* which appeared in 1894, was commonly spoken of as a "dream poem," and was characterized by its translator, William Archer, as "a study of child psychology expressed in terms of dream psychology." It "combines a study of the most degraded pauperism with spiritual manifestations." Upon its presentation in New York, it was objected to by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children on the ground of "the impious character of the performance and its injury to the health and morals of the child" who was to take the part of "Hannele."

Hauptmann came to the United States to see to the production of the piece.

The Nation, comparing Wildenbruch and Hauptmann as representatives of two extremes in contemporary German literature, thus characterizes them:— "Wildenbruch fiery, passionate, rhetorical; Hauptmann dreamy, brooding, visionary; Wildenbruch, an ardent monarchist, a zealous supporter of the present régime, seeing the salvation of Germany in a continued supremacy of Bismarckian principles; Hauptmann a Democrat if not a Socialist, in deepest sympathy with the sufferings of the 'disinherited,' hoping for the millennium of universal brotherhood."

THE CITY OF THE BLESSÈD.

The City of the Blessèd is marvellously fair,
And peace and utter happiness are never-ending there.
The houses are of marble, the roofs of gold so fine,
And down their silver channels bubble brooks of ruby wine.
The streets that shine so bright, are all bestrewn with flowers,
And endless peals of wedding-bells ring out from all the towers.
The pinnacles, as green as May, gleam in the morning light,
Beset with flickering butterflies, with rose-wreaths decked and dight.
Twelve milk-white swans fly round them in mazy circles wide.
And preen themselves, and ruffle up their plumage in their pride;
They soar aloft so bravely through the shining heavenly air,
With fragrance all a-quiver and with golden trumpet-blare;
In circle-sweeps majestical for ever they are ringing,

And the pulsing of their pinions is like harp-strings softly ringing.
They look abroad o'er Sion, on garden and on sea,
And green and filmy streamers behind them flutter free —
And underneath them wander, throughout the heavenly land,
The people in their feast array, forever hand in hand;
And then into the wide, wide sea filled with the red, red wine,
Behold! they plunge their bodies with glory all a-shine,
They plunge their shining bodies into the gleaming sea,
Till in the deep clear purple they're swallowed utterly;
And when again they leap aloft rejoicing from the flood,
Their sins have all been washed away in Jesus' blessed blood. — *From Hannele.*

HAVEN, Alice Emily Bradley, an American novelist; born at Hudson, N. Y., September 13, 1828; died at Mamaroneck, N. Y., August 23, 1863. She was educated at a girls' school in New Hampshire. While very young she began to contribute to newspapers and magazines. A story, *The First Declaration,* published by her under the signature of Alice G. Lee, in the *Saturday Gazette* of Philadelphia, led to her acquaintance with the editor, Joseph C. Neal, and to her marriage with him in 1846. At his request she dropped her own name, Emily, and assumed that of Alice, which she always retained. After her husband's death in 1847, she assumed charge of the *Gazette,* which she conducted successfully for several years, editing the Children's Department under the name of "Cousin Alice." In 1853 she mar-

ried Samuel G. Haven. In 1850 she published *The Gossips of Rivertown, with Sketches in Prose and Verse,* and a book for children entitled *No Such Word as Fail,* one of a series of tales which made her name a household word among the young. She had previously published *Helen Morton,* a story founded on her own childish sufferings and dread of blindness. After *No Such Word as Fail* she wrote *Out of Debt, Out of Danger; Contentment Better than Wealth; Nothing Venture Nothing Have; A Place for Everything; Patient Waiting no Loss; All's Not Gold That Glitters; Where there's a Will there's a Way; The Coopers* and other stories. Portions of her Diary were published in 1865, under the title of *Cousin Alice: A Memoir of Alice B. Haven.*

THE BEGINNING OF A SLANDER.

But to return to Mrs. Harden's parlor, which was so unceremoniously deserted. Mrs. Utley is by this time quite at home there — Bobby's mother is nicely warmed, and Bobby himself has gone tranquilly to sleep. Misses Susan and Sarah Ann are charitably furnishing employment for the man who tunes Miss Harriet's piano. Henry Utley is devoted to the kitten, and his baby brother sits on his mother's lap, resisting all Miss Harriet's entreaties to "Come, there's a darling," with slight kicks, and the exclamations, "No, I won't — keep away!"

The ladies' knitting-work saw the light, and their tongues found motion, as a kind of running accompaniment to the sharp click which rose industriously above the din of the children. Mrs. Folger thought it was a very open winter, and she "shouldn't be surprised if the river broke up next week." Mrs. Utley was afraid not; her husband had said, at dinner, that they crossed with teams in the morning; the ice must be pretty sound yet. Harriet gave brother John's

opinion that the channel would not be clear of ice before the first of April. Miss Harriet, be it observed, was one of those people who — perhaps it is that their words are often doubted — always give the best of references; Pa, Ma, or John being made responsible for innumerable bits of gossip, that would doubtless have astonished these good people had they reached their ears. Innumerable were the topics that received similar treatment — not to be hinted at — the many important secrets communicated with the preface of "Don't mention it for the world, from me" and interrupted by exclamations of "Do tell!" "No?" and the like. At length there was silence,— comparative silence, that is — for the children were as industrious as ever. Mrs. Harden stepped out a minute to tell Hannah for the fortieth time to be careful of the china; and as the door closed behind her, a bright face passed the window — and lo, another theme:

"If there isn't Mary Butler again!" said one of the ladies, as the three looked after her retreating form.

"That girl's always in the street!"

"So John says!"

But horror for the moment suspended speech, and raised six hands simultaneously.

"Did you ever see the like?"

"She called him back, didn't she?"

"Yes, he had got to Stone's store."

"Well, I don't wonder he looks strange — just to see her shaking her finger at him just as if she'd known him all her life, and to my certain knowledge she never saw him before Mrs. Jackson's party; but when girls are in the street all the time, what can be expected?" Mrs. Folger drew a long sigh, and shook her head ominously.

Here Mrs. Harden returned, and was made acquainted with the important fact — all the witnesses speaking at once — that Mary Butler was going up street (for the third time this week, and it's only Wednesday) — and met Mr. Jorden just by the bank. He bowed very coldly (didn't he?) and was going on, when Mary Butler called him back, and they stood laughing and talk-

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

ing for as much as five minutes before she let him go. Miss Harriet, who had known him so long — a bowing acquaintance of a year's standing — wouldn't have dreamed of doing such a thing. Her mother hoped not — no, certainly, such an *impudent* thing.

The gentlemen came in before the wonder had fairly subsided, and the interesting intelligence was duly reported. How provoking Mr. Folger was! He could not see anything at all remarkable in the affair; perhaps they were old friends! and Mr. Harden would insist that Mary Butler had an undoubted right to go up street as often as she chose. But men are always so queer — they never suspect! There was more going on than some people thought for; the ladies all agreed they should hear from that quarter again.

And so they did; for just as Hannah called them to tea, Harriet directed their attention to the window, with many a silent sign toward that corner of the room in which the gentlemen were discussing the projected river road; and there in the uncertain twilight of early spring, they saw — just as sure as you are reading this page — they saw Mary Butler going down street, and Mr. Jorden walking with her! Miss Harriet declared it was very hard to see why some people were so much in the street, in a manner that said as plainly as possible, that she thought it extremely lucid; and added that "she'd like to have brother John see *her* walking that way with Mr. Jorden," intimating that if he did, it would be the last time she'd get out *that* winter! — *The Gossips of Rivertown.*

HAVERGAL, Frances Ridley, an English poet and hymn writer; born at Astley, Worcestershire, December 14, 1836; died at Swansea, Wales, June 3, 1879. She was the daughter of William Henry Havergal, an English clergyman and mu-

sician, the author of a *Psalmody,* from whom she inherited a fine talent for music. She was the author of many religious and devotional poems, published at various times under the titles of *Bells Across the Snow; Compensation and Other Devotional Poems; Loyal Responses; Songs for the Master; Alpine Poems,* etc. She also published several volumes in prose, principally for young people. Since her death her poems have all been collected and published in two volumes, and the story of her life has been told by her sister, Margaret V. Havergal, in *Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal.*

CHRIST'S RECALL.

Return,
O wanderer from my side!
Soon drops each blossom of the darkening wild,
Soon melts each meteor which thy steps beguiled,
Soon is the cistern dry which thou hast hewn,
And thou wilt weep in bitterness full soon.
Return! ere gathering night shall shroud the way
Thy footsteps yet may tread in the accepted day.

Return,
O erring, yet beloved!
I wait to bind they bleeding feet, for keen
And rankling are the thorns where thou hast been;
I wait to give thee pardon, love and rest.
Is not My joy to see thee safe and blest?
Return! I wait to hear once more thy voice,
To welcome thee anew, and bid thy heart rejoice.

Return,
O fallen, yet not lost!
Canst thou forget the life for thee laid down,
The taunts, the scourging, and the thorny crown?
When o'er thee first My spotless robe I spread,

And poured the oil of joy upon thy head,
How did thy weakening heart within thee burn,
Canst thou remember all, and wilt thou not return?

Return,
O chosen of my love!
Fear not to meet thy beckoning Saviour's view;
Long ere I called thee by thy name, I knew
That very treacherously thou wouldst deal;
Now have I seen thy ways, yet I will heal.
Return! Wilt thou yet linger far from Me?
My wrath is turned away, I have redeemèd thee.

THE THOUGHTS OF GOD.

What know we of God's thoughts? One word of gold
A volume doth enfold.
They are—"not ours!"
Ours? what are they? their value and their powers?
So evanescent, that while thousands fleet
Across thy busy brain,
Only a few remain
To set their seal on memory's strange consistence
Of these, some worthless, some a life-regret,
That we would fain forget;
And very few are rich and great and sweet;
And fewer still are lasting gain,
And these most often born of pain,
Or sprung from strong concussion into strong existence. . . .

Now turn we from the darkness to the light,
From dissonance to pure and full accord!
"My thoughts are not as your thoughts," saith the Lord,
"Nor are your ways as My ways. As the height
Of heaven above the earth, so are My ways,
My thoughts to yours;—out of your sight,
Above your praise."
O oracle most grand!
Thus teaching by sublimest negative

What by a positive we could not understand,
Or understanding, live!
And now, search fearlessly
The imperfections and obscurity,
The weakness and impurity,
Of all our thoughts. On each discovery
Wrote "*Not* as ours!" Then in every line
Behold God's glory shine
In humbling yet sweet contrast, as we view
His thoughts, Eternal, Strong, and Holy, Infinite, and
True. . . .

They say there is a hollow, safe and still,
A point of coolness and repose
Within the centre of a flame, where life might dwell
Unharmed and unconsumed, as in a luminous shell;
Which the bright walls of fire inclose
In breathless splendor barriers that no foes
Could pass at will.
There is a point of rest
At the great centre of the cyclone's force,
A silence at its secret source;—
A little child might slumber undistressed,
Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,
In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.

So, in the centre of these thoughts of God,
Cyclones of power, consuming glory — fire —
As we fall overawed
Upon our faces, and are lifted higher
By His great gentleness, and carried nigher
Than unredeemed angels, till we stand
Even in the hollow of His hand —
Nay, more! we lean upon His breast —
There, there we find a point of perfect rest
And glorious safety. There we see
His thoughts to usward, thoughts of peace
That stoop in tenderest love; that still increase
With increase of our need; that never change;
That never fail, or falter, or forget.
O pity infinite!

O royal mercy free!
O gentle climax of the depth and height
Of God's most precious thoughts, most wonderful, most strange!
"For I am poor and needy, yet
The Lord Himself, Jehovah, *thinketh upon me.*"

CONSECRATION HYMN.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold.
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it *is* Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, *all* for Thee.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to trust, and yet to ask.
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task
As He will.
Just to take the loss or gain,
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it.
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best;

Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

THE UNFAILING ONE.

He who hath led will lead
All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed will feed;
He who hath blessed will bless;
He who hath heard thy cry
Will never close His ear;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh,
Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him to-day, forever.

He who hath made thee whole
Will heal thee day by day;
He who hath spoken to thy soul
Hath many things to say;
He who hath gently taught
Yet more will make thee know;
He who so wondrously hath wrought
Yet greater things will show.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him to-day, forever.

HAWEIS, HUGH REGINALD, an English clergyman and essayist; born at Egham, Surrey, April 3, 1838; died at London, January 29, 1901. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, receiving the degree of M.A. in 1864. After filling two curacies, he was appointed rector of St. James's Church, Marylebone, and afterward of St. James's, Westminster. In 1868 he became editor of

Cassell's Magazine. He wrote *Music and Morals; Thoughts for the Times; Speech in Season; Current Coin; Arrows in the Air; American Humorists; Poets in the Pulpit; Picture of Paul the Disciple; The Conquering Cross,* and other works.

MUSICAL PERTURBATIONS.

The laws which regulate the effect of music upon the listener are subject to many strange perturbations. Unless we admit this to be the case, and try and detect the operation of certain irregular influences, we shall be at a loss to understand why, if music really has its own planes as well as progressions of emotion, gay music should make us sad, and solemn music should sometimes provoke a smile. Musical perturbations are sometimes due to the singer, player, or conductor — sometimes to the listener. A magical prolongation of single notes here and there, until the vulgarity of the rhythm be broken — a pause, a little *appogiatura,* even a smile — and the original melody, such as we may know it to be, is changed and sublimated into the high expression of a high individuality. But the perturbations in the natural effect of the music which come from the listener are even more numerous and perplexing. They proceed chiefly from association and memory. . . .

Memory is the great perturber of musical meaning. When memory is concerned, music is no longer itself; it ceases to have any proper plane of feeling; it surrenders itself wholly, with all its rights to memory, to be the patient, stern, and terrible exponent of that recording angel. What is it? Only a few trivial bars of an old piano-forte piece — *Murmures du Rhone,* or *Pluie des Perles.* The drawing-room window is open, the children are playing in the lawn, the warm morning air is charged with the scent of lilac blossom. Then the ring at the bell, the confusion in the hall, the girl at the piano stops, the door opens, and one is lifted in, dying or dead. Years, years ago! but passing through

the streets, a bar or two of the *Murmures du Rhone* brings the whole scene before the girl, now no longer a girl, but a middle-aged woman, looking back to one fatal summer morning. The enthusiastic old men, who invariably turned out in force whenever poor Madame Grisi was advertised to sing in her last days, seemed always deeply affected. Yet it could hardly be at what they actually heard — no, the few notes recalled the most superb soprano of the age in her best days; recalled, also, the scenes of youth forever faded out, and the lights of youth quenched in the gray mists of the dull declining years. It is worth any money to hear even the hollow echo of a voice which had power to bring back, if only for a moment, the "tender grace of a day that was dead."— *Music and Morals.*

HAWES, STEPHEN, an English poet of whom personally little is recorded except that he was educated at Oxford, traveled in France, became Groom of the Privy Chamber to Henry VII. and died between 1520 and 1530. His principal work, *The Pastime of Pleasure,* is an allegorical poem setting forth the life and adventures of one Grande Amoure, who masters all those accomplishments which constitute a perfect knight, worthy of a perfect lady-love — La Belle Pucel. The poem was a sort of precursor of *The Faerie Queene* of Spenser, who seems to have been indebted to Hawes for many a useful hint and many a pleasing effect of rhyme and cadence.

Critical authorities generally speak slightingly of Hawes. Hallam says: "Those who require the ardent words or the harmonious grace of poetical diction will not frequently be content with Hawes. He is

rude, obscure, full of pedantic Latinisms, but learned and philosophical, reminding us frequently of the school of James I." J. Churton Collins estimates him more highly. He says: "Hawes, with all his faults, is a true poet. He has a sweet simplicity, a pensive, gentle air, a subdued cheerfulness about him, which have a strange charm at this distance of dissimilar time, though the hand of the artist is not firm, and the coloring sometimes too sober."

FROM THE "PASTIME OF PLEASURE."

The way was troublous and ey nothyng playne,
Tyll at the last I came into a dale,
Beholdyng Phœbus declinyng lowe and pale.
With my grey houndes, in the fayre twylight
I sate me downe.

O mortall folke, you may beholde and see
Howe I lye here, sometime a mighty knight,
The end of joye and all prosperite
Is death at last, thorough his course and mighte,
After the daye there cometh the darke nighte,
For though the daye be never so long,
At last the bell ringeth to evensong.

Drive despaire away,
And live in hope which shall do you good.
Joy cometh after when the payne is past,
Be ye pacient and sober in mode:
So wepe and waile, all is for you in waste.
Was never payne, but it had a joy a last
In the fayre morrowe.

DESCRIPTION OF LA BELLE PUCEL.

Her foreheade stepe with fayre browes ybent,
  Her eyen gray, her nose straight and fayre;
In her white chekes the fayre blonde it went
  As among the wite the redde to repayre.

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

Her mouthe right small, her breathe sweet of ayre;
Her lippes soft and ruddy as a rose;
No hart alive but it would him appose.
With a little pitte in her well favoured chynne;
Her necke long, as white as any lillye,
With vaynes blewe in which the bloude ranne in;
Her pappes rounde, and thereto right pretye;
Her armes slender, and of goodly bodye;
Her fingers small and thereto right long,
White as the milke, with blewe vaynes among.
Her fete proper, she gartred well her hose.
I never sawe so fayre a creature;
Nothing she lacketh, as I do suppose,
That is longying to fayre dame Nature.

HAWKINS, ANTHONY HOPE, an English novelist; known by his pen-name of "ANTHONY HOPE"; born in Hackney, February 9, 1863. He studied law and began the practice of his profession at the age of twenty-four. At first he only wrote for his own amusement, and his first two ventures in *Men of Mark* (1889); and *Father Stafford* (1890), were unsuccessful. He then wrote a number of short stories for the *St. James Gazette*, some of which were republished in a volume entitled *Sport Royal* (1893). His first success was *Mr. Witt's Widow* (1892). This was followed by *A Change of Air* (1893); *The Dolly Dialogues; Half a Hero; The Prisoner of Zenda; The God in the Car; The Indiscretion of the Duchess* and *Secret of Wardale Court* (1894); and *Chronicles of Count Antonio* (1895); *A Little Wizard* and *Phroso* (1896); *Rupert of Hentzau* (1898); *The King's Mirror* (1900); *The Intrusions of Peggy*

(1902); *Double Harness* (1904); and *A Servant of the Public* (1905). In 1897 Mr. Hawkins made a tour of America to gather material for a new romance of modern American life.

Upon the appearance of *The God in the Car,* a writer in *The Critic* said of it:—"Here we find the large canvas of serious life brushed over with a firm hand, relentless in general outlines and details — telling the tragedy of a woman's love, and the price that ambition pays for its own gratification. In this story we meet not one or two, but several characters that are worth knowing, and whom we will remember for many a day. Juggernaut, 'The God in the Car,' is the incarnation of all the qualities and shortcomings of what the French are pleased to call the *strugforlifer.*" It is true that the French have coined from our "struggle-for-life," a word which they not only define by "lutte pour la vie," but refer to as itself a "nouvelle définition du mot assassin."

AN UNSUSPECTED FRIEND.

"My dear lord," said the Pasha after a glance round to see that nobody listened, "the conventions must be observed. Yesterday you had not committed the offences of which I regret to say you have now been guilty."

"The offences? You amuse me, Pasha."

"I don't grudge it you," said Mouraki. "Yes, the offences of aiding my prisoner — that lady — to escape, and — well, the death of Constantine is at least a matter for inquiry, isn't it? The man was a rogue, of course, but we must observe the law, my dear Wheatley. Besides —" He paused, then he added: "You mustn't grudge me my amusement either."

Mouraki's sneers and jocularity had no power in themselves to anger me. Plainly he told me that he

had employed Constantine to assassinate me; plainly he exposed to me the trick by which he had obtained a handle against me. Now to whom, if to any one, does a man like Mouraki Pasha reveal such things as these? Why to men — and only to men — who will tell no tales.

"We've both lost a friend this morning, Pasha."

"Constantine? Ah, yes. Still — he's as well where he is — just as well where he is."

Apparently Mouraki did not think the matter worth his care. He had approached very near to Phroso now, leaning down toward her as she sat on a rock. Suddenly I heard a low cry of terror and "No, no," in horrified accents; but Mouraki, raising his voice a little, answered, "Yes, yes."

I strained my ears to hear; nay, I half rose from where I sat, and sank back only under the pointed hint of a soldier's bayonet. I could not hear the words, but a soft pleading murmur came from Phroso, a short relentless laugh from Mouraki, a silence, a shrug of Mouraki's shoulders. Then he turned and came across to me.

"Ah, yes, yes," he laughed. "And there is to be one more polite fiction, my dear lord."

"I believe I can guess it," said I, meeting his eye; "though the precise form of it I confess I don't understand."

"Well, our lamented Constantine, who had much experience, but rather wanted imagination, was in favor of a fever. He told me that it was the usual device in Neopalia."

"His wife died of it, I suppose?" I believe I smiled as I put the question, great as was my peril.

"Oh, no; now that's unworthy of you. Never have a fiction when the truth will serve. Since he's dead, he murdered his wife. If he had lived, of course."

"Ah, then it would have been fever."

"Precisely; we must adapt ourselves to circumstances. Now in case —— Don't you think the outraged patriotism of Neopalia?" he suggested with a smile. "You bought the island — you a stranger. It was very rash. These islanders are desperate fellows."

"That would have served with Constantine alive, but he's dead. Your patriot is gone, Pasha."

"Alas, yes; our good Constantine is dead. But there are others. There's a fellow whom I ought to hang."

"Demetri?" I asked, with a careless air.

"Well, yes, Demetri," smiled the Pasha. "Demetri is very open to reason. I hanged his brother three years ago."

The little bay in which we were was surrounded by steep and precipitous cliffs except in one place. Here there was a narrow cleft; the rocks did not rise abruptly; the ground sloped gradually upward as it receded from the beach. Just on this spot of gently rising ground Demetri sat, and the Pasha, having amused himself with me for as long as it pleased him, walked up to Demetri. The fellow sprang to his feet and saluted Mouraki with great respect. Mouraki beckoned to him to come nearer, and began to speak to him.

I sat still where I was, under the bayonets of the soldiers, who faced me and had their backs to their commander. My eyes were fixed steadily on the pair who stood conferring on the slope; and my mind was in a ferment. Scruples troubled me no more; Mouraki himself had made them absurd. I read my only chance of life in the choice or caprice of the wild, passionate barbarian — he was little else — who stood with head meekly bowed and knife carelessly dangled in his hand. This man was he of whom Panayiota had spoken so mysteriously; he was the friend whom I had "more than I knew of;" in his blood-feud with the Pasha, in his revengeful wrath, lay my chance. It was only a chance indeed, for the soldiers might kill me. But it was a chance, and there was no other. For if Mouraki won him over by promises or bribes, or intimidated him into doing his will, then Demetri would take the easier task,— that which carried no risk and did not involve his own death, as an attack on the Pasha almost certainly would. Would he be prudent and turn his hand against the single helpless man? Or would his long-nursed rage stifle all care for himself and drive him against Mouraki? If so, if he chose that way, there

was a glimmer of hope. I glanced at Phroso's motionless figure and pallid face: I glanced at the little boat that floated on the water (why had Demetri not beached it?); I glanced at the rope which bound it to the other boat: I measured the distance between the boat and myself; I thrust my hand into the pocket of my coat and contrived to open the blade of my clasp-knife, which was now the only weapon left to me.

Mouraki spoke and smiled; he made no gesture, but there was just a movement of his eyes toward me; Demetri's eyes followed his for an instant, but would not dwell on my face. The Pasha spoke again; Demetri shook his head, and Mouraki's face assumed a persuasive good-humored expression: Demetri glanced round apprehensively. The Pasha took him by the arm, and they went a few paces further up the slope, so as to be more private in their talk: but was that the object with both of them? Still Demetri shook his head. The Pasha's smile vanished. He spoke in short, sharp sentences, the snap of his lips showing when his mind was spoken. Demetri seemed to plead, he looked uneasy, he shifted from foot to foot, he drew back from the imperious man as though he shunned him and would fain escape from him. Mouraki would not let him go, but followed him in his retreat, step for step; thus another ten yards were put between them and me. Anger and contempt blazed now on Mouraki's face; he raised his hand and brought it down clenched on the palm of the other. Demetri held out his hand as though in protest or supplication. The Pasha stamped with his foot. There were no signs of relenting in his manner.

My eyes grew weary with intent watching; I felt like a man who has been staring at a bright white light, too fascinated by its intensity to blink or turn away, even though it pains him to look longer. The figures of the two seemed to become indistinct and blurred. I rubbed my knuckles into my eyes to clear my vision, and looked again. Yes, they were a little farther off, even still a little farther off than when I had looked before. It could not be by chance and unwittingly that Demetri always and always and always gave back a pace, luring

the Pasha to follow him. No, there was a plan in his head; and in my heart suddenly came a great beat of savage joy — of joy at the chance heaven gave, yes, and of lust for the blood of the man against whom I had so mighty a debt of wrong. And, as I gazed now, for an instant — a single, barely perceptible instant — came the swiftest message from Demetri's eyes. I read it; I knew its meaning. I sat where I was, but every muscle of my body was tense and strung in readiness for that desperate leap, and every nerve of me quivered with a repressed excitement that seemed almost to kill. Now! Now! Was it now? I was within an ace of crying "Strike?" But I held the word in and still gazed. And the soldiers leaned easily on their bayonets, exchanging a word or two now and again, yawning sometimes, weary of a dull job, wondering when his Excellency would let them get home again; of what was going on behind their backs, there on the slope of the cliff, they took no heed.

Ah, there was a change now! Demetri had ceased to protest, to deprecate, and to retreat. Mouraki's frowns had vanished, he smiled again in satisfaction and approval. Demetri threw a glance at me. Mouraki spoke. Demetri answered. For an instant I looked at the soldiers; they were more weary and inattentive than ever. Back went my eyes; now Mouraki, with suave graciousness, in condescending recognition of a good servant, stepped right close up to Demetri, and, raising his hand, reached around the fellow's shoulder and patted him approvingly on the back.

"It will be now!" I thought — nay, I believe I whispered — and I drew my legs up under me and grasped the hidden knife in my pocket. "Yes, it must be now."

Mouraki patted, laughed, evidently pleased; Demetri bowed his head. But his long, lithe, bare, brown right arm that had hung so weary a time in idle waiting by his side — the arm whose hand held the great bright blade so lovingly polished, so carefully tested — the arm began slowly and cautiously to crawl up his side. It bent at the elbow, it rested a moment after its stealthy, secret climb. Then, quick as lightning, it flew above

Demetri's head, the blade sparkled in the sun, the hand swooped down, and the gleams of the sunlit steel were quenched in the body of Mouraki. With a sudden cry of amazement, of horror, and of agony, the Pasha staggered and fell prone on the rocky ground. And Demetri cried, "At last, my God, at last!" and laughed aloud.— *From Phroso.*

PASSING THE SUMMIT OF FAME.

Slow in forming, swift in acting; slow in the making, swift in the working; slow to the summit, swift down the other slope; it is the way of nature, and the way of the human mind. What seemed yesterday unborn and impossible, is to-day incipient and a great way off, to-morrow complete, present and accomplished. After long labor a thing springs forth full grown; to deny it, or refuse it, or fight against it, seems now as vain as a few hours ago it was to hope for it, or to fear, or to imagine or conceive it. In like manner, the slow, crawling, upward journey can be followed by every eye; its turns, its twists, its checks, its zigzags may be recorded on a chart. Then is the brief pause — on the summit — and the tottering incline toward the declivity. But how describe what comes after? The dazzling rush that beats the eye, that in its fury of advance, its paroxysm of speed, is void of halts or turns and darting from point to point, covers and blurs the landscape till there seems nothing but the moving thing; and that again, while the watcher still tries vainly to catch its whirl, has sprung and reached, and ceased; and, save that there it was and here it is he would not know that its fierce stir had been.

Such a race runs passion to its goal, when the reins hang loose. Hours may do what years have not done, and minutes sum more changes than long days could stretch to hold. The world narrows until there would seem to be nothing else existent in it — nothing of all that once held out the promise (sure as it then claimed to be) of escape, of help or warning. The very promise is forgotten, the craving for its fulfillment dies away.

"Let me alone," is the only cry: and the appeal makes its own answer, the entreaty is own concession.— *From The God in the Car.*

HAWKS, Francis Lister, an American clergyman and historian; born at Newbern, N. C., June 10, 1798; died at New York in September, 1866. He was graduated from the University of North Carolina, and became a lawyer in Hillsboro in that State. Though successful in his profession, he abandoned it for the ministry, entered the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in 1829 became Dr. Croswell's assistant in Trinity Church, New Haven. After several changes during the next two years, he became rector of St. Thomas's Church, New York, where he remained until 1843. During this time he had been nominated Missionary Bishop of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Florida, but declined the nomination, and had been appointed Historiographer of the Church, and Conservator of Documents. He had published two volumes in relation to Church History, but had not completed the work. He had assisted to found the New York *Review* in 1837, and had established a school for boys at Flushing, N. Y. He was rector of Christ Church, New Orleans, for several years, returned to New York as rector of Calvary Church in 1849; went to Baltimore in 1862; returned to New York after the war, and in 1866 laid the corner-stone of the Chapel of the Holy Saviour, of which he was to be pastor.

Among his works are *Reports of Cases Adjudged in the Supreme Court of North Carolina* (1823–28);

Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of New York (1836–41); *Commentary on the Constitution and Canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States* (1841); *Egypt and its Monuments* (1849); *Auricular Confessions in the Protestant Episcopal Church* (1856); *History of North Carolina* (1857). Under the name of "Uncle Philip" he published numerous books for the young: *The American Forest; Massachusetts; New Hampshire; New York; Virginia; The Whale Fishery,* etc. These were in the form of conversations. He translated Rivero and Tschudi's *Antiquities of Peru* (1854), and edited *State Papers of General Alexander Hamilton* (1842); *Perry's Expedition to the China Seas and Japan* (1852-54); Appleton's *Cyclopædia of Biography* (1856), and the *Romance of Biography.* He assisted in preparing two volumes of the *Documentary History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States* (1863–64).

EGYPTIAN ART.

In inspecting the specimens of sculpture and painting presented in the remains of ancient Egypt, one is forcibly struck with the manifold defects to be found generally alike in the design and execution, and these are the most surprising, when occasionally some specimen is met with confessedly of high merit, as exhibiting practised artistic skill. It is observable also that these better specimens are delineations of some things other than the human figure. Perhaps a reason for this may, to a certain extent, be found in the consideration of the purpose to which the Egyptians applied the arts of design. The effort was not with them, as with the Greeks (from whom modern art is derived), to speak through the eye to the imagination; theirs was the more matter-of-fact business of addressing the understanding. They

were not seeking the beautiful, but the useful merely. Clement of Alexandria says truly that an Egyptian temple was "a writing," and grace was not the prime object of the manuscript.

The painting and sculpture of Egypt were meant, then, simply to convey facts, or what it was intended should be considered facts. The characters by which they sought to do it were but visible and often rude imitations of sensible objects; the heavenly bodies, men, brutes, birds, fishes, dress, furniture, etc. In fulfilling their design, therefore, it was more important to convey the idea correctly and avoid mistakes, than it was to produce a finished work of art. Hence the representation of the human figure seldom affords proof of elaboration in its execution; a very rude sketch was sufficient to show that nothing but man could be meant by it; commonly the face and lower limbs are in profile, while the body is presented with its full front; proportion also is sometimes utterly neglected. In fact the rough drawing served but to spell the word *man*, while the hieroglyphics above it informed him who could read them, who or what the man was. But in the very same picture, perhaps, containing a rough sketch of the human figure, birds, or other objects would be represented, drawn with great spirit, and colored with a minute attention to nature. Accuracy of delineation was resorted to when such accuracy was necessary to guard against mistakes, and it was therefore required to show the species of the bird so represented. All that the artist sought was to convey an idea with precision, and in doing this he could call in the aid of hieroglyphics, both symbolic and phonetic. It was perhaps strange that he did not think of using either painting or hieroglyphics separately, to accomplish his object; but so it was that, using both, he could effect his purpose, and he consequently made no effort at improvement.

It must not, however, be supposed that there was an entire absence of artistic skill in the Egyptians, when they found an occasion for its exercise. There are not wanting statues executed by them, in which the anatomical proportions of the human figure are carefully repre-

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

sented; they unquestionably, also, were sufficiently minute and accurate in their work to produce portraits when necessary. It was, therefore, not want of capacity entirely that caused the productions of Egyptian art to fall so far short of the polished works of the Grecian chisel their defects were purposed.

There was, however, one department of drawing, in which all the specimens yet seen, would justify the conclusion that they were entirely ignorant. They knew nothing of perspective, and some of their devices to remedy defects arising from this cause, are clumsy in the extreme. Thus, if it became necessary to depict three sides of an apartment (as may be seen in the pictures of some of the granaries), a separate elevation of each wall was made, and the distant end of the room was placed in the drawing, *above* the elevation of the sides, as an entirely separate feature. From these and other causes, it requires some little practice and familiarity with the representations in Egyptian paintings and reliefs, to understand them.—*Egypt and its Monuments.*

HAWTHORNE, JULIAN, an American novelist; son of Nathaniel Hawthorne; born at Boston, Mass., June 22, 1846. After four years in Harvard University, he entered the Scientific School of Harvard in 1867, and the next year went to Dresden to continue the study of civil engineering in the Polytechnic School of that city. On his return to America in 1870 he joined the staff of hydrographic engineers in the New York Dock Department. About this time he contributed several short stories to the magazines. Their success led him to adopt literature as a profession. His first novel, *Bressant,* appeared

in 1873, and was followed by *Idolatry* (1874). His next publication was a collection entitled *Saxon Studies* (1875), contributed first to the *Contemporary Review*. *Garth*, begun in 1875 in *Harper's Magazine*, was published in book form in 1877. At this time Mr. Hawthorne was living in England. To this time belong *Archibald Malmaison; Prince Saroni's Wife; Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds*, and numerous short tales. *Sebastian Strome* was published in 1880, *Fortune's Fool* and *Dust* between 1880 and 1883. In 1882 the author returned to America. Since that time he has written *Beatrice Randolph; Noble Blood; Love — or a Name; Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife* (1883); *Confessions and Criticisms; John Parmelee's Curse* (1886); *A Tragic Mystery; The Great Bank Robbery* (1887), the last two founded on facts furnished by a New York detective. In 1888 he published *The Professor's Sister*, in 1893 *Six Cent Sam's*, and in December, 1895, was awarded the New York *Herald* prize of $10,000 for his novel *A Fool of Nature*. In 1889 he visited Europe with a delegation of fifty workingmen to examine the condition of European industries. His later works include *Hawthorne and His Circle*, a volume of personal recollections of his father, published in 1903. In 1904 Mr. Hawthorne gave up his literary career and devoted himself to daily journalism.

SAXON VILLAGES.

Many of these little flocks of houses have settled down from their flight in the realm of thought along the banks of a stream which trickles through a narrow gorge, between low hills. The brook is an important element in the village economy, fulfilling the rather discordant offices of public drain, swill-pail, and

wash-tub; and moreover, serving as a perennial plaything for quantities of white-headed children and geese. It is walled in with stone; narrow flights of steps lead down at intervals to the water's edge, and here and there miniature bridges span the flood. The water bubbles over a pebbly bottom, varied with bits of broken pottery and cast-away odds-and-ends of the household; once in a while the stream gathers up its strength to turn a saw-mill, and anon spreads out to form a shallow basin. Stiff-necked, plaster-faced, the cottages stand in lines on either bank, winking lazily at one another with their old glass eyes, across the narrow intervening space. Above their red-tiled roofs rise the steep hill-ridges, built up in irregular terraces, overgrown with vines or fruit-trees. Nobody seems to stay at home except the geese and the babies.

Such little settlements hide in country depths, whither only grassy lanes and foot-paths find their way. Others there are, mere episodes of the high-road, dusty, bare, and exposed, with flat views over surrounding plains; with a naked inn "Gasthaus"— in their midst, where thirsty teamsters halt for beer, and to stare with slow-moving eyes at the pygmy common with its muddy goose-pond, and to pump up unintelligible gutterals at one another. Others, again, are ranged abreast beneath the bluffs on the river bank; a straggling foot-path dodges crookedly through them, scrambling here over a front door-step, there crossing a back-yard. Women, bare of foot and head, peer curiously forth from low doorways and cramped windows; soiled children stare, a-suck at muddy fingers; there are glimpses of internal economies, rustic meals, withered grandparents who seldom get farther than the door-step; visions of infants nursed and spanked. A strip of grass intervenes between the houses and the Elbe river; through trees we see the down-slipping current, bearing with it interminable rafts and ponderous canal-boats, and sometime a puffing steamer with noisy paddle-wheels. At times we skirt long stretches of blind walls, from the chinks of which sprout grass and flowers; and which

convey to us an obscure impression of there being grape-vines on the other side of them.

Or, once more, and not least picturesque, our village alights on a low hill-top, where trees and houses crowd one another in agreeable contention. The main approach winds snake-like upward from the grass and brush of the valley, but on reaching the summit splits into hydra heads, each one of which pokes itself into somebody's barn-yard or garden, leaving a stranger in some embarrassment as to how to get through the town without unauthorized intrusion on its inhabitants. Besides the main approach, there are clever short-cuts down steep places, sometimes forming into a rude flight of stone steps, anon taking a sudden leap down a high terrace, and finally creeping out through a hole in the hedge at the bottom. The houses look pretty from below; but after climbing the hill their best charm vanishes, like that of clouds seen at too close quarters. In Saxony, as well as elsewhere, there is a penalty for opening Pandora's box.— *Saxon Studies.*

FREE-WILL.

Strength of the beautiful day, green and blue and white;
Voice of leaf and of bird;
Low voice of mellow surf far down the curving shore;
Strong white clouds and gray, slow and calm in your flight,
Aimless, majestic, unheard —
You walk in air, and dissolve and vanish forevermore!
Lying here 'midst poppies and maize, tired of the loss and the gain,
Dreaming of rest, ah! fain
Would I, like ye, transmute the terror of fate into praise.

Yet thou, O earth! art a slave, orderly, without care,
Perfect thou knowest not why;
For He whose word is thy life has spared thee the gift of will.

We men are not so brave, our lives are not so fair,
Our law is an eye for an eye;
And the light that shines for our good we use to our ill.
Fails boyhood's hope erelong, for the deed still mocks the plan,
And the knave is the honest man,
And thus we grow weak in a world created to make us strong.

But woe to the man who quails before that which makes him man!
Though Heaven be sweet to win,
One thing is sweeter yet — freedom to side with hell!
In man succeeds or fails this great creative plan;
Man's liberty to sin
Makes worth God's winning the love even God may not compel.
Shall I then murmur and be wroth at Nature's peace?
Though I be ill at ease
I hold one link of the chain of his happiness in my hand.

MURGATROYD.

Perhaps Murgatroyd was his father's least comprehensible manifestation. He appeared commonplace. The animal was prominent in him. It glowed in his cheeks, thickened his lips, lowered his forehead. His eyebrows were thick and all but met across the root of his blunt nose; his dark-brown hair was overabundant and rebellious to the comb. He was as redolent of good-humor as a gambolling retriever; grins and laughter bubbled from him at the slightest provocation. But he was afflicted with bashfulness, which was forever reddening his face and ears, and blundering into his hands and feet. He was obviously well disposed, liking to be liked and to satisfy expectation, but the primitive impulse within was so alien to the sage outward admonition that it obeyed with difficulty, and the constant sense of failure rushed in, dismally timultu-

ous. Murgatroyd had moments of despair, contrasting what he was with what he ought to be. These alternated with seasons of oblivious, illicit joy — festivals of physical health and strength and delighted marriage of desire with gratification. Few youths had more than he enjoyed college life — so long as it was a matter of playing ball, rowing, eating, and genial carousing — but his inability to keep to strict training spoilt his value in college athletics, and as for study, neither under the academic shades nor during enforced retirement to rural solitudes tempered by learned parsons, could he bring his mind to it. The consequence was the indefinite postponement of his diploma.

On his way home Murgatroyd contemplated suicide, but he decided to eat once more first, and presently he found himself entering the paternal mansion.

Mr. Whiterduce happened to intercept him on the way to the larder, where he knew that his friend, Sallie Wintle, the housemaid, would give him all the cold pie and cheese he wanted.

Mr. Whiterduce pleasantly beckoned him into the library, where the unhappy youth confronted him, his interior parts distilling to a jelly, while his skin was as though bathed in nettles. He heard the sound of that low, serene voice, which always slid through him like Saladin's cimeter, but for a while had no idea what it was saying. At length these surprising words reached his consciousness:

"Don't let it bother you, my boy. A college diploma amounts to nothing. Let the past go. You are a man now, and what I want you to do is to marry. You will like Isabella Sharingbourne, I think. You shall have opportunities of arranging it between yourselves. Have you had your lunch? Ring the bell and tell Foster to bring whatever you want. You are to give what orders you like in this house from this time on."

Semi-articulate noises strove to emerge from Murgatroyd's throat; Mr. Whiterduce smiled again, and left him to his own devices.— *From A Fool of Nature.*

HEINRICH AND HIS FRAU.

In a narrow back street, within sound of the tramway-car bells on one of the chief thoroughfares of the city, yet as distant from it socially and ethically as if it were in another planet, stood a musty, dingy beer saloon known as the Hobby-Horse. It was a place even the existence of which was unknown to the kind of people we have hitherto been associated with. And yet it was by no means such an evil-minded and murderous dive as might be found in less unpromising localities. You could get good beer there and meet people whose conversation had points of interest. The host kept order, and was also a philosopher. He was a cubical, pale-eyed German, five feet nine inches high, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds. He was calm, courteous, resolute, and ordinarily serious, though sometimes, when only a few well-known customers remained, late at night, he would come from behind the bar, sit at one of the tables, and talk with sagacity and humor.

He had a wife nearly as big as himself, ugly, shrewd, and good-humored, who occasionally helped her husband attend to the guests. The latter made her an object of sprightly compliments and badinage, which she returned full measure, like her schoppens of beer; but if anyone ventured too far in gallantry, she gave him reason to regret it promptly.

The landlord was called Heinrich and his wife Frau Pilsen. They had occupied the house a long time and did a good business. Herr Heinrich used to say, with quiet complacency, that the police had made no complaints against him since he had been there; and he would sometimes add that he would see to it that they never did. Any guest might express any opinions he chose, provided his language was neither indecent nor over-loud; but any attempt to do anything not in harmony with law and order was strictly (and effectively) forbidden.

This was good sense and good business. Many of

sturdy Herr Heinrich's patrons had sat at his tables almost nightly for a dozen years or more. Frivolous and rowdy people found the society uncongenial; there were men there, perhaps, who held and discussed theories or even designs of an extravagant or outrageous nature; but they paid for their beer and conducted themselves respectably while they were within the realm of Herr Heinrich. The most blood-thirsty anarchist, the most relentless nihilist who ever planned to decimate society for the sake of abstract human happiness, would have plunged through the door of the Hobby-Horse head-foremost, with the toe-mark of Herr Heinrich's massive boot tingling in his rear, had he presumed to disregard the unwritten rules of that establishment. But so long as he was orderly in his demeanor, Herr Heinrich would not only extend hospitality and welcome to him, but would, if opportunity served, sit down with him and listen to plans and suggestions which would have turned any ordinary citizen's hair white. But the big beer-seller would only nod his head and smile, and say in his sleepy bass voice, "Gutt — dat is gut, mein lieber. Do vat you laik and dake der gonsequences — dat is der prieflege of all man. Der worlt is full of wrong dings; I will be glad myzelf when dey are removt. But vatefer vill be done, es muss bier getrunken werden — nicht? Well, I shdays here and I sell beer, more as dwlef year now. When you sets dose wrongs righd, you gome here by me, and we drink; if you vail, you gome and we drink just da zame — ja? Na, also — noch eins? Ja, wohl!"

Men like this will survive and prosper when the bomb of social regeneration has swept all other life from the planet. They are mortised down to the hard-pan of creation. The last relic left of human occupation of this globe will be a beer-keg. Perhaps it will form the nucleus of a new planetary system.— *From A Fool of Nature.*

WISDOM.

"How many colleges have you endowed altogether, Murgy?" asked Sabina.

"There's one I never endowed, though it's the only one where you really learn anything," he replied.

"What's that, the Reformatory?" inquired Letitia.

"The world!" replied Murgatroyd, solemnly.

"Gracious! Listen to the philosopher!" exclaimed Sabina, with a laugh. "All the world has taught me is the moral and pecuniary value of women's tongues — and that's a thing that all women know by instinct. What has it taught you?"

"Well, I found the thing I cared for most in the place I cared least for, so I have come to the conclusion that the only reason we don't see good things everywhere is because we haven't good eyes. If it hadn't been for you, Sabina, I'd have missed seeing the one thing on earth I was looking for hardest."

"Why, my dear, you talk in epigrams and riddles, like a graduate of St. Quentin!" remarked Horace.

"There's one thing the world hasn't taught, Horace," put in Gabriel, sending his slow humorous glance around the circle. "It hasn't taught him how to make hair grow!" And he bowed forward in a noiseless chuckle.

"That is a problem which no longer engrow-ses my attention," the witty doctor rejoined. "Well, I used to be an anarchist, to some extent, but the affair in which all the anarchists I ever knew got mixed up turned out to be a despotism; so I have made up my mind to let things go as they are. But I don't know as there's much of a lesson in that. What is the secret of the universe, Gabe? You ought to know!"

"Well, folks pay me two dollars to tell 'em what's going to happen to 'em," said the soothsayer, folding his hands over his stomach; "but the real secret of the universe, as far as I could ever learn it, is, that unless what's coming to folks happens to be what they want, they don't believe it till — after — it's — come! So as

far as practical results to them go, I reckon I'm two dollars ahead of the game every trip!"

"What is your philosophy, Poly?" asked Horace; "we'll have to diagnose the whole gang, since we've begun!"

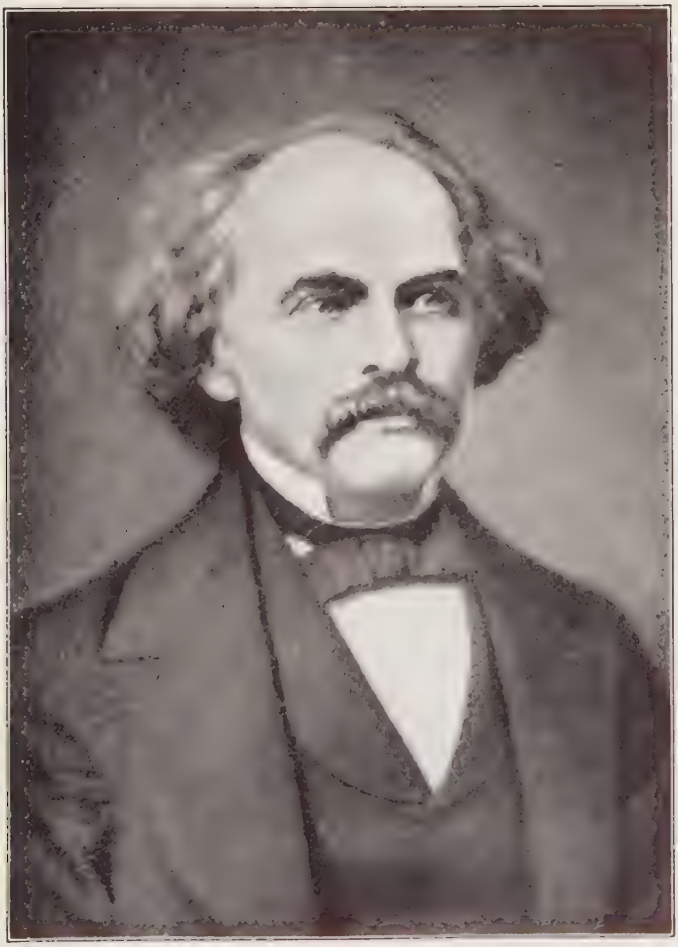
"The world has taught me that there's nothing like the method," the faithful Polydore promptly responded; "and now I'm busy teaching it back to 'em!"

"Well, your reply has one advantage — it confirms the general anticipation!" Gabriel observed. "But we haven't heard from our good hostess yet," he added; "I guess she'll be the one to ring the bell, after all!"

"Oh, I'm only learning how to love my husband and my baby," said Isabella, looking round with a smile, which finally rested upon Murgatroyd.

Sabina kissed her. Letitia jumped up, saying: "Well, girls and boys, it's time I was in bed!" And just then Sallie Wintle came in with the whiskey and seltzer.— *From A Fool of Nature.*

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL, an American novelist; born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N. H., May 19, 1864. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825, in the same class with Longfellow. After leaving college he led for several years an almost recluse life, writing much but publishing little. In 1836 he went to Boston to become editor of the *American Magazine,* a periodical which proved unsuccessful. In 1837 he published, under the title of *Twice-told Tales,* a number of stories which had appeared in various periodicals. A second series of these was issued in 1845. In 1838 he received the appointment of weigher and gauger in the custom-house at Boston; but the Democratic party



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

going out of power in 1841, he was displaced. He was then for a few months a member of the Brook Farm Society at West Roxbury, Mass. In 1843 he married Sophia Peabody, a clever artist, and subsequently author of a volume of *Notes in England and Italy.* After his marriage he took up his residence at Concord, Mass., in the "Old Manse," which had been the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, by whose grandfather it was built. Here were written the collection of tales and sketches entitled *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846). In 1845 Hawthorne was appointed surveyor of the port of his native town, but was removed in 1849, when the Whig party came again into power. *The Scarlet Letter,* published in 1850, was planned and partly written during this collectorship. He then took up his residence at Lenox, Mass. Here were written *The House of the Seven Gables,* the scene of which is laid in Salem, and *The Blithedale Romance,* for which Brook Farm furnished a shadowy background.

In 1852 Franklin Pierce was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and Hawthorne wrote his life as a campaign document, and Pierce, upon his election, appointed him to the lucrative post of United States Consul at Liverpool. Hawthorne held this position until 1857, when he resigned, and for two years travelled with his family upon the Continent, residing for a while at Rome. Going back for a short time to England, he completed *The Marble Faun,* which was published in 1860. In this year he returned to America, again taking up his residence at Concord.

A complete edition of Hawthorne's Works has been published. Besides those already referred to, it contains: *True Stories from History and Biography*

(1851); *The Wonder Book for Girls and Boys* (1851); *The Snow Image* (1852); *Tanglewood Tales* (1853); *Our Old Home,* a series of English sketches (1863). After his death a selection from his diaries was edited by his wife under the title of *Note Books;* among his papers was also found *Septimus Felton, or the Elixir of Life,* some chapters of an unfinished book, *The Dolliver Romance,* and *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret.*

EMERSON AND THE EMERSONITES.

There were circumstances around me which made it difficult to view the world precisely as it exists; for severe and sober as was the Old Manse, it was necessary to go but a little way beyond its threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles. These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face.

Young visionaries, to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clew which should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists, whose systems — at first air — had finally imprisoned them in a fiery framework, travelled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom. People that had lighted upon a new thought — or thought that they fancied new — came to Emerson as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers through the midnight of the moral world beheld his intellectual fire as a beacon burning upon a hill-top, and climbing the

difficult ascent, looking forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before:— mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of a creation among the chaos: but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls and the whole host of nightbirds, which flapped their dusky wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusions always hover nigh whenever a beacon-fire of truth is kindled.

For myself there had been epochs of my life when I too might have asked of this prophet the master-word that should solve me the riddle of the universe; but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put; and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure, intellectual gleam diffused about his presence, like the garment of a shining one; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And in truth, the heart of many a man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which in the brains of some people wrought a singular giddiness — new truth being as heady as new wine.

Never was a poor little country village infected with such a variety of queer, strangely-dressed, oddly-behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were simply bores of the first water. Such, I imagine, is the invariable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus become imbued with a false originality. This triteness of novelty is enough to make any man of common sense blaspheme at all ideas of less than a century's standing, and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immovable in precisely the worst

moral and physical state that it has ever yet arrived at rather than be benefited by such schemes of such philosophers.— *Mosses From an Old Manse.*

THE ROMANCE AND THE NOVEL.

When a writer calls his work a Romance, it need hardly be observed that he wishes to claim a certain latitude, both as to its fashion and material, which he would not have felt himself entitled to assume had he professed to be writing a Novel. The latter form of composition is presumed to aim at a very minute fidelity not merely to the possible but to the probable and ordinary course of man's experience. The former — while as a work of art, it must rigidly subject itself to laws, and while it sins unpardonably so far as it may swerve aside from the truth of the human heart — has fairly a right to present that truth under circumstances to a great extent of the writer's own choosing or creation. If he think fit, also, he may so manage his atmospherical medium as to bring out or mellow the lights and deepen or enrich the shadows of the picture. He will be wise, no doubt, to make a very moderate use of the privileges here stated, and especially to mingle the Marvellous rather as a slight, delicate, and evanescent flavor, than as any portion of the actual substance of the dish offered to the public. He can hardly be said, however, to commit a literary crime even if he disregard this caution.

In the present work the author has proposed to himself — but with what success, fortunately, it is not for him to judge — to keep undeviatingly within his immunities. The point of view in which this tale comes under the Romantic definition lies in the attempt to connect a bygone time with the very present that is flitting away from us. It is a legend prolonging itself from an epoch now grown gray in the distance, down to our own broad daylight, and bringing along with it some of its own legendary mist, which the reader, according to his pleasure, may either disregard, or allow it to float almost imperceptibly about the characters and events for the sake of a picturesque effect.

The narrative, it may be, is woven of so humble a texture as to require this advantage, and at the same time to render it the more difficult of attainment.

Many writers lay very great stress upon some definite moral purpose at which they profess to aim their works. Not to be deficient in this particular, the author has provided himself with a moral — the truth, namely, that the wrong-doing of one generation lives into successive ones, and, divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief; and he would feel it a singular gratification if this Romance might effectually convince mankind — or indeed any one man — of the folly of tumbling down an avalanche of ill-gotten gold, or real-estate, on the heads of an unfortunate posterity, thereby to maim and crush them until the accumulated mass shall be scattered abroad in its original atoms. In good faith, however, he is not sufficiently imaginative to flatter himself with the slightest hope of this kind. When Romances do really teach anything, so as to produce any effective operation, it is usually through a far more subtle process than the ostensible one. The author has considered it hardly worth his while, therefore, relentlessly to impale the story with its moral, as with an iron mask — or, rather, as by sticking a pin through a butterfly, thus at once depriving it of life, and causing it to stiffen in an ungainly and unnatural attitude. A high truth, indeed, fairly, finely, and skilfully wrought out, brightening at every step, and crowning the final development of a work of fiction, may add an artistic glory, but is never any truer, and seldom any more evident, at the last page than at the first.

The reader may perhaps assign an actual locality to the imaginary events of this narrative. If permitted by the historical connection — which, though slight, was essential to his plan — the author would very willingly have avoided anything of this nature. Not to speak of other objections, it exposes the Romance to an inflexible and exceedingly dangerous species of criticism, by bringing his fancy-pictures almost into positive contact with the realities of the moment. It has been no part of

his object, however, to describe local manners, nor in any way to meddle with the characteristics of a community for whom he cherishes a proper respect and a natural regard. He trusts not to be considered as unpardonably offending, by laying out a street that infringes upon nobody's private rights, and appropriating a lot of land which had no visible owner, and building a house of materials long in use for constructing castles in the air. The personages of the tale — though they give themselves out to be of ancient stability and considerable prominence — are really of the author's own making, or, at all events, of his own mixing; their virtues can shed no lustre, nor their defects redound in the remotest degree to the discredit of the venerable town of which they profess to be inhabitants. He would be glad, therefore, if — especially in the quarter to which he alludes — the book may be read strictly as a Romance, having a great deal more to do with the clouds overhead than with any portion of the actual soil of the County of Essex.—*The House of Seven Gables.*

THE FIRST EVENING AT BLITHEDALE.

And now we were seated by the brisk fireside of the old farm-house. There we sat, with the snow melting out of our hair and beards, and our faces all ablaze with the past inclemency and present warmth. It was indeed a right good fire that we found awaiting us. A family of the old Pilgrims might have swung their kettle over precisely such a fire as this; and contrasting it with my coal-grate, I felt so much the more that we had transported ourselves a world-wide distance from the system of society that shackled us at breakfast-table.

Good, comfortable Mrs. Foster (the wife of stout Silas Foster, who was to manage the farm, at a fair stipend, and be our tutor in the art of husbandry), bade us a hearty welcome. At her back appeared two young women, smiling most hospitably, but looking rather awkward withal, as not well knowing what was to be their position in our new arrangement of the world. We shook hands affectionately all around, and congratulated our-

selves that the blessed state of brotherhood and sisterhood at which we aimed, might fairly be dated from that moment, for greetings were hardly concluded when the door opened, and Zenobia, whom I had never before seen, entered the parlor.

This was not her real name. She had assumed it in the first instance as her Magazine signature; and as it accorded well with something imperial which her friends attributed to this lady's figure and deportment, they half-laughingly adopted it in their familiar intercourse with her. She took the appellation in good part, and even encouraged its common use; which, in fact, was thus far appropriate, that our Zenobia, however humble looked her new philosophy, had as much native pride as any queen would have known what to do with. Zenobia bade us welcome in a fine, frank, mellow voice, and gave each of us her hand, which was very soft and warm. She had something appropriate to say to every individual. . . .

"I am the first comer," Zenobia went on to say, while her smile beamed warmth upon us all; "so I take the part of hostess for to-day, and welcome you as if to my own fireside. You shall be my guests, too, at supper. To-morrow, if you please, we will be brethren and sisters, and begin our new life from day-break."

"Have we our various parts assigned?" asked some one.

"Oh, we of the softer sex," responded Zenobia, with her mellow, almost broad laugh, "we women (there are four of us here already), will take the domestic and indoor part of the business, as a matter of course. To bake, to boil, to roast, to fry, to stew; to wash, and iron, and scrub, and sweep, and at our idle intervals, to repose ourselves on knitting and sewing — these, I suppose, must be feminine occupations for the present. By-and-by, perhaps, when our individual adaptations begin to develop themselves, it may be that some of us who wear the petticoat will go a-field, and leave the weaker brethren to take our place in the kitchen."

"What a pity," I remarked, "that the kitchen, and the house-work generally, cannot be left out of our sys-

tem altogether! Eve had no dinner-pot, and no clothes to mend, and no washing-day."

"I am afraid," said Zenobia, with mirth gleaming out of her eyes, "we shall find some difficulty in adopting the Paradisaical system for at least a month to come. Look at that snow-drift sweeping past the window! Are there any figs ripe, do you think? Have the pineapples been gathered to-day? Would you like a bread-fruit, or a cocoanut? Shall I run out and pluck you some roses? No, no, Mr. Coverdale; the only flower hereabouts is the one in my hair, which I got out of a greenhouse this morning. And as for the garb of Eden," added she, shivering playfully, "I shall not assume it till after May-day!"

"And now," continued Zenobia, "I must go and help get supper. Do you think you can be content, instead of figs, pineapples, and all the delicacies of Adam's supper-table, with tea and toast, and a certain modest supply of ham and tongue which, with the instinct of a housewife, I brought hither in a basket? And there shall be bread and milk, too, if the innocence of your taste demands it."

The whole sisterhood now went about their domestic avocations, utterly declining our offers to assist, further than by bringing wood for the kitchen fire from a huge pile in the back yard. Soon with a tremendous stamping in the entry, appeared Silas Foster, lanky, stalwart, uncouth, and grisly-bearded. He came from foddering the cattle in the barn, and from the field where he had been ploughing until the depth of snow rendered it impossible to draw a furrow. He greeted us in pretty much the same tone as if he were speaking to his oxen, took a quid from his iron tobacco-box, pulled off his wet cowhide boots, and sat down before the fire in his stocking feet. The steam arose from his soaked garments, so that the stout yeoman looked vaporous and spectre-like.

"Well, folk," remarked Silas, "you'll be wishing yourselves back to town again, if this weather holds."

And true enough, there was a look of gloom as the twilight fell silently and sadly out of the sky, its gray or sable flakes intermingling themselves with the fast-

descending snow. But our courage did nôt quail. We would not allow ourselves to be depressed by the snow-drift trailing past the window, any more than if it had been the sigh of a summer wind among rustling boughs. We had left the rusty iron framework of society behind us; we had broken through many hindrances that are powerful enough to keep most people on the weary tread-mill of established system, even while they feel its irksomeness almost as intolerable as we did. We had stept down from the pulpit; we had flung aside the pen, we had shut up the ledger; we had thrown off that sweet, bewitching, enervating indolence which is better, after all, than most of the enjoyments within mortal grasp. It was our purpose to give up whatever we had heretofore attained,. for the sake of showing mankind the example of a life governed by other than the false and cruel principles on which human society has all along been based.

And, first of all, we had divorced ourselves from pride, and were striving to supply its place by familiar love. We meant to lessen the laboring man's great burden of toil, by performing our due share of it at the cost of our own thews and sinews. We sought our profit by mutual aid, instead of wresting it by the strong hand from an enemy, or filching it craftily from those less shrewd than ourselves (if indeed, there were any such in New England), or winning it by selfish competition with a neighbor; in one or another of which fashions every son of woman both perpetrates and suffers his share of the common evil, whether he chooses or no. And, as the basis of our institution, we proposed to offer up the earnest toil of our bodies, as a prayer no less than an effort for the advancement of our race. Therefore if we built splendid castles (phalansteries perhaps they might be more fitly called), and pictured beautiful scenes among the fervid coals of the hearth around which we were clustering, and if all went to wrack with the crumbling embers, and have never since arisen out of the ashes, let us take to ourselves no shame. In my own behalf, I rejoice that I once could think better of the world's improbability than it deserved. It is a mistake into which men seldom fall twice in a lifetime; or, if so, the rarer

and higher is the nature that can thus magnanimously persist in error.

Stout Silas Foster mingled little in our conversation; but when he did speak, it was very much to some practical purpose. For instance:—

"Which man among you," quoth he, "is the best judge of swine? Some of us must go to the next Brighton Fair, and buy half-a-dozen pigs."

Pigs! Good heavens! had we come out from the swinish multitude for this? And again, in reference to some discussion about raising early vegetables for the market:—

"We shall never make any hand at market-gardening," said Silas Foster, "unless the women-folks will undertake to do all the weeding. We haven't team enough for that and the regular farm-work, reckoning three of you city-folks as worth one common field-hand. No, no; I tell you, we should have to get up a little too early in the morning to compete with the market-gardeners round Boston."

It struck me as rather odd that one of the first questions raised, after our separation from the greedy, struggling, self-seeking world, should relate to the possibility of getting the advantage over the outside barbarians in their own field of labor. But, to own the truth, I very soon became sensible that, as regarded society at large, we stood in a position of new hostility, rather than new brotherhood. Nor could this fail to be the case, in some degree, until the bigger and better half of society should range itself on our side. Constituting so pitiful a minority as now, we were inevitably estranged from the rest of mankind in pretty fair proportion with the strictness of our mutual bond among ourselves.

This dawning idea, however, was driven back into my inner consciousness by the entrance of Zenobia. She came with the welcome intelligence that supper was on the table . Looking at herself in the glass, and perceiving that her one magnificent flower had grown rather languid (probably by being exposed to the fervency of the kitchen fire), she flung it on the floor as unconcernedly as a village girl would throw away a faded violet. The action seemed proper to her character, although, methought, it

would still more have benefitted the bounteous nature of this beautiful woman to scatter fresh flowers from her hand, and to revive faded ones by her touch. Nevertheless, it was a singular, but irresistible effect: the presence of Zenobia caused our heroic enterprise to show like an illusion, a masquerade, a pastoral, a counterfeit Arcadia, in which we grown-up men and women were making a play-day of the years that were given us to live in. I tried to analyze this impression, but not with much success. . . .

The evening wore on, and the outer solitude looked in upon us through the windows, gloomy, wild, and vague, like another stage of existence close beside the little sphere of warmth and light in which we were the prattlers and bustlers of a moment. By-and-by the door was opened by Silas Foster, with a cotton handkerchief about his head, and a tallow candle in his hand.

"Take my advice, brother farmers," said he, with a great bottomless yawn, "and get to bed as soon as you can. I shall sound the horn at daybreak; and we've got to get the cattle to fodder, and nine cows to milk, and a dozen other things to do before breakfast."

Thus ended the first evening at Blithedale. I went shivering to my fireless chamber, with the miserable consciousness (which had been growing upon me for several hours past) that I had caught a tremendous cold, and should probably awaken, at the blast of the horn, a fit subject for a hospital. How cold an Arcadia was this.—*The Blithedale Romance.*

THE REVEREND ARTHUR DIMMESDALE.

In order to free his mind from this indistinctness and duplicity of impression, which vexed it with a strange disquietude, the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale recalled and more and more thoroughly defined the plans which Hester Prynne and himself had sketched for their departure. It had been determined between them that the Old World, with its crowds and cities, offered them a more eligible shelter and concealment than the wilds of New England, or all America, with its alternatives of an Indian wigwam

or the few settlements of Europeans, scattered thinly along the seaboard. Hester could take it upon herself to secure the passage of two individuals and a child, with all the secrecy which circumstances rendered more than desirable.

The minister had inquired of Hester, with no little interest, the precise time at which the vessel might be expected to depart. It would be on the fourth day from the present. "That is most fortunate," he had said to himself. The reason why the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale considered it so very fortunate was because on the third day from the present he was to preach the Election Sermon; and as such an occasion formed an honorable epoch in the life of a New England clergyman, he could not have chanced upon a more suitable mode and time of terminating his official career. "At least, they shall say of me," thought this exemplary man, "that I leave no public duty unperformed nor ill performed!" Sad indeed that introspection so profound and acute as this poor minister's should be so miserably deceived! We have had, and still may have worse things to tell of him; but none, we apprehend, so pitiably weak; no evidence at once so slight and irrefragible of a subtle disease that had long since begun to eat into the real substance of his character. No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the true.

The excitement of Mr. Dimmesdale's feelings, as he returned from his interview with Hester, lent him unaccustomed physical energy, and hurried him townward at a rapid pace. As he drew near the town he took an impression of change from the series of familiar objects that presented themselves. It seemed not yesterday, not one, not two, but many days or even years ago, since he had quitted them. There was indeed each former trace of the street, as he remembered it, and all the peculiarities of the houses, with the due multitude of gables, peaks, and a weathercock at every point where his memory suggested one. Not the less, however, came this importunately recurring sense of change. The same was

true as regarded the acquaintances whom he met, and all the well-known shapes of human life about the little town. They looked neither older nor younger now; the beards of the aged were no whiter, nor could the creeping babe of yesterday walk on his feet to-day. It was impossible to describe in what respect they differed from the individuals on whom he had so recently bestowed a parting glance; and yet the minister's deepest sense seemed to inform him of their mutability. A similar impression struck him most remarkably as he passed under the walls of his own church. The edifice had so very strange and yet so familiar an aspect, that Mr. Dimmesdale's mind vibrated between two ideas: either that he had seen it only in a dream hitherto, or that he was merely dreaming about it now.

This phenomenon, in the various shapes which it assumed, indicated no external change, but so sudden and important change in the spectator of the familiar scene, that the intervening space of a single day had operated upon his consciousness like the lapse of years. The minister's own will, and Hester's will, and the fate that grew between them, had wrought this transformation. It was the same town as heretofore; but the same minister returned not from the forest. He might have said to the friends who greeted him, "I am not the man for whom you take me! I left him yonder in the forest, withdrawn into a secret dell, by a mossy tree-trunk, and near a melancholy brook! Go seek your minister, and see if his emaciated figure, his thin cheek, his white, heavy, pain-wrinkled brow, be not flung down there, like a cast-off garment!" His friends, no doubt, would still have insisted with him, "Thou are thyself the man!"—but the error would have been their own, not his.

Before Mr. Dimmesdale reached home, his inner man gave him other evidences of a revolution in the sphere of thought and feeling. In truth, nothing short of a total change of dynasty and moral code in that interior kingdom, was adequate to account for the impulses now communicated to the unfortunate and startled minister. At every step he was impelled to do some strange, wild, wicked thing or other, with a sense that it would be at

once involuntary and intentional; in spite of himself, yet growing out of a profounder self than that which opposed the impulse.

For instance: He met one of his own deacons. The good old man addressed him with the paternal affection and patriarchal privilege which his venerable age, his upright and holy character, and his station in the Church, entitled him to use; and, conjoined with this, the deep, almost worshipping respect which the minister's professional and private claims alike demanded. Never was there a more beautiful example of how the majesty of age and wisdom may comport with the obeisance and respect enjoined upon it, as from a lower social rank and inferior order of endowment, toward a higher. Now during a conversation of some two or three moments between the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale and this excellent and hoary-headed deacon, it was only by the most careful self-control that the former could refrain from uttering certain blasphemous suggestions that rose into his mind respecting the communion-supper. He absolutely trembled, and turned pale as ashes, lest his tongue should wag itself in utterances of those horrible matters, and plead his own consent for so doing, without his having fairly given it. And even with this terror in his heart, he could hardly avoid laughing to imagine how the sanctified old patriarchal deacon would have been petrified by his minister's impiety.

Again, another incident of the same nature: Hurrying along the street, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale encountered the eldest female member of his Church; a most pious and exemplary old dame, poor, widowed, lonely, and with a heart as full of reminiscences about her dead husband and children, and her dead friends of long ago, as a burial ground is full of storied gravestones. Yet all this, which would else have been such heavy sorrow, was made almost a solemn joy to her devout old soul, by religious consolations and the truths of Scripture wherewith she had fed herself continually for more than thirty years. And since Mr. Dimmesdale had taken her in charge the good granddame's chief earthly comfort — which unless it had been likewise a heavenly comfort

could have been none at all — was to meet her pastor, whether casually or of set purpose, and be refreshed with a word of warm, fragrant, heaven-breathing gospel truth from his beloved lips into her dulled but rapturously attentive ear. But, on this occasion, up to the moment of putting his lips to the old woman's ear, Mr. Dimmesdale, as the great enemy of souls would have it, could recall no text of Scripture, or aught else, except a brief, pithy, and, as it then appeared to him, unanswerable argument against the immortality of the human soul. The instilment thereof into her mind would probably have caused this aged sister to drop down dead at once, as by the effect of an intensely poisonous infection. What he really did whisper the minister could never afterward recollect. There was perhaps a fortunate disorder in his utterance, which failed to impart any distinct idea to the good widow's comprehension, or which Providence interpreted after a method of its own. Assuredly, as the minister looked back, he beheld an expression of divine gratitude and ecstasy that seemed like the shine of the Celestial City on her face, so wrinkled and ashy pale.

Again, a third instance: After parting from the old church-member, he met the youngest sister of them all. It was a maiden newly-won — and won by the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale's own sermon, on the Sabbath after his vigil — to barter the transitory pleasures of the world for the heavenly hope that was to assume brighter substance as life grew dark around her, and which would gild the utter gloom with final glory. She was fair and pure as a lily that had bloomed in Paradise. The minister knew well that he was himself enshrined within the stainless sanctity of her heart, which hung its snowy curtains about his image, imparting to religion the warmth of love, and to love a religious purity. Satan, that afternoon, had surely led the poor young girl away from her mother's side, and thrown her into the pathway of this sorely tempted, or — shall we not say? this lost and desperate man. As she drew near, the archfiend whispered him to condense into a small compass and drop into her tender bosom a germ of evil that would be sure to blossom darkly soon, and bear black fruit betimes. Such was

his sense of power over this virgin's soul, trusting him as she did, that the minister felt potent to blight all the field of innocence with but one wicked look, and develop all its opposite with but a word. So — with a mightier struggle than he had yet sustained — he held his Geneva cloak before his face, and hurried onward, making no sign of recognition, and leaving the young sister to digest his rudeness as she might. She ransacked her conscience, which was full of harmless little matters — like her pocket or her workbag — and took herself to task, poor thing! for a thousand imaginary faults; and went about her household duties with swollen eyelids the next morning.

Before the minister had time to celebrate his victory over this last temptation, he was conscious of another impulse, more ludicrous, and almost as horrible. It was to stop short in the road, and teach some very wicked words to a knot of little Puritan children who were playing there, and had but just begun to talk. Denying himself this freak, as unworthy of his cloth, he met a drunken seaman, one of the ship's crew from the Spanish Main. And here, since he had so valiantly forborne all other wickedness, poor Mr. Dimmesdale longed at least to shake hands with the tarry blackguard, and recreate himself with a few improper jests, such as dissolute sailors so abound with, and a volley of good, round, and heaven-defying oaths! It was not so much a better principle as partly his natural good taste, and still more his buckrammed habit of clerical decorum, that carried him through the latter crisis.

"What is it that haunts and tempts me thus?" cried the minister to himself, at length, pausing in the street, and striking his hand against his forehead. "Am I mad? or am I given over utterly to the fiend? Did I make a contract with him in the forest, and sign it with my blood? And does he now summon to its fulfilment by suggesting the performance of every wickedness which his most foul imagination can conceive?"

At the moment when the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale thus communed with himself, and struck his forehead with his hand, old Mistress Hibbins, the reputed witch-lady, is said to have been passing by. She made a very grand

appearance; having on a high head-dress, a rich gown of velvet, and a ruff done up with the famous yellow starch, of which Ann Turner, her especial friend, had taught her the secret, before this last good lady had been hanged for Sir Thomas Overbury's murder. Whether the witch had read the minister's thoughts or no, she came to a full stop, looked shrewdly into his face, smiled craftily, and, though little given to converse with clergymen began a conversation.

"So, Reverend Sir, you have made a visit into the forest," observed the witch-lady, nodding her high head-dress at him. "The next time I pray you to allow me only a fair warning, and I shall be proud to bear you company. Without taking overmuch upon myself, my good word will go far toward gaining any strange gentleman a fair reception from yonder potentate you wot of."

"I profess, Madam," answered the clergyman, with a grave obeisance such as the lady's rank demanded, and his good breeding made imperative, "I profess, on my conscience and character, that I am utterly bewildered as touching the purport of your words. I went not into the forest to seek a potentate; neither do I at any future time design a visit thither with a view to gaining favor of such personage. My one sufficient reason was to greet that pious friend of mine, the Apostle Eliot, and rejoice with him over the many precious souls he hath won from heathendom."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled the old witch-lady, still nodding her high head-dress at the minister. "Well, well, we must not talk thus in the daytime! You carry it off like an old hand! But at midnight, and in the forest we shall have other talk together!"

She passed on with her aged stateliness, but often turned back her head, and smiling at him, like one willing to recognize a secret intimacy of connection.

"Have I then sold myself," thought the minister, "to the fiend whom, if men say true, this yellow-starched and velveted old hag has chosen for her prince and master?"

The wretched minister! He had made a bargain very like it! Tempted by a dream of happiness, he had yielded

by deliberate choice, as he had never done before, to what he knew was deadly sin. And the infectious poison of that sin had been thus rapidly diffused throughout his moral system. It had stupefied all blessed impulses, and awakened into vivid life the whole brotherhood of bad ones. Scorn, bitterness, unprovoked malignity, gratuitous desire of ill, ridicule of whatever was good and holy, all awoke to tempt even while they frightened him. And his encounter with old Mistress Hibbins, if it were a real incident, did but show his sympathy and fellowship with wicked mortals and the world of perverted spirits.

He had by this time reached his dwelling on the edge of the burial-ground, and hastening up the stairs, took refuge in his study. The minister was glad to have reached this shelter without first betraying himself to the world by any of those strange and wicked eccentricities to which he had been continually impelled while passing through the streets. He entered the accustomed room, and looked around him on its books, its windows, its fireplace, and the tapestried comfort of the walls, with the same perception of strangeness that had haunted him throughout his walk from the forest dell into the town, and thitherward. Here he had studied and written; here had gone through fast and vigil, and come forth half alive; here had striven to pray; here borne a hundred thousand agonies! There was the Bible, in its rich old Hebrew, with Moses and the Prophets speaking to him, and God's voice through all! There on the table, with the inky pen beside it, was an unfinished sermon, with a sentence broken in the midst, where his thoughts had ceased to gush out upon the page two days before. He knew that it was himself, the thin and white-cheeked minister, who had done and suffered these things, and written thus far into the Election Sermon! But he seemed to stand apart, and eye this former self with scornful, pitying, but half envious curiosity. That self was gone. Another man had returned out of the forest; a wiser one; with a knowledge of hidden mysteries which the simplicity of the former never could have reached. A bitter kind of knowledge that!

While occupied with these reflections a knock came

at the door of the study, and the minister said, "Come in!"— not wholly devoid of an idea that he might behold an evil spirit. And so he did! It was old Roger Chillingworth that entered. The minister stood, white and speechless, with one hand on the Hebrew Scriptures, and the other spread upon his breast.

"Welcome home, Reverend Sir," said the physician. "And how found you that godly man, the Apostle Eliot? But methinks, dear Sir, you look pale; as if the travel through the wilderness had been too sore for you. Will not my aid be requisite to put you in heart and strength to preach your Election Sermon?"

"Nay, I think not so," rejoined the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, "My journey, and the sight of the holy Apostle yonder, and the free air which I have breathed, have done me good after so long confinement in my study. I think to need no more of your drugs, my kind physician, good though they be, and administered by a friendly hand."

All this time Roger Chillingworth was looking at the minister with the grave and intent regard of a physician toward his patient. But in spite of all this outward show the latter was almost convinced of the old man's knowledge, or, at least, his confident suspicion, with respect to his own interview with Hester Prynne. The physician knew then that in the minister's regard he was no longer a trusted friend, but his bitterest enemy. So much being known, it would appear natural that a part of it should be expressed. It is singular, however, how long a time often passes before words embody things; and with what security two persons who choose to avoid a certain subject may approach its very verge, and retire without disturbing it. Thus the minister felt no apprehension that Roger Chillingworth would touch, in express words, upon the real position which they sustained toward one another. Yet did the physician, in his dark way, creep frightfully near the secret.

"Were it not better," said he, "that you use my poor skill to-night? Verily, my dear sir, we must take pains to make you strong and vigorous for this occasion of the Election discourse. The people look for great things from

you; apprehending that another year may come about and find their pastor gone."

"Yea, to another world," replied the minister with pious resignation. "Heaven grant it may be to a better one; for in good sooth, I hardly think to tarry with my flock through the flitting seasons of another year! But touching your medicine, kind sir, in my present frame of body, I need it not."

"I joy to hear it," answered the physician. "It may be that my remedies, so long administered in vain, begin now to take due effect. Happy man were I, and well deserving of New England's gratitude, could I achieve this cure!"

"I thank you from my heart, most watchful friend," said the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, with a solemn smile. "I thank you, and can but requite your good deeds with my prayers."

"A good man's prayers are golden recompense!" rejoined old Roger Chillingworth, as he took his leave. "Yea, they are the current gold coin of the New Jerusalem, with the King's own mint-mark on them!"

Left alone, the minister summoned a servant of the house and requested food, which being set before him he ate with ravenous appetite. Then flinging the already written pages of the Election Sermon into the fire, he forthwith began another, which he wrote with such an impulsive flow of thought and emotion that he fancied himself inspired; and wondered that Heaven should see fit to transmit the grand and solemn music of its oracles through so foul an organ-pipe as he. However, leaving that mystery to solve itself, or go unsolved forever, he drove his task onward with earnest haste and ecstacy. Thus the night fled away, as if it were a winged steed, and he careering upon it. Morning came, and peeped blushing through the curtains; and at last sunrise threw a golden beam into the study, and laid it right across the minister's bedazzled eyes. There he was, with his pen still between his fingers, and a vast, immeasurable tract of written space behind him!—*The Scarlet Letter.*

HAWTHORNE'S HOME, CONCORD, MASS.

MIRIAM, HILDA, KENYON, DONATELLO.

Four individuals, in whose fortunes we should be glad to interest the reader, happened to be standing in one of the saloons of the sculpture-gallery in the Capitol at Rome. It was that room (the first, after ascending the staircase) in the centre of which reclines the noble and most pathetic figure of the Dying Gladiator, just sinking into his death swoon. Around the walls stand the Antinous, the Amazon, the Lycian Apollo, the Juno; all famous productions of antique sculpture, and all shining in the undiminished majesty and beauty of their ideal life, although the marble that embodies them is yellow with time, and perhaps corroded by the damp earth in which they lay buried for centuries. Here, likewise, is seen a symbol (as apt at this moment as it was two thousand years ago) of the Human Soul, with its choice of Innocence or Evil close at hand, in the pretty figure of a child, clasping a dove to her bosom, but assaulted by a snake.

From one of the windows of this saloon we may see a flight of broad stone steps, descending alongside the antique and massive foundation of the Capitol, toward the battered triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, right below. Farther on, the eye skirts along the edge of the desolate Forum (where Roman washerwomen hang out their linen to the sun), passing over a shapeless confusion of modern edifices, piled rudely up with ancient brick and stone, and over the domes of Christian churches, built on the old pavements of heathen temples, and supported by the very pillars that once upheld them. At a distance beyond — yet but a little way, considering how much history is heaped into the intervening space — rises the great heap of the Coliseum, with the blue sky brightening through its upper tier of arches. Far off the view is shut in by the Alban mountains, looking just the same, amid all this decay and change as when Romulus gazed thitherward over his half-finished wall.

We glance hastily at these things — at the bright sky and at those blue distant mountains, and at the ruins,

Etruscan, Roman, Christian, venerable with a three-fold antiquity, and at the company of world-famous statues in the saloon, in the hope of putting the reader into that state of feeling which is experienced oftenest at Rome. It is a vague sense of ponderous remembrances; a perception of such weight and density in a bygone life of which this spot was the centre, that the present moment is pressed down or crowded out, and our individual affairs and interests are but half as real here as elsewhere. Viewed through this medium, our narrative — into which are woven some airy and unsubstantial threads, intermixed with others twisted out of the commonest stuff of human existence — may seem not widely different from the texture of all our lives.

Side by side with the massiveness of the Roman Past, all matters that we handle or dream of nowadays look evanescent and visionary alike. It might be that the four persons whom we are seeking to introduce were conscious of this dreaming character of the present, as compared with the square blocks of granite wherewith the Romans built their lives. Perhaps it even contributed to the fanciful merriment which was just now their mood. When we find ourselves fading into shadows and unrealities it seems hardly worth while to be sad, but rather to laugh as gayly as we may, and ask little reason wherefore.

Of these four friends of ours, three were artists, or connected with art; and at this moment they had been simultaneously struck by a resemblance between one of the antique statues — a well-known masterpiece of Grecian sculpture — and a young Italian, the fourth member of their party.

"You must needs confess, Kenyon," said a dark-eyed young woman, whom her friends called Miriam, "that you never chiselled out of marble, nor wrought in clay, a more vivid likeness than this — cunning a bust-maker as you think yourself. The portraiture is perfect in character, sentiment, and feature. If it were a picture, the resemblance might be half-illusive and imaginary; but here, in this Pentelic marble, it is a substantial fact, and may be tested by absolute touch and measurement. Our

friend Donatello is the very Faun of Praxiteles. Is it not true, Hilda?"

"Not quite — almost — yes, I really think so," replied Hilda, a slender, brown-haired New England girl, whose perceptions of form and expression were wonderfully clear and delicate. "If there is any difference between the two faces, the reason may be, I suppose, that the Faun dwelt in the woods and fields, and consorted with his like; while Donatello has known cities a little, and such people as ourselves. But the resemblance is very close, and very strange."

"Not so strange," whispered Miriam, mischievously, "for no Faun in Arcadia was ever a greater simpleton than Donatello. He has hardly a man's share of wit, small as that may be. It is a pity there are no longer any of this congenial race of rustic creatures for our friend to consort with!"

"Hush, naughty one!" returned Hilda. "You are very ungrateful, for you well know he has wit enough to worship you, at all events."

"Then the greater fool he!" said Miriam, so bitterly that Hilda's quiet eyes were somewhat startled.

"Donatello, my dear friend," said Kenyon, in Italian, "pray gratify us all by taking the exact attitude of this statue."

The young man laughed, and threw himself into the position in which the statue has been standing for two or three thousand years. In truth, allowing for the difference of costume, and if a lion's skin could have been substituted for his modern talma, and a rustic pipe for his stick, Donatello might have figured perfectly as the marble Faun, miraculously softened into flesh and blood.

"Yes, the resemblance is wonderful," observed Kenyon, after examining the marble and the man with the accuracy of a sculptor's eye. "There is one point, however, or, rather, two points, in respect to which our friend Donatello's abundant curls will not permit us to say whether the likeness is carried into minute detail." And the sculptor directed the attention of the party to the ears of the beautiful statue which they were contemplating.

But we must do more than merely refer to this ex-

quisite work of art. It must be described, however inadequate may be the effort to express its magic peculiarity in words.

The Faun is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree; one hand hangs carelessly by his side; in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment — a lion's skin, with the claws upon his shoulder — falls half way down his back, leaving the limbs and entire front of the figure nude. The form, thus displayed, is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh, and less of heroic muscle, than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humor; the mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to smile outright, that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue — unlike anything else that was ever wrought in that severe material of marble — conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment toward it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. It comes very close to some of our pleasantest sympathies.

Perhaps it is the very lack of moral severity, of any high and heroic ingredient in the character of the Faun, that makes it so delightful an object to the human eye, and to the frailty of the human heart. The being here represented is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such: but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity. We should expect from him no sacrifice or effort for an abstract cause. There is not an atom of martyr's stuff in all that softened marble; but he has a capacity for strong and warm attachment, and might act devotedly through its impulse,

and even die for it at need. It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions, so that the coarser animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the background, though never utterly expelled.

The animal nature indeed is the most essential part of the Faun's composition; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles has subtly diffused throughout his work that mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge of the lower orders of creation. The riddle is indicated, however, only by two definite signs: these are the two ears of the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, terminating in little peaks, like those of some species of animals. Though not so seen in the marble, they are probably to be considered as clothed in fine, downy fur. In the coarser representations of this class of mythological creatures there is another token of brute kindred — a certain caudal appendage; which, if the Faun of Praxiteles must be supposed to possess it at all, is hidden by the lion's skin that forms his garment. The pointed and furry ears, therefore, are the sole indications of his wild forest nature.

Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill — in a word, a sculptor and a poet too — could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster; but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground. The idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp. But if the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell. All the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man! The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still

exists in that discolored marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles.

And, after all, the idea may have been no dream, but rather a poet's reminiscence of a period when man's affinity with nature was more strict, and his fellowship with every living thing more intimate and dear.

"Donatello," playfully cried Miriam, "do not leave us in this perplexity! Shake aside those brown curls, my friend, and let us see whether this marvellous resemblance extends to the very tips of the ears. If so, we shall like you all the better!"

"No, no, dearest Signorina," answered Donatello, laughing, but with a certain earnestness. "I entreat you to take the tips of my ears for granted." And as he spoke the young Italian made a skip and a jump, quite light enough for a veritable Faun, so as to place himself beyond the reach of the fair hand that was outstretched, as if to settle the matter by actual examination. "I shall be like a wolf of the Apennines," he continued, taking his stand on the other side of the Dying Gladiator, "if you touch my ears ever so softly. None of my race could endure it. It has always been a tender point with my forefathers and me."

He spoke in Italian, with the Tuscan rusticity of accent, and an unshaped sort of utterance, betokening that he must heretofore have been chiefly conservant with rural people.

"Well, well," said Miriam, "your tender point shall — your two tender points, if you have them — be safe so far as I am concerned. But how strange this likeness is, after all, and how delightful, if it really includes the pointed ears! Oh, it is impossible, of course," she continued in English, "with a real and commonplace young man like Donatello; but you see how this peculiarity defines the position of the Faun; and while putting him where he cannot exactly assert his brotherhood, still disposes us kindly toward the kindred creature. He is not supernatural, but just on the verge of nature, and yet within it. What is the nameless charm of this idea, Hilda? You can feel it more delicately than I."

"It perplexes me," said Hilda, thoughtfully, and

shrinking a little; "neither do I quite like to think about it."

"But surely," said Kenyon; "you agree with Miriam and me, and there is something very touching and impressive in this statue of the Faun. In some long past age he really must have existed. Nature needed, and still needs, this beautiful creature; standing betwixt man and animal, sympathizing with each, comprehending the speech of either race, and interpreting the whole existence of one to the other. What a pity that he has forever vanished from the hard and dusty paths of life — unless," added the sculptor, in a sportive whisper, "Donatello be actually he!"

"You cannot conceive how this fantasy takes hold of me," responded Miriam, between jest and earnest. "Imagine now, a real being similar to this mystic Faun, how happy, how genial, how satisfactory would be his life; enjoying the warm, sensuous, earthly side of his nature; revelling in the merriment of woods and streams; living as our four-footed kindred do — as mankind did in its innocent childhood; before sin, sorrow, or mortality itself had even been thought of! Ah! Kenyon, if Hilda and you and I — if I at least — had pointed ears! For I suppose the Faun had no conscience, no remorses, no burthen on the heart, no troublesome reflections of any sort, no dark future either."

"What a tragic tone was that last, Miriam!" said the sculptor; and, looking into her face, he was startled to behold it pale and tear-stained. "How suddenly this mood has come over you!"

"Let it go as it came," said Miriam, "like a thundershower in this Roman sky. All is sunshine again, you see!"

Donatello's refractoriness as regarded his ears had evidently cost him something; and he now came close to Miriam's side, gazing at her with an appealing air, as if to solicit forgiveness. His mute, helpless gesture of entreaty had something pathetic in it, and yet might well enough excite a laugh, so like it was to what you may see in the aspect of a hound when he thinks himself in fault or disgrace. It was difficult to make out the charac-

ter of this young man. So full of animal life as he was, so joyous in his deportment, so handsome, so physically well-developed, he made no impression of incompleteness, of maimed or stinted nature. And yet, in social intercourse, these familiar friends of his habitually and instructively allowed for him, as for a child or some other lawless thing, exacting no strict obedience to conventional rules, and hardly noticing his eccentricities enough to pardon them. There was an indefinable characteristic about Donatello that set him outside of rules.

He caught Miriam's hand, kissed it, and gazed into her eyes without saying a word. She smiled and bestowed upon him a little careless caress, singularly like what one would give to a pet dog when he puts himself in the way to receive it. Not that it was so decided a caress either, but only the merest touch, somewhere between a pat and a tap of the finger; it might be a mark of fondness, or perhaps a playful pretence of punishment. At all events, it appeared to afford Donatello exquisite pleasure; insomuch that he danced quite round the wooden railing that fences in the Dying Gladiator.

"It is the very step of the Dancing Faun," said Miriam apart to Hilda. "What a child, or what a simpleton he is! I continually find myself treating Donatello as if he were the merest unfledged chicken; and yet he can claim no such privileges in the right of his tender age, for he is at least — how old should you think him, Hilda?"

"Twenty years, perhaps," replied Hilda, glancing at Donatello; "but, indeed, I cannot tell; hardly so old, on second thoughts, or possibly older. He has nothing to do with time, but has a look of eternal youth in his face."

"All underwitted people have that look," said Miriam, scornfully.

"Donatello has certainly the gift of eternal youth, as Hilda suggests," observed Kenyon, laughing; "for, judging by the date of this statue, which I am more and more convinced Praxiteles carved on purpose for him, he must be at least twenty-five centuries old, and he still looks as young as ever."

"What age have you, Donatello?" asked Miriam.

"Signorina, I do not know," he answered; "no great age, however; for I have only lived since I met you."

"Now what old man of society could have turned a silly compliment more neatly than that!" exclaimed Miriam. "Nature and art are just at one sometimes. But what a happy ignorance is this of our friend Donatello! Not to know his own age! It is equivalent to being immortal on earth. If I could only forget mine!"

"It is too soon to wish that," observed the sculptor. "You are hardly older than Donatello looks."

"I shall be content then," rejoined Miriam, "if I could only forget one day of all my life." Then she seemed to repent of this allusion, and hastily added, "A woman's days are so tedious that it is a boon to leave one of them out of the account."—*The Marble Faun.*

HAY, JOHN, an American statesman, novelist and poet; born at Salem, Ind., October 8, 1838; died at Newbury, N. H., July 1, 1905. He was educated at Brown University, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Springfield, Ill., in 1861. In the same year he became Assistant Secretary of President Lincoln, and later his Adjutant and Aide-de-Camp. He served for a time in the Federal army, and became an assistant adjutant-general. After the civil war he was Secretary of Legation at Paris and Madrid, and Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna. In 1870 he returned to the United States, and for six years was employed on the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune*. From 1879 to 1881 he was Assistant Secretary of State. During his connection with the *Tribune* he became known by his dialect poems *Jim Bludsoe* and *Little Breeches*. These were afterward

published, with others of his verses, in a volume entitled *Pike County Ballads* (1871). In the same year he published *Castilian Days,* a collection of sketches of Spanish life. He also, conjointly with John G. Nicolay, wrote *The Life of Abraham Lincoln,* which was published in the *Century Magazine* in 1886–87, and issued in 10 vols.; and in 1889 he wrote *The Breadwinners,* a novel. In 1897 he was appointed United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James; in 1898 he was recalled to fill the office of Secretary of State, vice William R. Day, who was appointed peace commissioner at the close of the Spanish-American War. Mr. Hay's collected *Poems* appeared in 1905, after his death.

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

There was never a castle seen
  So fair as mine in Spain;
It stands embowered in green,
Crowning the gentle slope
Of a hill by Xenil's shore,
And at eve its shade flaunts o'er
  The storied Vega plain,
And its towers are hid in the mists of hope;
  And I toil through mists of pain
  Its glimmering gates to gain.
  In visions wild and sweet
  Sometimes its courts I greet;
Sometimes in joy its shining halls
  I tread with favored feet;
But never my eyes in the light of day
  Were blessed with its ivied walls,
Where the marble white and the granite gray
Turn alike where the sunbeams play
  When the soft day dimly falls.

I know in its dusky rooms
  Are treasures rich and rare;

The spoil of Eastern looms,
  And whatever of bright and rare
Painters divine have won
  From the vault of Italy's air;
White gods of Phidian stone
  People the haunted glooms:
And the song of immortal singers
Like a fragrant memory lingers,
  I know, in the echoing rooms.

But nothing of these, my soul!
  Nor castle, nor treasures, nor skies,
Nor the waves of the river that roll,
  With a cadence faint and sweet,
  In peace by its marble feet —
Nothing of these is the goal
  For which my whole heart sighs.
'Tis the pearl gives worth to the shell —
  The pearl I would die to gain;
For there does my lady dwell,
My love that I love so well —
  That Queen whose gracious reign
  Makes glad my Castle in Spain.

Her face so purely fair
  Sheds light in the shady places,
  And the spell of her maiden graces
Holds charmed the happy air.
  A breath of purity
Forever before her flies,
  And ill things cease to be
In the glance of her honest eyes,
  Around her pathway flutter,
Where her dear feet wander free,
In youth's pure majesty,
  The wings of vague desires,
But the thought that love would utter
  In reverence expires.

  Not yet! not yet shall I see
That face which shines like a star

O'er my storm-swept life afar
  Transfigured with love for me;
Toiling, forgetting, and learning,
With labor and vigils, and prayers,
  Pure heart and resolute will,
  At last I shall climb the Hill,
And breathe the enchanted airs
  Where the light of my life is burning,
  Most lovely and fair and free;
Where alone in her youth and beauty,
And bound by her fate's sweet duty,
  Unconscious she waits for me.

BEFORE THE BULL-FIGHT.

One does not soon forget the first sight of the full Coliseum. In the centre is the sanded arena, surrounded by a high barrier. Around this rises the graded succession of stone benches for the people; then numbered seats for the connoisseurs; and above a row of boxes extending around the circle. The building holds, when full, some fourteen thousand persons; and there is rarely any vacant space. For myself I can say that what I vainly strove to imagine in the Coliseum at Rome, and in the more solemn solitude of Capua and Pompeii, came up before me with the vividness of life on entering the bull-ring of Madrid. This, and none other, was the classic arena. This was the crowd that sat expectant, under the blue sky, in the hot glare of the South, while the doomed captives of Dacia, or the sectaries of Judea commended their souls to the gods of the Danube, or the Crucified of Galilee. Half the sand lay in the blinding sun. Half the seats were illuminated by the fierce light. The other half was in shadow, and the dark crescent crept slowly all the afternoon across the arena as the sun declined in the west.

It is hard to conceive a more brilliant scene. The women put on their gayest finery for this occasion. In the warm light, every bit of color flashes out, every combination falls naturally into its place. I am afraid the luxuriance of hues in the dress of the fair Iberians would be considered shocking in Broadway, but in the vast frame

and broad light of the Plaza the effect was very brilliant. Thousands of parti-colored paper fans are sold at the ring. The favorite colors are the national red and yellow, and the flutter of these broad, bright disks of color is dazzlingly attractive. There is a gayety of conversation, a quick fire of repartee, shouts of recognition and salutation, which altogether make up a bewildering confusion. The weary young water-men scream their snow-cold refreshment. The orange-men walk with their gold-freighted baskets along the barrier, and throw their oranges with the most marvellous skill and certainty to people in distant boxes or benches. They never miss their mark. They will throw over the heads of a thousand people a dozen oranges into the outstretched hands of customers, so swiftly that it seems like one line of gold from the dealer to the buyer.

At length the blast of a trumpet announces the clearing of the ring. The idlers who have been lounging in the arena are swept out by the *alguacils,* and the hum of conversation gives way to an expectant silence. When the last loafer has reluctantly retired, the great gate is thrown open, and the procession of the *torreros* enters. They advance in a glittering line; first the marshals of the day, then the *picadors* on horseback, then the *matadors* on foot surrounded each by his squad of *chulos.* They walk toward the box which holds the city fathers, under whose patronage the show is given, and formally salute the authority.

The municipal authority throws the bowing alguacil a key, which he catches in his hat, or is hissed if he misses it. With this he unlocks the door through which the bull is to enter, and then scampers off with undignified haste through the opposite entrance. There is a bugle-flourish, the door flies open, and the bull rushes out, blind with the staring light, furious with rage, trembling in every limb. This is the most intense moment of the day. The glorious brute is the target of twelve thousand pairs of eyes. There is a silence as of death, while every one waits to see his first movement.—*Castilian Days.*

LITTLE BREECHES.

A Pike County View of Special Providence.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free will, and that sort of thing,—
But I b'lieve in God and the Angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along,—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Pert and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd larnt him ter chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggert's store:
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started,—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat,— but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of my fellow critter's aid,—
I just flopped on my marrow bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

. . . . . .

By this, the torches was played out.
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep fold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And THAR sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As pert as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne.

HAYES, Isaac Israel, an American Arctic explorer; born in Chester County, Pa., March 5, 1832; died at New York, December 17, 1881. He studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and received his diploma in 1853. In the same year he accompanied Dr. Kane in the second Grinnell Expedition to the Arctic regions. They re-

turned in 1855, and in 1860 Dr. Hayes published *An Arctic Boat Journey,* relating some events of the expedition. In the summer of the same year he set out on another expedition in search of the open Polar Sea. The expedition went as far as latitude 81° 37′ north, and reached land beyond which they saw open water. On his return in 1861, he entered the Union army, and served as surgeon during the civil war. He published *The Open Polar Sea* in 1867. In 1869 he sailed in the *Panther,* on a journey of exploration along the southern coast of Greenland. *The Land of Desolation* (1872) gives an account of this expedition. In 1868 he published a story, *Cast Away in the Cold,* and afterward a *History of Maritime Discoveries.*

THE BIRTH OF AN ICEBERG.

I can imagine no more grand and imposing spectacle than the birth of an iceberg; and we have now I think gone far enough in the examination of glaciers and their movements to contemplate such a spectacle, which, whatever it may seem to the reader, was to me most thrilling.

The scene was in a fiord ten times wider than that of Sermitsialik, though not much longer. Unlike that of Sermitsialik, it was studded with islands and shoal places. The glacier which terminated it was twenty miles across, although not quite uniformly; for the ice had poured down into the sea, and, while having blotted out some of the islands it had barely touched others; otherwise the coast-line of ice was perfect and continuous. The islands and shoal places in the fiord arrest the icebergs; and within ten miles or more of the glacier it is almost impossible to go. With great difficulty I came within five, in a boat. Farther I could not force my way by any possibility; and accordingly, we made for land, and climbed a lofty hill for a view. It was a grand spectacle that met my eye as I stood upon the hill-top overlooking the fiord, with its thousands of icebergs, its dark rocky islands, and the im-

mense quantities of loose ice which filled up the space between the bergs and islands, until there was scarcely a patch of water to be seen anywhere as large as a good-sized duck-pond. Very different from the fiord of Sermitsialik, where there were no islands or shoals to arrest the ice in its progress down the fiord.

I was accompanied by the *bestyrere* of Aukpadlartok, whose name was Philip. We stood together, looking at the glacier and the great sea of ice which stretched away into the interior, blending mountains and valleys into a vast plain, when Philip said, "Listen! the glacier is going to 'calve'"; for that is the name by which they distinguish the breaking off of a fragment.

I heard a loud report, but I could not at once distinguish the source of it. An instant afterward it was repeated, now louder than before. It resembled the first warning sound of a coming earthquake. Philip had detected the spot whence the sound proceeded, and said "Look! it is rising." I could now see that a portion of the glacier was being lifted by the water. A great wave was rolled back with this upward movement, and dashed fiercely against the icebergs that lay farther down the fiord. Another instant, and the sound, which was before so deep and loud, broke through the air with a crash that was like the discharge of heavy artillery near at hand. I knew now that a crack had opened in the ice-stream, and that a mass had been disengaged.

The position of the crack was quickly apparent, and we could see that a fragment of enormous proportions had been set at liberty. It first reared itself aloft, as if it were some huge leviathan of the deep indued with life, and was sporting its unwieldly bulk in the hitherto undisturbed waters. The crack had now opened wide. The detached fragment plunged forward; the front which had been rising then sank down, while the inner side rose up, and volumes of water that had been lifted with the sudden motion poured from its sides, hissing into the foaming and agitated sea. Thus an iceberg had been born.

It would be impossible with mere words alone to convey any adequate idea of the action of this new-born child of the Arctic frosts. Think of a solid lump of ice, a

third of a mile deep and more than half a mile in lateral diameter, hurled like a mere toy away into the water and set to rolling to and fro by the impetus of the act — as if it were Nature's merest foot-ball — now down one side, until the huge bulk was nearly capsized, then back again; then down the other side once more, with the same unresisting force; and so on, up and down, and down and up, swashing to and fro for hours before it comes finally to rest. Picture this, and you will have an image of power not to be seen by the action of any other forces upon the earth.

The disturbance of the water was inconceivably fine. Waves of enormous magnitude were rolled up with great violence against the glacier, covering it with spray; and billows came tearing down the fiord, their progress marked by the cracking and crumbling ice, which was everywhere in a state of wildest agitation for the space of several miles. Over the smaller iceberg the water broke completely, as if a tempest were piling up the seas and heaving them fiercely against the shore. Then, to add still further to the commotion thus occasioned, the great wallowing iceberg, which was the cause of it all, was dropping fragments from its sides with each oscillation, the report of the rupture reaching the ear above the general din and clamor.—*The Land of Desolation.*

HAYLEY, William, an English poet; born at Chichester, October 29, 1745; died at Felpham, November 12, 1820. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and studied law; but being possessed of an ample fortune, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. In 1792 he became acquainted with Cowper, whose life he wrote ten years later. Of his poetical works the best, besides a few small pieces, are *The Triumphs of Temper,* in six cantos (1781) and

An Essay on Epic Poetry, in five epistles (1782). The latter poem contains a feeling tribute to the memory of his mother, a few lines of which are here given:

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS MOTHER.

If heartfelt pain e'er led me to accuse
The dangerous gift of the alluring Muse,
'Twas in the moment when my verse impressed
Some anxious feelings on a mother's breast.
O thou fond spirit, who with pride hath smiled
And frowned with fear on thy poetic child,
Pleased, yet alarmed, when in his boyish time
He sighed in numbers or he laughed in rhyme:
Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more
Than ever child to parent owed before,
In life's first season, when the fever's flame
Shrunk to deformity his shrivelled frame,
And turned each fairer image in his brain
To blank confusion and her crazy train,
'Twas thine, with constant love, through lingering years,
To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears;
Day after day, and night succeeding night,
To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
And frequent watch, if happily at thy view
Departed reason might not dawn anew.
Though medicinal art with pitying care,
Could lend no aid to save thee from despair,
Thy fond maternal heart adhered to hope and prayer;
Nor prayed in vain: thy child from Powers above
Received the sense to feel and bless thy love.
Oh, might he then receive the happy skill
And force proportioned to his ardent will
With truth's unfading radiance to emblaze
Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise!

Nature, who decked thy form with beauty's flowers,
Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers;
Taught it with all her energy to feel
Love's melting softness, Friendship's fervent zeal;

The generous purpose and the active thought,
With charity's diffusive spirit fraught.
There all the best of mental gifts she placed,
Vigor of judgment, purity of taste;
Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,
Kindness to earth, and confidence in heaven.
While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,
Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul,
Nor will the public with harsh vigor blame
This my just homage to thy honored name
To please that public — if to please be mine —
Thy virtues trained me: let the praise be thine.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF COWPER.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favorite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise;
His highest virtues to the heart belong;
His virtues formed the magic of his song.

THE DEPARTING SWALLOWS.

Ye gentle birds, that perch aloof,
And smooth your pinions on my roof,
Preparing for departure hence,
Now winter's angry threats commence!
Like you, my soul would smooth her plume
For longer flights beyond the tomb.
May God, by whom are seen and heard
Departing men and wandering bird,
In mercy mark us for his own,
And guide us to the land unknown!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

HAYNE, Paul Hamilton, an American poet; born at Charleston, S. C., January 1, 1830; died at Copse Hill, Augusta, Ga., July 6, 1886. He was educated at the University of South Carolina; and was for a short time engaged in the practice of law. In 1853 he became editor of *Russell's Magazine;* and was afterward connected editorially with the Charleston *Literary Gazette,* the *Southern Opinion,* the *Southern Society,* and other literary journals. He had inherited from his mother, a woman of rare talent and refinement, a taste for literature and a poetic mind: and these had been nursed by the constant reading, from his childhood, of the chronicles of Froissart and the works of Shakespeare and the older dramatists and poets. So that the outbreak of the civil war found him, with Timrod and a few others, already at the head of the best literary society that Charleston had yet known. His library, his home, all the heirlooms of the old Southern family, were destroyed when Charleston was bombarded. Later he became an aide-de-camp to Governor Pickens; and when, on account of ill-health, he could not serve in the field, he composed poems which were among the most popular of the war-songs of the South. After the war he built himself a little cottage of boards on a hill in the midst of a few acres of pine-land near Augusta; and here, until his death, he toiled with his pen to support his family. His works include *Poems* (1855); *Sonnets and Other Poems* (1857); *Avolio, a Legend of the Island of Cos* (1859); *Legends and Lyrics* (1872); *The Mountain of the Lovers, and Other Poems* (1873); *Life of Robert Y. Hayne* (1878); *Life of*

Hugh S. Legaré (1878); a complete edition of his *Poems* (1882). In 1872 he published the poems of his friend Henry Timrod, to which he prefixed a *Memoir;* and at his death he left enough manuscript to make two or three volumes more of his own works. Among his lectures, the most noteworthy is *The Literature of Imagination.*

It ought to be said that the touching sonnet to *Carolina* was written during the period of reconstruction, when, as the author thought, the fame of the great statesmen and orators of his native State was "fast becoming a mere shadowy tradition." And of his *Whittier* it has been written, that "among all the attempts to describe the personal bearing of that unique and venerable figure in our literature, there has been none quite so good as this from the shy, sensitive, passionate South Carolinian."

CAROLINA.

That fair young land which gave me birth is dead!
Lost as a fallen star that quivering dies
Down the pale pathway of autumnal skies,
A vague, faint radiance flickering where it fled;
All she hath wrought, all she hath planned or said.
Her golden eloquence, her high emprise
Wrecked, on the languid shore of Lethe lies,
While cold Oblivion veils her piteous head:
O mother! loved and loveliest! debonair
As some brave queen of antique chivalries.
Thy beauty's blasted like thy desolate coasts;—
Where now thy lustrous form, thy shining hair!
Where thy bright presence, thine imperial eyes!
Lost in dim shadows of the realm of Ghosts!

—*From Poems, 1882.*

WHITTIER.

So, 'neath the Quaker-poet's tranquil roof,
From all dull discords of the world aloof,
I sit once more, and measured converse hold
With him whose nobler thoughts are rhythmic gold.

See his deep brows half puckered in a knot
O'er some hard problem of our mortal lot,
Or a dream, soft as May winds of the South,
Waft a girl's sweetness round his firm-set mouth.

Or should he deem wrong threats, the public weal
Lo! the whole man seems girt with flashing steel;
His glance a sword-thrust, and his words of ire
Like thunder-tones from some old prophet's lyre.

Or by the hearth-stone when the day is done,
Mark, swiftly launched, a sudden shaft of fun;
The short quick laugh, the smartly smitten knees,
And all sure tokens of a mind at ease.

Discerning which, by some mysterious law,
Near to his seat two household favorites draw,
Till on her master's shoulders, sly and sleek,
Grimalkin, mounting, rubs his furrowed cheek;

While terrier Dick, denied all words to rail,
Snarls as he shakes a short protesting tail,
But with shrewd eyes says, plain as plain can be,
"*Drop that shy cat. I'm worthier far than she.*"

And he who loves all lowliest lives to please,
Conciliates soon his dumb Diogenese,
Who in return his garment nips with care,
And drags the poet out to take the air.

God's innocent pensioners in the woodlands dim,
The fields and pastures, know and trust in him;
And in *their* love his lonely heart is blessed,
Our pure, hale-minded Cowper of the West!

—*From Poems, 1882.*

THE SOLITARY LAKE.

From garish light and life apart,
Shrined in the woodland's secret heart,
With delicate mists of morning furled
Fantastic o'er its shadowy world,
The lake, a vaporous vision, gleams
So vaguely bright, my fancy deems
'Tis but an airy lake of dreams.

Dreamlike, in curves of palest gold,
The wavering mist-wreaths manifold
Part in long rifts, through which I view
Gray islets throned in tides as blue
As if a piece of heaven withdrawn —
Whence hints of sunrise touch the dawn —
Had brought to earth its sapphire glow,
And smiled, a second heaven, below.

Dreamlike, in fitful, murmurous sighs,
I hear the distant west wind rise,
And, down the hollows wandering, break
In gurgling ripples on the lake,
Round which the vapors, still outspread,
Mount wanly widening overhead,
Till flushed by morning's primrose red.

Dreamlike, each slow, soft pulsing surge
Hath lapped the calm lake's emerald verge,
Sending, where'er its tremors pass
Low whisperings through the dew-wet grass,
Faint thrills of fairy sound that creep
To fall in neighboring nooks asleep,
Or melt in rich, low warblings made
By some winged Ariel of the glade.

With brightening morn the mockbird's lay
Grows stronger, mellower; far away
Mid dusky reeds, which even the noon
Lights not, the lonely hearted loon

Makes answer, her shrill music shorn
Of half its sadness; day, full-born,
Doth rout all sounds and sights forlorn.

Ah! still a something strange and rare
O'errules this tranquil earth and air,
Casting o'er both a glamour known
To *their* enchanted realm alone;
Whence shines, as 'twere a spirit's face,
The sweet, coy genius of the place,
Yon lake beheld as if in trance,
The beauty of whose shy romance
I feel — whatever shores and skies
May charm henceforth my wondering eyes,
Shall rest, undimmed by taint or stain,
'Mid lonely byways of the brain,
There, with its haunting grace, to seem
Set in the landscape of a dream.

A COMPARISON.

I think, oft-times, that lives of men may be
Likened to wandering winds that come and go.
Not knowing whence they rise, whither they blow
O'er the vast globe, voiceful of grief or glee.
Some lives are buoyant zephyrs, sporting free
In tropic sunshine; some long winds of woe
That shun the day, wailing with murmurs low,
Through haunted twilights, by the unresting sea;
Others are ruthless, stormful, drunk with night,
Born of deep passion or malign desire:
They rave 'mid thunderpeals and clouds of fire.
Wild, reckless all, save that some power unknown
Guides each blind force till life be overblown,
Lost in vague hollows of the fathomless night

THE DEAD YEAR.

A moment since his breath dissolved in air!
And now divorced from life's last hectic glow,
He joins the ghostly years of long ago

In some cloud-folded realm of vague despair;
Ah me! the unsceptred years that wander there!
What cold, wan hands, and faces white as snow,
And echoes of dead voices quavering low —
The phantom-burden of long-perished care!
Perchance all unsubstantialized and gray,
Time's earliest year now greets his last, deceased;
Or he that dumbly gazed on Adam's fall,
Palely emerging from the shadowy east,
With flickering semblance of cold crown and pall,
Clothes the dim ghost of him just passed away!

THE SUPREME HOUR.

There comes an hour when all life's joys and pains
To our raised vision seem
But as the flickering phantom that remains
Of some dead midnight dream!

There comes an hour when earth recedes so far,
Its wasted wavering ray
Wanes to the ghostly pallor of a star
Merged in the Milky Way.

Set on the sharp, sheer summit that divides
Immortal truth from mortal fantasy;
We hear the moaning of time's muffled tides
In measureless distance die!

Past passions, loves, ambitions, and despairs,
Across the expiring swell
Send thro' void space, like wafts of Lethean airs,
Vague voices of farewell.

Ah, then! from life's long-haunted dream we part
Roused as a child new-born,
We feel the pulses of the eternal heart
Throb thro' the eternal morn.

HAZLITT, WILLIAM, an English critic and essayist; born at Maidstone, Kent, April 10, 1778; died at London, September 18, 1830. His father was a Unitarian clergyman, and he himself was designed for the ministry of that denomination. But he gave attention to literature and art rather than to theology. At first he attempted portrait painting with indifferent success. He afterward became connected with several periodicals, for which he wrote criticisms upon art, literature, and literary men. His literary work threw him into the company of Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, Moore, Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth, but being of peculiar disposition he quarrelled with all of them. Near the close of his life he fell into great pecuniary straits. His principal works are: *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* (1817); *A View of the English Stage* (1818); *Lectures on the English Poets* (1818); *On the English Comic Writers* (1819); *On the Literature of the Elizabethan Age* (1821); *Table Talk* (1824); *The Spirit of the Age* (1825); *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* (1828).

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

The age of Elizabeth was distinguished beyond, perhaps, any other in our history by a number of great men, famous in different ways, and whose names have come down to us with unblemished honors — statesmen, warriors, divines, scholars, poets, and philosophers; Raleigh, Drake, Coke, Hooker, and higher and more sounding still, and more frequent in our mouths, Shakespeare, Spenser, Sydney, Bacon, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher — men whom fame has eternized in her long and brilliant scroll, and who by their words and acts, were benefactors of their country and ornaments of

human nature. Their attainments of different kinds bore the same general stamp, and it was sterling. Perhaps the genius of Great Britain never shone out fuller or brighter or looked more like itself than at this period. For such an extraordinary combination and development of fancy and genius many causes may be assigned; and we may seek for the chief of them in religion, in politics, in the circumstances of the time, the recent diffusion of letters, in local situations, and in the characters of the men who adorned that period, and availed themselves so nobly of the advantages placed within their reach. I shall here attempt to give a general sketch of these causes, and of the manner in which they operated to mould and stamp the poetry of the country at the period of which I have to treat, independently of incidental and fortuitous causes, for which there is no accounting, but which, after all, have often the greatest share in determining the most important results.

The first cause I shall mention as contributing to this general effect was the Reformation which had just then taken place. This event gave a mighty impulse and increased activity to thought and inquiry, and agitated the inert mass of accumulated prejudices throughout Europe. The effect of the concussion was general; but the shock was greatest in this country. It toppled down the full-grown intolerable abuses of centuries at a blow; heaved the ground from under the feet of bigoted faith and slavish obedience, and the roar and dashing of opinions, loosened from their accustomed hold, might be heard like the noise of an angry sea, and has never yet subsided. Germany first broke the spell of misbegotten fear, and gave the watchword; but England joined the shout, and echoed it back with her island voice from her thousand cliffs and craggy shores, in a longer and louder strain. With that cry the genius of Great Britain rose, and threw down the gauntlet to the nations. There was a mighty fermentation; the waters were out; public opinion was in a state of projection. Liberty was held out to all to think and speak the truth. Men's brains were busy, their spirits stirring, their hearts full, and their hands not idle. Their eyes were opened to expect the

greatest things and their ears burned with curiosity and zeal to know the truth, that the truth might make them free. The death-blow which had been struck at scarlet vice and bloated hypocrisy loosened their tongues and made the talismans and love-tokens of Popish superstition, with which she had beguiled her followers and committed abominations with the people, fall harmless from their necks.

The translation of the Bible was the chief engine of the great work. It threw open, by a secret spring, the rich treasures of religion and morality which had been there locked up as in a shrine. It revealed the vision of the prophets and conveyed the lessons of inspired teachers to the meanest of the people. It gave them a common interest in a common cause. Their hearts burned within them as they read. It gave a mind to the people by giving them common subjects of thought and feeling. It cemented their union of character and sentiment. It created endless diversity and collision of opinion. They found objects to employ their faculties, and a motive in the magnitude of the consequences attached to them, to exert the utmost eagerness in the pursuit of truth, and the most daring intrepidity in maintaining it.

Religious controversy sharpens the understanding by the subtlety and remoteness of the topics it discusses, and embraces the will by their infinite importance. We perceive in this period a nervous masculine intellect. No levity, no feebleness, no indifference; or, if there were, it is a relaxation from the intense activity which gives a tone to its general character. But there is a gravity approaching to piety; a seriousness of impression, a conscientious severity of argument, and habitual fervor and enthusiasm in their method of handling almost every subject. The debates of the Schoolmen were sharp and subtle enough, but they wanted interest and grandeur, and were besides confined to a few; they did not affect the general mass of the community. But the Bible was thrown open to all ranks and conditions "to run and read," with its wonderful table of contents from Genesis to the Revelation. Every village in Eng-

land would present the scene so well described in Burns's *Cotter's Saturday Night.* I cannot think that all this variety and weight of knowledge could be thrown in all at once upon the mind of the people and not make some impression upon it, the traces of which might be discerned in the manners and literature of the age. . . .

There have been persons who, being sceptics as to the divine mission of Christ, have taken an unaccountable prejudice to his doctrines, and have been disposed to deny the merit of his character. But this was not the feeling of the great men in the Age of Elizabeth (whatever might be their belief). One of them says of Him, with a boldness equal to its piety:

> "The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

This was old honest Dekker, and the lines ought to embalm his memory to every one who has a sense either of religion, or philosophy, or true genius. Nor can I help thinking that we may discern the traces of the influence exerted by religious faith in the spirit of the poetry of the Age of Elizabeth; in the means of exciting terror and pity; in the delineations of the passions of grief, remorse, love, sympathy; the sense of shame; in the fond desires, the longings after immortality; in the heaven of hope and the abyss of despair it lays open to us. The literature of this age, then, I would say, was strongly influenced (among other causes), first by the spirit of Christianity, and secondly by the spirit of Protestantism.

The effects of the Reformation on politics and philosophy may be seen in the writings and history of the next and the following ages. They are still at work, and will continue to be so. The effects on the poetry of the time were chiefly confined to the moulding of the character, and giving a powerful impulse to the intellect of the country. The immediate use or application that was made of religion to subjects of imagination

and fiction was not (from an obvious ground of separation) so direct or frequent as that which was made of the classical and romantic literature; for much about the same time the rich and fascinating stores of the Greek and Roman mythology, and those of the romantic poetry of Spain and Italy, were eagerly explored by the curious, and thrown open in translation to the admiring gaze of the vulgar.

This last circumstance could hardly have afforded so much advantage to the poets of that day, who were themselves the translators, as it shows the general curiosity and increasing interest in such subjects as a prevailing feature of the times. There were translations of Tasso by Fairfax, and of Ariosto by Harrington, of Homer and Hesiod by Chapman, and of Virgil long before, and Ovid soon after; there was Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, of which Shakespeare has made such admirable use in his *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar;* and Ben Jonson's tragedies of *Catiline* and *Sejanus* may themselves be considered as almost literal translations into verse of Tacitus, Sallust, and Cicero's *Orations* in his consulship. Petrarch, Dante, the satirist Aretine, Machiavelli, Castiglione, and others, were familiar to our writers; and they make occasional mention of some few French authors, as Ronsard and Du Bartas — for the French literature had not at this stage arrived at its Augustan period, and it was the imitation of their literature a century afterward, when it had arrived at its greatest height (itself copied from the Greek and Latin), that enfeebled and impoverished our own. But of the time that we are considering, it might be said without much extravagance, that every breath that blew, that every wave that rolled to our shores, brought with it some accession to our knowledge, which was engrafted on the national genius. . . .

What also gave an unusual impetus to the mind of men at this period was the discovery of the New World, and the reading of voyages and travels. Green islands and golden sands seemed to arise, as by enchantment, out of the bosom of the watery waste, and invite the cupidity or wing the imagination of the dreaming specu-

lator. Fairyland was realized in new and unknown worlds. "Fortunate fields and groves, and flowery vales, thrice happy isles," were found floating, "like those Hesperian gardens famed of old," beyond Atlantic seas, as dropped from the zenith. The people, the soil, the clime, everything gave unlimited scope to the curiosity of the traveler and reader. Other mariners might be said to enlarge the bounds of knowledge, and new mines of wealth were tumbled at our feet. It is from a voyage to the Straits of Magellan that Shakespeare has taken the hint of Prospero's Enchanted Island, and of the savage Caliban with his good Setebos. Spenser seems to have had the same feeling in his mind in the production of his *Faery Queene.*— *The Literature of the Elizabethan Age.*

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

The character of Hamlet stands quite by itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility — the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable, though not faultless. The ethical delineations of tremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect — as in the scene where he kills Polonius; and, again, where he alters the letters which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical; dallies with his purposes till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers; and, by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity. . . .

The moral perfection of this character has been called in question, we think, by those who did not understand it. It is more interesting than according to rules; amiable, though not faultless. The ethical delineations of "that noble and liberal casuist"—as Shakespeare has been well called—do not exhibit the drab-colored Quakerism of morality. His plays are not copied either from *The Whole Duty of Man* or from *The Academy of Compliments!* We confess we are a little shocked at the want of refinement in those who are shocked at the want of refinement in Hamlet. The neglect of punctilious exactness in his behavior either partakes of the "license of the time," or else belongs to the very excess of intellectual refinement in the character, which makes the common rules of life, as well as his own purposes, sit loose upon him. He may be said to be amenable only to the tribunal of his own thoughts, and is too much taken up with the airy world of contemplation to lay as much stress as he ought on the practical consequences of things. His habitual principles of action are unhinged and out of joint with the time. His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of affection suspended, not obliterated, by the distractions of the scene around him! Amidst the natural and preternatural horrors of his situation he might be excused in delicacy from carrying on a regular courtship. When "his father's spirit was in arms," it was not a time for the son to make love in. He could neither marry Ophelia, nor wound her mind by explaining the cause of his alienation, which he durst hardly trust himself to think of. It would have taken him years to have come to a direct explanation on this point. In the harassed state of his mind he could not have done much otherwise than he did.—*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

HEADLEY, Joel Tyler, an American biographer and historian; born at Walton, Delaware County, N. Y., December 30, 1813; died at Newburgh, N. Y., January 16, 1897. He was graduated from Union College in 1839, studied theology at Auburn, and became pastor of a church at Stockbridge, Mass. In 1842–43 he traveled in Europe for his health. Two volumes published after his return, *Letters from Italy,* and *The Alps and the Rhine* (1845), were well received. In 1846 he became assistant editor of the New York *Tribune.* He afterward published many volumes, among which are: *Napoleon and His Marshals,* and *Sacred Mountains* (1846); *Washington and His Generals* (1847); *The Adirondacks, or Life in the Woods* (1849); *The Imperial Guard of Napoleon from Marengo to Waterloo* (1852); *History of the Second War between England and the United States* (1853); *Sacred Scenes and Characters* and *Life of General Havelock* (1859); *The Great Rebellion: a History of the Civil War in the United States* (1863–66); *Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution* (1864); *Sacred Heroes and Martyrs* (1870); and *The Achievements of Stanley and Other African Explorers.*

CHARGE OF THE OLD GUARD AT WATERLOO.

At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the distant wood, and soon an army of 30,000 men deployed into the field, and began to march straight for the scene of conflict. Blücher and his Prussians had come, but no Grouchy, who had been left to hold them in check, followed after. In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops if

once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and so he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavored to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the Old Guard, and thus throwing himself between the two armies, fight them separately. For this purpose the Imperial Guard was called up, which had remained inactive during the whole day, and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet at the British centre. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, "the bravest of the brave," and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part way down the slope, and halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery, impetuous manner. He told them that the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor. "*Vive l'Empereur,*" answered him with a shout that was heard all over the fields of battle.

He then left them to Ney, who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself; but he knew he could not carry that Guard so far, nor hold them so long before the artillery as Ney. The moral power the latter carried with him, from the reputation he had gained of being "the bravest of the brave," was worth a whole division. Whenever a column saw him at their head, they knew it was to be victory or annihilation.

The whole Continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill that the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith — now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense

anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rang on every side, *"la Garde Recule, la Garde Recule,"* make us for the moment forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sank to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink beneath him, till *five* had been shot down. Then, his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and metal into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad

sheet of flames rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not wholly withstand it. They reeled, shook, and staggered back. While in this state of confusion, and before they could finally rally again, a column of English infantry, advancing on the left flank, poured in their rapid and destructive volleys. The noble Guard, lifting heavily against the overwhelming masses, swerved one side to meet this new shock, when suddenly, with loud shouts, a brigade of cavalry broke upon the disordered right flank, and broke straight through the shattered column. All was now confusion, and to the terrific shout, "The Guard recoils! the Guard recoils!" the mighty mass rolled down the slope. Ney was borne back in the refluent tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone and fallen in his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to yield, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood, and let the enemy plough through them. Michel, in one of them, being called upon to surrender, replied, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders;" and fell a noble sacrifice to save its honor. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle.—*Napoleon and His Marshals.*

HEARN, LAFCADIO, a Greek-American journalist and author; born at Leucadia, Santa Maura, June 27, 1850; died at Tokio, Japan, September 27, 1904. His father, a surgeon of the English army, married a beautiful maiden of the Ionian Isles, where he chanced to be stationed during the British protectorate. Two sons were born to this romantic couple, Lafcadio being the younger. When still a child he was sent to relatives in Wales; and was educated in Great Britain and France, with a view to his entering the Catholic priesthood. But when nearing manhood he realized that the Church was not his vocation. His father died in India, and in a spirit of adventure he left home and removed to the United States; experiencing at first "the chance and change of a roving life." From the East, where his occupation had been proof-reading, he drifted to Cincinnati; and there, as a reporter, took his first steps in journalism. Finding, after a stay of some duration, that the climate was too severe for his health, he went to New Orleans, and engaged in newspaper work there. Becoming greatly interested in Creole life and customs, he issued there his *Gombo Zhèbes,* a compilation of quaint sayings and proverbs in the different Creole patois. He contributed translations from the French to the New Orleans *Democrat,* before it was merged with the *Times,* and continued this work after the consolidation of the two papers into the *Times-Democrat,* when he became a member of the editorial staff. He spent some time in the West Indies; and then he went to Japan; where he took a native wife and became a naturalized citizen of that country, and adopted the name of Y. Koijumi. He opened a school at Matsue,

in the province of Udrumo, where he taught English to the Japanese for four years; then removed to Kumamoto, in the southern island of Kyushyu, and was subsequently appointed Lecturer in English Literature at the Imperial University of Tokio.

Hearn's publications include an English translation of *One of Cleopatra's Nights* (1882), from the French of Théophile Gautier; *Stray Leaves from Strange Literature* (1884), being an interpretation of certain Eastern stories and legends; *Gombo Zhèbes* (1885); *Some Chinese Ghosts* (1887); *Chita: a Memory of Lost Island* (1889); *Two Years in the French West Indies,* and *Youma* (1890); *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* (1894); *Out of the East* (1895); *Kokoro: Hints and Echoes of Japanese Inner Life* (1896); *Gleanings in Buddha Fields* (1897); *Exotics and Retrospections* (1898); *Shadowings* (1899); *A Japanese Miscellany* (1900); *Kotto, or Japanese Curios* (1901); *In Ghostly Japan* (1902); *Japan* (1903); *Kwaiden* (1904), and *Romance of the Milky Way* (1905).

Ione Noguchi thus describes the funeral of Mr. Hearn in Japan: Three foreigners, Americans, were present. Hearn was the first alien ever buried in Japan with the Buddhist rite. Forty Japanese professors, 100 Japanese students, and his own former pupils were present at his last services. The pupils presented a wreath of laurel, which bore this inscription: "In memory of Lafcadio Hearn, whose pen was mightier than the sword of the victorious nation which he loved and lived among, and whose highest honor it shall ever be to have given him citizenship and, alas, a grave!" In fulfillment of Hearn's own wishes, his grave is in one of the loneliest spots in the cemetery near the outskirts of Tokio. Truly he was a delicate,

easily broken Japanese vase, old as the world, beautiful as a cherry blossom.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Again the enormous poem of azure and emerald unrolls before us, but in order inverse; again is the island-Litany of the Saints repeated for us, but now backward. All the bright familiar harbors once more open to receive us; — each lovely Shape floats to us again, first golden yellow, then vapory gray, then ghostly blue, but always sharply radiant at last, symmetrically exquisite, as if chiselled out of amethyst and emerald and sapphire. We review the same wondrous wrinkling of volcanic hills, the cities that sit in extinct craters, the woods that tower to heaven, the peaks perpetually wearing that luminous cloud which seems the breathing of each island-life,— its vital manifestation. . . .

. . . Only now do the long succession of exotic and unfamiliar impressions received begin to group and blend, to form homogeneous results — general ideas or convictions. Strongest among these is the belief that the white race is disappearing from these islands, acquired and held at so vast a cost of blood and treasure. Reasons almost beyond enumeration have been advanced — economical, climatic, ethnical, political — all of which contain truth, yet no single one of which can wholly explain the fact. Already the white West Indian populations are diminishing at a rate that almost staggers credibility. In the island paradise of Martinique in 1848 there were 12,000 whites; now, against more than 160,000 blacks and half-breeds, there are perhaps 5,000 whites left to maintain the ethnic struggle, and the number of these latter is annually growing less. Many of the British islands have been almost deserted by their former cultivators: St. Vincent is becoming desolate; Tobago is a ruin; St. Martin lies half abandoned; St. Christopher is crumbling; Granada has lost more than half her whites; St. Thomas, once the most prosperous, the most active, the most cosmopolitan of West Indian ports, is in full decadence. And while the white element is dis-

appearing, the dark races are multiplying as never before; — the increase of the negro and half-breed populations has been everywhere one of the startling results of emancipation. The general belief among the creole whites of the Lesser Antilles would seem to confirm the old prediction that the slave races of the past must become the masters of the future. Here and there the struggle may be greatly prolonged, but everywhere the ultimate result must be the same, unless the present conditions of commerce and production become marvellously changed. The exterminated Indian people of the Antilles have already been replaced by populations equally fitted to cope with the forces of the Nature about them — that splendid and terrible Nature of the tropics which consumes the energies of the races of the North, which devours all that has been accomplished by their heroism or their crimes — effacing their cities, rejecting their civilization. To those people physiologically in harmony with this Nature belong all the chances of victory in the contest — already begun — for racial supremacy.

But with the disappearance of the white populations the ethnical problem would be still unsettled. Between the black and mixed peoples prevail hatreds more enduring and more intense than any race prejudices between whites and freedmen in the past; a new struggle for supremacy could not fail to begin, with the perpetual augmentation of numbers, the ever-increasing competition for existence. And the true black element, more numerically powerful, more fertile, more cunning, better adapted to pyrogenic climate and tropical environment, would surely win. All these mixed races, all these beautiful fruit-colored populations, seem doomed to extinction; the future tendency must be to universal blackness, if existing conditions continue — perhaps to universal savagery. Everywhere the sins of the past have borne the same fruit, have furnished the colonies with social enigmas that mock the wisdom of legislators,— a dragon-crop of problems that no modern political science has yet proved competent to deal with. Can it even be hoped that future sociologists will be able to answer them, after Nature — who never forgives — shall have exacted

the utmost possible retribution for all the crimes and follies of three hundred years? — *Two Years in the French West Indies.* (Copyright, 1890, by HARPER & BROTHERS.)

HEBER, REGINALD, an English clergyman and poet; born at Malpas, Cheshire, April 21, 1783; died at Trichinopoly, India, April 2, 1826. In 1800 he entered Brasenose College, Oxford. In 1803 he wrote his prize poem, *Palestine,* which has been pronounced the best poem of the kind ever produced at Oxford. After taking his degree in 1804, he traveled in Germany, Russia, and the Crimea. In 1815 he preached the Bampton Lecture, his subject being "The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter." In 1819 he wrote a *Life of Jeremy Taylor,* with a critical examination of his writings, and in 1822 was appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn. In 1823 he accepted the appointment of Bishop of Calcutta, this see then including all British India, Ceylon, Mauritius, and Australia. From the time of entering upon his episcopal duties he was occupied with visitations through parts of his vast diocese. He wrote a *Narrative of a Journey Through the Upper Provinces of India,* which was not published until after his death. His *Life and Unpublished Works,* edited by his widow, appeared in 1830. His *Hymns* were first published entire in 1827.

JERUSALEM.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed Queen! forgotten Zion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While sons unblest their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek thy scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet-bards, the glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force and meagre Want are there
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

—*From Palestine.*

THE MOONLIGHT MARCH.

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high,
Blend with the notes of victory.
And waving arms and banners bright,
Are glancing in the mellow light:
They're lost, and gone; the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast;
And fainter, fainter, fainter still
The March is rising o'er the hill.
Again, again, the pealing drum,
The dashing horn: they come, they come!
Through rocky pass, o'er woody steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep;
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their softened chorus meets the ear.
Forth, forth and meet them on their way;

The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
And clashing horn, they come; they come!

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?
Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

EARLY PIETY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away:
And soon — too soon — the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age

Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine!
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine!
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thy own!

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

HECKER, ISAAC THOMAS, an American clergyman and philanthropist; born at New York, December 18, 1819; died there December 22, 1888. He obtained his education in the intervals of the labor which his parents' straitened circumstances made necessary. With his brothers he engaged in business, which he relinquished for the study of metaphysics and theology. He spent several months at Brook Farm, which he left with Thoreau, and with him made a series of experiments to ascertain the lowest cost of necessary food. After this he re-entered business with his brothers, and took charge of their workingmen, for whom he provided a library. At the age of twenty-three he entered the Roman Catholic Church, and in 1849 went to Europe to study for the priesthood. He returned in 1851, and in 1858 founded a new missionary society under the name of "The Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle." Its members are called the Paulist Fathers.

In 1865 he founded a magazine, *The Catholic World*, of which he was the editor. Among his works are *Questions of the Soul* (1885); *Aspirations of Nature* (1857); *Catholicity in the United States* (1879);

Catholics and Protestants Agreeing on the School Questions (1881), and *The Church and The Age* (1888).

STEPS TO HIGHER LIFE.

There are few among us who have not felt, at times, that life should be an uninterrupted act of piety; that our deeds, to be true, should be acts of worship; that what is not directed to God, is lost, profane, if not sinful. We know it, and speak not at random, when we say, that a large class of our people are earnest, serious-minded, and dissatisfied at heart with the life around them, and are unwilling "to decline on a range of lower feelings." They are eager, anxious, restless to be freed, and to live a better and more spiritual life, and hence they grasp and catch at any enterprise, scheme, theory, or doctrine, however absurd, so long as it promises to discover to them the secrets of spiritual life, or to afford them the means to live it.

But some of the reasons why this class of persons is more numerous in this country than among any other Protestant people, may be distinctly stated. Our first reason may be called a political and economical one. To be freed from the cares and toils, of the common duties of life, is necessary to the development of the nobler powers of the soul. Here in the United States, competence is more easily acquired than in any other land, thanks to our political institutions and the advantages of our country; hence, those who feel strongly called to live a higher life have the leisure so necessary to their growth and development. Many, in whom under less favorable circumstances, all instinct of a diviner life would be stifled and trodden out, here come to a full consciousness of their nobler powers and true destiny.

Another reason, and one that may be called geographical, is the nature and state of our country. It is not enough to be freed from care and toil for the development of our secret powers and aspirations after a purer and holier life — more is needed — silence, solitude is

needed. Our country presents these to us with a lavish hand, and on the grandest scale, in her deep forests, her vast prairies, in her unexplored regions and uncultivated lands; these, with our sparse population, force a great part of our people to silence and into solitude. And these conditions give quiet and tranquillity to the mind, qualities which conduce, and so to speak, provoke man to the meditation and contemplation of his own nature, his destiny, and of God. For solitude gives birth to our noble impulses, and nature, rightly viewed, leads upward step by step, as it were, to our common Author; in whom all secrets are opened to our view.— *Questions of the Soul.*

MIDDLE-AGE.

Fair time of calm resolve — of sober thought!
Quiet half-way hostelry on Life's long road,
In which to rest and re-adjust our load!
High table land, to which we have been brought
By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil!
Season when not to achieve is to despair!
Last field for us of a full fruitful soil!
Only spring-tide our freighted aims to bear
Onward to all our yearning dreams have sought!

How art thou changed! Once to our youthful eyes
Thin silvering locks and thought's imprinted lines
Of sloping age gave weird and wintry signs;
But now, these trophies ours, we recognize
Only a voice faint-rippling to its shore,
And a weak tottering step, as marks of eld,
None are so far but some are on before;
Thus still at distance is the goal beheld
And to improve the way is truly wise.

Farewell, ye blossomed hedges! and the deep
Thick green of summer on the matted bough:
The languid autumn mellows round us now
Yet Fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
Like holly leaves for a December wreath.

To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
  And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
Is all that poor humanity demands
  To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep.

HECTOR, ANNIE FRENCH ("MRS. ALEXANDER"), an Irish novelist; born at Dublin, in 1825; died at London, July 10, 1902. She began writing at an early age, but she received so little encouragement that she gave it up, and it was not until after the death of her husband, when it became necessary for her to do something to support herself and family that she again resumed her pen. She published *Which Shall it Be?* (1866); *The Legend of the Golden Prayer,* a story in verse (1872); *The Wooing O't* (1873); *Ralph Wilton's Weird* (1875); *Her Dearest Foe* (1876); *The Heritage of Langdale* (1877); *Maid, Wife, or Widow?* (1879); *Moral Songs* (1879); *The Freres* (1882); *The Admiral's Ward* (1883); *The Executor* (1883); *Holiday Songs* (1884); *A Second Life* (1885); *At Bay* (1885); *Valerie's Fate* (1885); *Beaton's Bargain* (1886); *By Woman's Wit* (1886); *Mona's Choice* (1887); *A Life Interest* (1888); *Well Won* (1891); *Mammon* (1891); *For His Sake* (1892); *The Snare of the Fowler* (1892); *Found Wanting* (1892); *Was She to Blame?* (1893); *Broken Links* (1894); *Forging the Fetters* (1894); *A Love Match* (1894); *A Ward in Chancery* (1894); *A Golden Autumn* (1897); *A Winning Hazard* (1898); and *Barbara* (1900).

ANDRÉE'S REVERIE.

It was sad that such dear companions had slipped from her hold; but their silence never made her fear that it was caused by coldness or indifference. They had a hard struggle too, and once they met all would be the same as ever. This was the one bit of romance in Andrée's somewhat denuded life, and as she developed, the memory of it grew sweeter and more vivid — a fountain, as it were, of living water, that kept her heart from dying of the parching drought, the terrible despair of happiness which too often comes when the spirit can see nothing in the future, nor remember anything in the past but clouds and thick darkness, the pressure of sordid wants, the disheartening of perpetual failure. Surely the greatest joy of life, the greatest crown a woman could win would be to see eyes brighten and grow tender at one's approach, as John's used to do at Lilly's! But Lilly was beautiful as well as sweet and good, and Andrée must never allow herself to expect such bliss, it would be too foolish.

She looked at herself in the glass very steadily and sighed; then a quiet smile stole to her lips and eyes. "Life has many sides," she said to herself, "and I am fortunate. I must find John and his wife, perhaps they might come and live with me. It is quite six years since I heard of them. The letter telling of my poor dear father's death was returned to me. Oh! they may both be dead too! — but no! that would be too, too cruel!"

She roused herself from the prolonged review of the sweet and bitter past.

"I must write to Maud. Her last letter is more than a fortnight old, and she did not seem too happy. I fear a solemn, stately English country-house will not suit her, she is really a Bohemian! I wish I had a house of my own to ask her to. How curious it will be to have a house of my own, with servants and what is called an establishment. Will it be like a home to me? I fear not. Four walls and beautiful furniture, servants, and

visitors do not make home! I suppose I must hire some one to live with me. I will not stay here. I want to be my own mistress, though I like Mrs. Landon and Charlie and — Richard? I am not sure. He talks best, he has more ideas, and seems to consider me worth talking to, but none of them would think much of me if I had not this money."— *A Ward in Chancery.*

HEDGE, FREDERICK HENRY, an American essayist; born at Cambridge, Mass., December 12, 1805; died there, August 21, 1890. At the age of twelve he was sent to a school in Germany, where he remained five years. Upon his return he entered the junior class at Harvard, graduating in 1825. He studied theology, and in 1829 became pastor of the Unitarian church at West Cambridge, and subsequently of other churches. In 1857 he was made Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Cambridge Divinity School, and in 1872 Professor of German in Harvard College. He wrote *The Prose Writers of Germany* (1848); *Reason in Religion* (1865); *The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition* (1870); *Martin Luther, and Other Essays* (1888); made numerous translations in prose and verse from the German; assisted in the preparation of a Hymn Book, and wrote hymns and other occasional poems.

Dr. Hedge was distinguished for the high character and variety of his attainments, and for the strength, acuteness, and originality of his intellect, and his writings are destined to retain a prominent place in the country's literature.

QUESTIONINGS.

Hath this world without me wrought
Other substance than my thought?
Lives it by my sense alone,
Or by essence of its own?
Will its life — with mine begun —
Cease to be when that is done;
Or another consciousness
With the selfsame forms impress?

Doth yon fire-ball, poised in air,
Hang by my permission there?
Are the clouds that wander by
But the offspring of mine eye,
Born with every glance I cast,
Perishing when that is past?
And those thousand, thousand eyes,
Scattered through the twinkling skies,
Do they draw their life from mine,
Or of their own beauty shine?

Now I close my eyes, my ears,
And creation disappears;
Yet if I but speak the word,
All creation is restored.
Or — more wonderful — within,
New creations do begin;
Hues more bright and forms more rare
Than reality doth wear,
Flash across my inward sense,
Born of the Mind's omnipotence.

Soul! that all informest, say!
Shall these glories pass away?
Will those planets cease to blaze
When these eyes no longer gaze?
And the life of things be o'er
When these pulses beat no more?

SVEN HEDIN.

Thought! that in me works and lives —
Life to all things living gives —
Art thou not thyself, perchance,
But the Universe in trance?
A reflection inly flung
By that world thou fanciedst sprung
From thyself — thyself a dream —
Of the world's thinking, thou the theme?

But be it thus, or be thy birth
From a source above the earth;
Be thou matter, be thou mind,
In thee alone myself I find;
And through thee alone, for me,
Hath this world reality.
Therefore in thee will I live,
To thee all myself will give,
Living still that I may find
This bounded Self in boundless Mind.

HEDIN, SVEN ANDERS, a Swedish geographer and explorer; born at Stockholm, February 19, 1865. He was educated at the Universities of Stockholm, Upsala, Berlin, and Halle, receiving at the latter university the degree of doctor of philosophy. He made his first journey of exploration in 1885, through Persia and Mesopotamia, and in 1890 went to Persia as a member of the Swedish Embassy. In 1891 he journeyed through Turkestan and Khorassan, and two years later undertook his remarkable journey from the Russian frontier to Pekin, passing through the unknown regions of Tibet. After four years of exciting adventure he arrived in Pekin,

and in 1899 organized a second expedition to Central Asia.

Dr. Hedin has published numerous volumes of exploration and travel, which have been translated into English and widely circulated. In 1887 he published *A Journey Through Persia and Mesopotamia,* and in 1891, *King Oscar's Embassy to the Shah of Persia.* In 1892 appeared *A Journey Through Khorassan and Turkestan,* and in 1898 he published *Through Asia.* His most important work, *Central Asia and Tibet,* was published in 1903. In this volume Dr. Hedin fully describes his adventures during the three years he spent in Central Asia and the accomplishments of the expedition. Among other experiences he tells of several narrow escapes from death; his navigation of 1,500 miles in a ferryboat; his discoveries of the remains of cities dating from the third century A. D., with translation of Chinese manuscripts there unearthed; his crossing of the mountains of Tibet with the largest and strongest caravan which has ever traversed that country; his journey in disguise toward Lhasa; his discovery by Tibetan spies warned of his intention to enter Lhasa; his captivity and escort of 500 Tibetans; his conflicts with them, and his voyage in an English folding boat over twelve Tibetan lakes. While it has the quality of a tale of adventure, the work embodies scientific facts and investigations.

Dr. Hedin is also the author of a scientific treatise in German, *The Results to Geographic Science of My Travels in Central Asia.*

HEEREN, Arnold Hermann Ludwig, a German historian; born at Arbergen, near Bremen, October 25, 1760; died at Göttingen, Prussia, March 7, 1842. He was educated in Bremen and in the University of Göttingen. His first literary work was an edition of Menander's *De Encomiis* (1785). He then visited Italy, France, and Holland. He became in 1794 Professor of Philosophy, and, in 1801, of History in the Göttingen University. His works on ancient history have given him a high place among German historians. Some of them are, *Ueber die Geschichte und Literatur der Schönen Wissenschaften* (1788); *Ueber den Einfluss der Normanen auf die französische Sprache und Literatur* (1789); *Ideen über die Politik, den Verkehr und den Handel der Vornehmsten Völker der Alten Welt* (1793–96); *Geschichte des Studiums der Classischen Literatur seit dem Wiederaufleben der Wissenschaften* (1797–1802); *Handbuch der Geschichte der Staaten des Alterthums,* and *Ueber die Geschichte der Europäischen Staaten in den Letzten Drei Jahrhunderten* (1799); *Geschichte des Europäischen Staatensystems und Seiner Colonien* (1809); *Der Deutsche Bund in Seinen Verhältnissen zu dem Europäischen Staatensystem* (1817); *De Fontibus et Auctoritate Vitarum Parallelorum Plutarchi* (1820); and *Commercia urbis Palmyra vicinarumque urbium, ex monumentis et inscriptionibus illustrata* (1832). The *Handbook of Ancient History,* part of the *Ideas,* and one or two of his other works have been translated into English by George Bancroft, and an English edition of his most important works was published in London (7 vols., 1854).

THE INFLUENCE OF HOMER ON THE GREEKS.

It was Homer who formed the character of the Greek nation. No poet has ever, as a poet, exercised a similar influence over his countrymen. Prophets, lawgivers, and sages have formed the character of other nations; it was reserved to a poet to form that of the Greeks. This is a trait in their character, which could not be wholly erased even in the period of their degeneracy. When lawgivers and sages appeared in Greece, the work of the poet had already been accomplished; and they paid homage to his superior genius. He held up before his nation the mirror, in which they were to behold the world of gods and heroes, no less than of feeble mortals, and to behold them reflected with purity and truth. His poems are founded on the first feelings of human nature; on the love of children, spouse, and country; on that passion which overweighs all others, the love of glory. His songs were poured forth from a breast which sympathized with all the feelings of man; and therefore they enter, and will continue to enter, every breast which cherishes the same sympathies. If it is granted to his immortal spirit, from another heaven than any which he dreamed on earth, to look down on his race, to see the nations from the fields of Asia, to the forests of Hercynia, performing pilgrimages to the fountain which his magic wand caused to flow; if it is permitted to him to overlook the whole harvest of grand, of elevated, of glorious productions, which have been called into being by means of his song; wherever his immortal spirit may reside, nothing more can be required to complete his happiness.

Wherever writing is known, where it is used for the purpose of preserving poems, and thus a poetic literature is formed, the muse loses her youthful freshness. Works of the greatest merit may still be produced; but poetry exerts its full influence only so long as it is considered inseparable from song and recitation. The Homeric poems were therefore so far from having produced a less considerable effect, because they for a long

time were not written down, that the source of their strength lay in this very circumstance. They entered the memory and soul of the nation. If we were better acquainted with the forms of social life which were prevalent in the cities of Ionia, and with which poetry necessarily stood in the closest union, we should be able to judge more definitely of its effects. The nature of things seems to show, that there, as in the mother country, they must have been sung at festivals and assemblies, whether public or private. The custom was so deeply fixed in the nation, that it continued long after these poems were committed to writing, and were thus accessible to a reader, and in fact, that it was declamation which continued to give them their full effect. We need but to call to mind the remark which Ion, the rhapsodist, makes to Socrates: "I see the hearers now weep and now rise in passion, and appear as if deprived of sensation." If the rhapsodists, in an age when all that was divine in their art had passed away, and when they sang only for money, could produce such effects, how great must have been their influence in the period of their greatest glory. . . .

Little confidence as we may place in the life of Homer attributed to Herodotus, and several other writings, it is still remarkable, that all unite in describing the fortunes of the poet during his lifetime, as by no means splendid. But his songs continue to live, and, probably in the very first century after the poet, were carried by Lycurgus into the Peloponnesus; and from the same school other epic poets also started up, whose works have been swallowed by the stream of time. A happy accident has preserved for us the general contents of a few of them; but though these accounts are meagre, we may still infer from them, that even among the ancients, they are chiefly of interest to the professed student of literature, and that they never gained any claim to be called national poems. But the works of these, and so many others, of whom we know only the names, show how generally epic poetry was extended among the nation. After the epic language had once been perfected by Homer, it remained peculiar to this kind of

poetry; and when we read the works of much later poets, of Quintus, or of Nonnus, we might believe ourselves employed on authors many centuries older than they, had we not other evidence beside their language to fix the period in which they lived. That the dialect of Homer remained the principal one for this class of poetry, had an important influence on Grecian literature. Amidst all the changes and improvements in language, it prevented the ancient from becoming antiquated, and secured it a place among the later modes of expression. This was a gain for the language and for the nation. With the dialect of Homer, his spirit continued in some measure to live among the epic poets. Language cannot of itself make a poet; but yet how much depends on language. If in those later poets we occasionally hear echoes of Homer, is it not sometimes his spirit which addresses us?

But his influence on the spirit of his countrymen was much more important than his influence on their language. He had delineated the world of heroes in colors which can never fade. He had made it present to posterity: and thus the artist and the tragic poet found a sphere opened for the employment of their powers of representation. And the scenes from which they drew their subjects, could not have remained foreign to their countrymen. We do but touch on this subject, in order to say something on the point which lies particularly within the circle of our inquiries; the influence which Homer and the epic poets exercised on the political character of their countrymen.

When we compare the scanty fragments that are still extant, respecting the circulation and preservation of the poems of Homer, it is remarkable that in Hellas itself, the lawgivers and rulers were the most active in making them known and in saving them from perishing. Lycurgus, we are told, was the first who introduced them into the Peloponnesus by means of the rhapsodists; Solon esteemed the subject so important, that in his code of laws, he formed distinct regulations, in conformity to which it seems probable that the several rhapsodies were recited, not as before without method,

but in their natural order, by several rhapsodists, who relieved each other at intervals. All this prepared for the undertaking of Pisistratus; who, according to the accounts of the ancients, not only arranged the poems of Homer, but gained a claim to the eternal gratitude of posterity, by committing them to writing.

This care in those illustrious men did not result from a mere admiration of poetry. That it was connected with their political views, if it needs such confirmation, appears from the circumstance that Solon introduces it into his laws. Were we to form judgment on this subject from the narrow views of our own times, it would seem strange, that they who founded or confirmed the government of a number, even a democracy, should have labored to extend the productions of a bard who was opposed to their principles, and declares his political creed without disguise; "no good comes of the government of the many; let one be ruler, and one be king;" and in whose works, as we have already remarked, republicanism finds no support. But their views were not so limited. Their object was not to confirm, by means of the poet, their own institutions and their own laws. They desired to animate their nation with a love for excellence and sublimity. Poetry and song, indissolubly united, seemed to them the fittest means of gaining that end. These had the greatest influence on the intellectual culture of the people. And if that culture lay within the sphere of the Grecian law-givers (and it always did, though in different degrees), of what importance in their eyes must that poet have been, whose poems, above all others, were recited by the class of rhapsodists, that lent a glory to the national festivals and assemblies? Solon, himself one of the first of moral poets, could not but perceive how much experience and knowledge of the world are contained in those books, with which youth is begun, and to which age returns. No fear was entertained, lest the narrations respecting the gods should be injurious to morals; although that fear afterward induced Plato to banish them from his republic; the philosopher who but for Homer never could have become Plato. For, as we have already remarked,

the gods were not held up as models for imitation. But whilst the people was enriching itself with that infinite treasure of practical wisdom, it continued at the same time to live in a world of heroes, and to preserve a taste for objects of beauty. It is impossible to estimate the consequences which resulted from this, the gain of the nation as a nation, by the encouragement of its warlike spirit, by the preservation of its love of liberty and independence. In one respect, those lawgivers were unquestionably in the right; a nation, of which the culture rested on the Iliad and Odyssey, could not easily be reduced to a nation of slaves.—*Ideas on the Politics, Intercourse and Trade, etc.; translation of* GEORGE BANCROFT.

HEERMANN, JOHANNES, a German poet; born at Raudten, Silesia, October 11, 1585; died at Lissa, Posen, February 17, 1647. He passed through the schools at Wohlau; at Fraustadt; the St. Elizabeth gymnasium at Breslau; and the gymnasium at Brieg. In 1609 he accompanied two young noblemen, to whom he had been tutor at Brieg, to the University of Strassburg; but an affection of the eyes caused him to return home in 1610. The following year he was appointed diaconus of Köben, and was promoted the same year to the pastorate there. In 1638 he retired to Lissa, where he remained until his death. His principal work is his *Devoti Musica Cordis* (1644), better known by its German title as *Haus und Hertz Musica* (House and Heart Music). Other works are: *Exegesis Fidei Christianæ* (1609); *Gebetbuch* (1609); a volume of religious poems entitled *Andæchtige Kirchenseufzer oder Reimen* (1616);

Heptalogus Christi (1619); *Leichenpredigten* (1620), being five volumes of funeral orations; *Epigrammatum Libri IX.* (1624); *Erklærung aller Sonn und Festtags-episteln* (1624), being an explication of all the Sunday and feast-day epistles; *Poetische Erquickstunden für Angefochtene Kranke und Sterbende* (1656), a book of poems for the sick and the dying.

"As a hymn-writer," says Julian, in his great work on hymnology, "Heermann ranks with the best of his century, some indeed regarding him as second only to Gerhardt. His hymns are distinguished by depth and tenderness of feeling; by firm faith and confidence in face of trial; by deep love to Christ, and humble submission to the will of God. Many of them became at once popular, passed into the hymn-books, and still hold their place among the classics of German hymnody."

O GOD, THOU FAITHFUL GOD.

O God, Thou faithful God!
  Thou well-spring of all blessing!
In whom we all exist,
  From whom we're all possessing!
Give me a body sound;
  And in it, builded well,
Let an unblemished soul
  And a good conscience dwell.

Afford me will and strength
  To do the work assigned me,
Whereto, in my true place,
  The law may call and find me.
Let it be timely done,
  With eager readiness;
And what is done in Thee
  Have ever good success.

Help me to speak but that
  Which I can stand maintaining;
And banish from my lips
  The word that's coarse and staining;
And when the duty comes
  To speak with earnest stress,
Then grant the needed force
  Unmixed with bitterness.

When trouble shall break in,
  Let me not turn despairer;
But give a steadfast heart,
  And make me a cross-bearer,
When health and comfort fail,
  Send to my side the Friend,
Who closer than a brother,
  Shall watch the sorrow's end.
    — *Translation of* N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

HEGEL, GEORG WILHELM FRIEDRICH, a German philosopher; born at Stuttgart, Würtemberg, August 27, 1770; died at Berlin, November 14, 1831. When eighteen years of age he entered the University of Tübingen as a student of theology; but the classics attracted him more than theology or philosophy. After receiving his certificate in 1793, he became a private tutor, first at Berne, and afterward at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Here he turned to the study of Christianity, and wrote a life of Jesus, in whom he saw not a sacrifice for the sins of the world, but a man conscious of union with God, and hence suffering death with tranquillity. A small inheritance from his father in 1799, gave Hegel an opportunity to resume a studious life. In January, 1801, he went

GEORG WILLIAM FRIEDRICH HEGEL

to Jena, and during the next winter gave his first course of lectures on logic and metaphysics. In 1805 he became Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy in the University, but in 1806, on the capture of Jena by Napoleon, he went to Bamberg, where he published his *Phenomenology of the Mind.* For eighteen months he was editor of the *Bamberger Zeitung,* during which time his *Phenomenology* appeared (1807). From 1808 to 1816, he was Rector of the Gymnasium of Nuremberg, and published his *Science of Logic* (1812–16). He was called to the chair of Philosophy at Heidelberg in 1816, and two years later, after the death of Fichte, to Berlin. At Heidelberg he brought out the *Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences* (1817). This exposition of his system he enlarged in 1830 to twice its original size. For the thirteen remaining years of his life he gave himself entirely to his work. He published *The Philosophy of Right* and *The Philosophy of Religion* in 1821; *The Philosophy of History in* 1827. Others of his works are on *Psychology, Ethics, Æsthetics,* and *The History of Philosophy.*

THE BRAHMINS.

Brahma (neuter) is the Supreme in Religion, but there are besides chief divinities *Brahmâ* (masc.) *Vishnu* or *Krishna* — incarnate in infinitely diverse forms — and *Siva.* These formed a connected Trinity. Brahma is the highest; but Vishnu or Krishna, Siva, the Sun; moreover, the Air, etc., are also Brahm, *i.e.* Substantial Unity. To Brahm itself no sacrifices are offered: it is not honored; but prayers are presented to all other idols. Brahm itself is the substantial Unity of All. The highest religious position of man, therefore, is being exalted to Brahm. If a Brahmin is asked what Brahm is, he answers: "When I fall back within

myself, and close all external senses, and say *ôm* to myself, that is Brahm." Abstract unity with God is realized in this abstraction from humanity. An abstraction of this kind may in some cases leave everything else unchanged, as does devotional feeling, momentarily excited. But among the Hindus it holds a negative position toward all that is concrete; and the highest state is supposed to be this exaltation, by which the Hindu raises himself to Deity. The Brahmins, in virtue of their birth, are already in possession of the Divine. The distinction of caste involves, therefore, a distinction between present deities and more limited mortals. The other castes may likewise become partakers in a *Regeneration;* but they must submit themselves to immense self-denial, torture, and penance.

This elevation which others can only attain by toilsome labor, is, as already stated, the birthright of the Brahmins. The Hindu of another caste, must, therefore, reverence the Brahmin as a divinity; fall down before him, and say to him: "Thou art God." And this elevation cannot have anything to do with moral conduct, but — inasmuch as all internal morality is absent — is rather dependent on a farrago of observances relating to the merest externalities and trivialities of existence. Human life, it is said, ought to be a perpetual worship of God. It is evident how hollow such general aphorisms are, when we consider the concrete forms which they may assume. They require another, a farther qualification, if they are to have a meaning. The Brahmins are a present deity, but their spirituality has not yet been reflected inwards in contrast with nature; and thus that which is purely indifferent is treated as of absolute importance. The employment of the Brahmins consists principally in the reading of the Vedas: they only have a right to read them. Were a Sudra to read the Vedas, or to hear them read, he would be severely punished and burning oil must be poured into his ears. The external observances binding on the Brahmins are prodigiously numerous, and the Laws of Manu treat of them as the most essential part of duty. The Brahmin must rest on one particular foot

in rising, then wash in a river; his hair and nails must be cut in neat curves, his whole body purified, his garments white; in his hand must be a staff of specified kind; in his ears a golden ear-ring. If the Brahmin meets a man of an inferior caste, he must turn back and purify himself. He has also to read in the Vedas, in various ways: each word separately, or doubling them alternately, or backward. He may not look to the sun when rising or setting, or when over-cast by clouds, or reflected in the water. He is forbidden to step over a rope to which a calf is fastened, or to go out when it rains. He may not look at his wife when she eats, sneezes, gapes, or is quietly seated. At the mid-day meal he may have only one garment on, in bathing never be quite naked. While, on the one hand, the Brahmins are subject to these strict limitations and rules, on the other hand their life is sacred; it cannot answer for crimes of any kind; and their property is equally secure from being attacked. The severest penalty which the ruler can inflict on them amounts to nothing more than banishment.

The Brahmin possesses such a sanctity that Heaven's lightning would strike the king who ventured to lay hands on him or his property. For the meanest Brahmin is so far exalted above the king, that he would be polluted by conversing with him, and would be dishonored by his daughter's choosing a prince in marriage. In Manu's *Code* it is said: "If any one presumes to teach a Brahmin his duty, the king must order that hot oil be poured into the ears and mouth of such an instructor. If one who is only once-born, loads one who is twice-born with reproaches, a red-hot iron bar ten inches long shall be thrust into his mouth." On the other hand a Sudra is condemned to have a red-hot iron thrust into him from behind if he rests himself in the chair of a Brahmin, and to have his foot or his hand hewed off if he pushes against a Brahmin with hands or feet. It is even permitted to give false testimony, and to lie before a court of justice, if a Brahmin can be thereby freed from condemnation.

As the Brahmins enjoy advantages over the other

castes, the latter in their turn have privileges, according to precedence, over their inferiors. If a Sudra is defiled by contact with a Pariah, he has a right to knock him down on the spot. Humanity on the part of a higher caste toward an inferior one is entirely forbidden, and a Brahmin would never think of assisting a member of another caste, even when in danger.

The other castes deem it a great honor when a Brahmin takes their daughter as his wife — a thing, however, which is permitted him only when he has already taken one from his own caste. Thence arises the freedom Brahmins enjoy of getting wives. At the great religious festivals they go among the people and choose those who please them best; they also repudiate them at pleasure. If a Brahmin or a member of any other caste transgresses the above-cited laws and precepts, he is himself excluded from his caste, and in order to be received back again, he must have a hook bored through the hips, and be swung repeatedly backward and forward in the air. There are also other forms of restoration. A Rajah who thought himself injured by an English governor, sent two Brahmins to England to detail his grievances. But the Hindus are forbidden to cross the sea, and these envoys on their return were declared excommunicated from their caste, and in order to be restored to it they had to be born again from a golden cow. The imposition was so far lightened, that only those parts of the cow out of which they had to creep were obliged to be golden; the rest might consist of wood. — *Lectures on the Philosophy of History; translation of* J. Sibree.

THE MORALITY OF THE HINDUS.

If we proceed to ask how far their religion exhibits the morality of the Hindus, the answer must be that the former is as distinct from the latter, as Brahm from the concrete existence of which he is the essence. To us religion is the knowledge of that Being who is emphatically our Being, and therefore the substance of our knowledge and volition; the proper office of which latter is

to be the willer of this fundamental substance. But that requires this [Highest] Being to be *in se* a personality, pursuing divine aims, such as can become the purport of human action. Such an idea of a relation of the Being of God as constituting the universal basis or substance of human action — such a morality cannot be found among the Hindus; for they have not the spiritual as the import of their consciousness. On the one hand their virtue consists in the abstraction from all activity — the condition they call "Brahm." On the other hand every action with them is a prescribed external usage; not free activity, the result of inward personality. Thus the moral condition of the Hindus (as already observed) shows itself most abandoned. In this all Englishmen agree. Our judgment of the morality of the Hindus is apt to be warped by representations of their mildness, tenderness, beautiful and sentimental fancy. But we must reflect that in nations utterly corrupt, there are sides of character which may be called tender and noble. We have Chinese poems in which the tenderest relations of love are depicted; in which delineations of deep emotion, humility, modesty, propriety are to be found; and which may be compared with the best that European literature contains. The same characteristics meet us in many Hindu poems; but rectitude, morality, freedom of soul, consciousness of individual right, are quite another thing. The annihilating of spiritual and physical existence has nothing concrete in it; and absorption in the abstractly Universal has no connection with the real. Deceit and cunning are the fundamental characteristics of the Hindus. Cheating, stealing, robbing, murdering, are with him habitual. Humbly crouching and abject before a victor and lord, he is recklessly barbarous to the vanquished and subject.

Characteristic of the Hindu's humanity is the fact that he kills no brute animal, founds and supports rich hospitals for brutes, especially for old cows and monkeys; but that through the whole land, no single institution can be found for human beings who are diseased or infirm from age. The Hindus will not tread upon ants, but they are perfectly indifferent when poor wanderers

pine away with hunger. The Brahmins are especially immoral. According to English reports they do nothing but eat and sleep. In what is not forbidden them by the rules of their order they follow natural impulses entirely. When they take any part in public life they show themselves avaricious, deceitful, voluptuous. With those whom they have reason to fear they are humble enough; for which they avenge themselves on their dependents. Children have no respect for their parents: sons maltreat their mothers. — *Philosophy of History; translation of* J. SIBREE.

HEINE, HEINRICH, a German poet; born at Düsseldorf, Prussia, December 13, 1797; died at Paris, February 17, 1856. He was of Jewish birth, the nephew of a wealthy banker of Hamburg. He received his early education in the Franciscan convent and in the Lyceum of Düsseldorf, and was then sent to Hamburg to be fitted for mercantile pursuits. After three years he was removed, in 1819, to the University of Bonn, and six months afterward to Göttingen, where he was soon rusticated. He then went to Berlin, studied philosophy under the direction of Hegel, made acquaintance with the works of Spinoza, and relinquished the thought of mercantile life. His first volume of poetry, entitled *Gedichte,* now forming, under the name of *Youthful Sorrows,* part of his *Book of Songs,* was published in 1822. It was coldly received, and Heine left Berlin for Göttingen, studied law, and received the degree of Doctor in 1825. In the same year he was baptized into the Lutheran Church. In 1823 he

had published two successful plays, *Almanzor* and *Ratcliff,* with a collection of short poems, *Lyrical Interludes.* In 1827 he republished these poems, together with the first volume, giving the collection the name of *The Book of Songs.* They were enthusiastically received, especially in the universities. His *Reisebilder* (Pictures of Travel), of mingled prose and poetry (1826–31), was equally successful. It is divided into three parts,*The Return Home, The Hartz-Journey,* and *The Baltic.* In 1831 Heine went to Paris, where he spent the remainder of his life, returning to Germany for only one or two short visits to his mother. For the next ten years he published prose only, writing for newspapers on politics and literature. He wrote French and German with equal fluency. In 1833 appeared his *History of Modern Literature in Germany,* afterward republished under the title of *The Romantic School; The Salon,* a series of essays, was published in four volumes between 1834 and 1840, and a long essay on the *Women of Shakespeare* in 1839. His next poetical work was *Atta Troll, a Summer Night's Dream* (1841), purporting to be the observations and reflections of a dancing bear on his travels. In 1835 he had married, and in 1843 he made his last journey to Germany, to visit his mother. A volume of *New Poems,* containing *Germany: a Winter's Tale,* in which many of his countrymen are mercilessly satirized, appeared in 1844.

In 1847 he was attacked with a disease of the spine, and his life thenceforth was one of excruciating suffering. For eight years he was, as he says, " in a state of death without its repose, and without the privileges of the dead, who have no need to spend money, and no letters or books to write." With both eyelids par-

alyzed, his lower limbs withered, his body filled with racking pain, he retained his mocking good-humor to the last, and in 1850 and 1851 composed a singular poetical work, *Romances,* divided into *Histories, Lamentations,* and *Hebrew Melodies.* A volume of *Latest Poems* was written three years afterward. His last work was a translation into French of some of the poems in his *Book of Songs.* During his years of agonizing pain he kept his mother in ignorance of what he suffered, sending her cheerful letters to the last, making her believe that he employed an amanuensis because he had a slight affection of the eyes.

Throughout his life Heine appeared as a mocker. The bitterest irony pervades his writings. Nothing is sacred. His beautiful thoughts and tender feelings are sometimes followed by a sneer. Yet his poems are characterized by singular beauty of feeling and expression. He seems to have combined two natures always struggling for mastery.

THE MOUNTAIN ECHO.

At sad slow pace across the vale
There rode a horseman brave:
"Ah! travel I now to my mistress's arms
Or but to the darksome grave?"
The echo answer gave:
"The darksome grave!"

And farther rode the horseman on,
With sighs his thoughts express'd:
"If I thus early must go to my grave
Yet in the grave is rest."
The answering voice confess'd:
"The grave is rest!"

Adown the horseman's furrow'd cheek
A tear fell on his breast:
"If rest I can only find in the grave,
For me the grave is best."
The hollow voice confess'd:
"The grave is best."
— *Translation of* E. A. Bowring.

SONGS OF SPRING.

Day and night alike the springtime
Makes with sounding life all-teeming;
Like a verdant echo can it
Enter even in my dreaming.

Then the birds sing yet more sweetly
Than before, and softer breezes
Fill the air, the violet's fragrance
With still wider yearning pleases.

E'en the roses blossom redder,
And a child-like golden glory
Bear they, like the heads of angels
In the picture of old story.

And myself I almost fancy
Some sweet nightingale, when singing
Of my love to those fair roses,
Wondrous songs my vision bringing —

Till I'm waken'd by the sunlight,
Or by that delicious bustle
Of the nightingales of springtime
That before by window rustle.

Stars with golden feet wandering
Yonder, and they gently weep
That they cannot earth awaken,
Who in night's arms is asleep.

List'ning stand the silent forests,
Every leaf an ear doth seem!
How its shadowy arm the mountain
Stretcheth out, as though in dream.

What call'd yonder? In my bosom
Rings the echo of the tone.
Was it my beloved one speaking,
Or the nightingale alone?

—*Translation of* E. A. Bowring.

LORE-LEI.

I know not whence it cometh
That my heart is oppressed with pain,
A tale of the past enchaineth
My soul with its magical strain.

'Tis cool and the daylight waneth,
The Rhine so peacefully flows;
And, kissed by the sunbeam of even,
The brow of the mountain glows.

The fairest of maidens sitteth
In wondrous radiance there,
Her jewels of gold gleam brightly,
She combeth her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
And sings so plaintively;
O potent and strange are the accents
Of that wild melody.

The boatman in yon frail vessel
Stands spell-bound by its might;
He sees not the cliffs before him,
He gazes alone on the height.

Methinks the waves will swallow
Both boat and boatman anon;

And this with her sweet singing
The Lore-Lei hath done.
— *Translation of* A. Baskerville.

THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
And looked at the stormy tide;
The evening mist came rising,
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the lighthouse
The lamps shone out on high;
And far on the dim horizon
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck —
Of sailors, and how they live;
Of journeys 'twixt sky and water,
And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,
In regions strange and fair,
And of the wondrous beings
And curious customs there;

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges,
Which are launched in the twilight hour;
And the dark and silent Brahmins,
Who worship the lotos flower.

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland —
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small —
Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,
And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,
Till at last we spoke no more;
The ship like a shadow had vanished,
And darkness fell deep on the shore.
— *Translation of* Charles G. Leland.

PEACE.

High in the heavens there stood the sun
Cradled in snowy clouds,
The sea was still,
And musing I lay at the helm of the ship,
Dreamily musing — and half in waking
And half in slumber, I gazed upon Christ,
The Saviour of man.
In streaming and snowy garment
He wander'd giant-great,
Over land and sea;
His head reach'd high to the heavens,
His hands he stretch'd out in blessing
Over land and sea;
And as a heart in His bosom
Bore He the sun
The sun all ruddy and flaming,
And the ruddy and flaming sunny-heart
Shed its beams of mercy
And its beauteous, bliss-giving light,
Lighting and warming
Over land and sea.

Sounds of bells were solemnly drawing
Here and there, like swans were drawing,
By rosy bands the gliding ship,
And drew it sportively toward the green shore,
Where men were dwelling, in high and turreted
O'erhanging town.
O blessing of peace! how still the town!
Hushed was the hollow sound
Of busy and sweltering trade,
And through the clean and echoing streets
Were passing men in white attire,
Palm-branches bearing,
And when two chanced to meet,
They view'd each other with inward intelligence,
And trembling, in love and sweet denial,
Kiss'd on the forehead each other,

And gazed up on high
At the Saviour's sunny-heart
Which, glad and atoningly
Beam'd down its ruddy blood,
And three times blest, thus spake they;
"Praised be Jesus Christ!"

— *Translation of E. A.* Bowring.

SUNSET.

The glowing ruddy sun descends
Down to the far up-shuddering
Silver-gray world-ocean;
Airy images, rosily breath'd upon,
After him roll, and over against him,
Out of the autumnal glimmering veil of clouds,
With face all mournful and pale as death,
Bursteth forth the moon,
And behind her, like sparks of light,
Misty — broad — glimmer the stars.
Once in the heavens their glitter'd
Join'd in fond union,
Luna the goddess and Sol the god,
And around them the stars all cluster'd,
Their little, innocent children.
But evil tongues they whisper'd disunion,
And they parted in anger,
That glorious, radiant pair.

Now in the daytime, in splendor all lonely,
Wanders the Sun-god in realms on high —
On account of his majesty
Greatly sung-to and worshipp'd
By haughty, bliss-harden'd mortals.
But in the night-time,
In Heaven wanders Luna,
Unhappy mother,
With all her orphan'd starry children,
And she gleams in silent sorrow,
And loving maidens and gentle poets
Devote to her tears and songs.

The gentle Luna! womanly minded,
Still doth she love her beautiful spouse.
Towards the evening, trembling and pale,
Peeps she forth from the light clouds around,
And looks at the parting one mournfully,
And fain would cry in her anguish: "Come!
Come! the children all long for thee——"
But the disdainful Sun-god,
At the sight of his spouse 'gins glowing
With still deeper purple,
In anger and grief,
And inflexibly hastens he
Down to his flood-chill'd widow'd bed. . . .

Evil and backbiting tongues
Thus brought grief and destruction
E'en 'mongst the godheads immortal.
And the poor godheads, yonder in Heaven,
Wander in misery,
Comfortless over their endless tracks,
And death cannot reach them,
And with them they trail
Their bright desolation.
But I, the mere man,
The lowly-planted, the blest-with-death-one,
I sorrow on longer.

—*Translation of* E. A. Bowring.

QUESTIONS.

By the sea, by the desert night-covered sea
Standeth a youth,
His breast full of sadness, his head full of doubtings,
And with gloomy lips he asks of the billows:
O answer me life's hidden riddle,
The riddle primeval and painful,
Over which many a head has been poring,
Heads in hieroglyphical night-caps,
Heads in turbans and swarthy bonnets,
Heads in perukes, and a thousand other

Poor and perspiring heads of us mortals —
Tell me, what signifies man?
From whence doth he come? and where doth he go?
Who dwelleth among the golden stars yonder?
The billows are murmuring their murmur eternal,
The wind is blowing, the clouds are flying,
The stars are twinkling, all listless and cold,
And a fool is awaiting his answer.

— *Translation of* E. A. Bowring.

MY CHILD, WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.

My child, when we were children,
Two children little and gay,
We crept into the hen-roost,
And hid behind the hay.

We crowed as doth the cock,
When people passed that road,
Cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"
They thought the cock had crowed.

The chests that lay in the court
We papered and made so clean,
And dwelt together therein,
We thought them fit for a queen.

Oft came our neighbor's old cat
With us an hour to spend,
We made her courtseys and bows
And compliments without end.

And kindly after her health
We asked her whene'er she came;
To many an ancient tabby
We since have said the same.

We often sat and spoke
Just like grave, wise old men,
Complaining, when we were young,
How all had been better then.

That love and faith and truth
  Were lost in wordly care,
That coffee was now so dear,
  And money become so rare.

  Long past are childhood's sports,
And onwards all hath whirled,
  Fidelity, love, and faith,
And money, the times, and the world.
— *Translation of* A. BASKERVILLE.

I CALLED THE DEVIL, AND HE CAME.

I call'd the devil, and he came,
  And with wonder his form did I closely scan;
He is not ugly, and is not lame,
  But really a handsome and charming man.
A man in the prime of life is the devil,
Obliging, a man of the world, and civil;
A diplomatist too, and skill'd in debate,
He talks right glibly of church and state.
He's rather pale, but it's really not strange,
For his studies through Sanskrit and Hegel range,
Fouqué is still his favorite poet;
  But criticism he'll touch no more.
  But has handed that subject entirely o'er
To his grandmother Hecate, that she may know it.

My judicial works did he kindly praise,
His favorite hobby in former days.
He said that my friendship was not too dear,
And then he nodded, and looked severe.
And afterwards asked if it wasn't the case
  We had met at the Spanish ambassador's route?
And when I looked him full in the face,
  I saw him to be an old friend without doubt.
— *Translation of* E. A. BOWRING.

IT GOES OUT.

The curtain falls, as ends the play,
And all the audience go away;
And did the piece give satisfaction?
Methinks they found it of attraction.
A much respected public then
  Its poet thankfully commended;
But now the house is hushed again,
  And lights and merriment are ended.
But hark to that dull heavy clang
  Heard by the empty stage's middle!
It was perhaps the bursting twang
  Of the worn string of some old fiddle.
With rustling noise across the pit
Some nasty rats like shadows flit,
  And rancid oil all places smell of,
And the last lamp, which groans and sighs
Despairing, then goes out and dies.—
  My soul was this poor light I tell of.

—*Translation of* E. A. Bowring.

AN OLD SONG.

Thou now art dead and thou knowest it not,
The light of thine eyes is quench'd and forgot,
Thy rosy mouth is pallid forever,
And thou art dead, and wilt live again never.

'Twas in a dreary midsummer night,
I bore thee myself to the grave outright;
The nightingales sang their soft lamentations,
And after us followed the bright constellations.

As through the forest the train moved along,
They made it resound with the litany's song;
The firs in their mantles of mourning veiled closely,
The prayers for the dead repeated morosely.

And as o'er the willowly lake we flew
The elfins were dancing full in our view;
They suddenly stopped in wondering fashion,
And seemed to regard us with looks of compassion

And when we had reached the grave, full soon
From out of the heavens descended the moon,
And preached a sermon, midst tears and condoling
While in the distance the bells were tolling.

— *Translation of* E. A. Bowring.

THE TRUE SPHINX.

The true sphinx's form's the same as
Woman's; this I see full clearly;
And the paws and lion's body
Are the poet's fancy merely.

Dark as death is still the riddle
Of this true sphinx. E'en the clever
Son and husband of Jocasta
Such a hard one found out never.

By good luck, though, woman knows not
Her own riddle's explanation;
If the answer she discovered,
Earth would fall from its foundation.

— *Translation of* E. A. Bowring.

A MEMORY OF THE TYROL.

"It is a good sign when women laugh," says a Chinese author, and a German writer was of precisely the same opinion, when in Southern Tyrol, just where Italy begins, he passed a mountain, at whose base on a low foundation, he passed one of those neat little houses which look so lovely with their snug gallery, and naïve paintings. On one side stood a great wooden crucifix, supporting a young vine, so that it looked horribly cheerful, like life twining around death, to see the soft green branches hanging round the bloody body and

crucified limbs. On the other side of the cottage was a round dove-cote whose feathered population flew here and there, while one very gentle white dove sat on the pretty gabled roof, which, like a pious niche over a saint, rose over the head of the lovely spinner. She, the fair one, sat on the little gallery and span — not according to the German method, but in that world-old manner, by which a distaff is held under the arm, and the thread descends with the loose spindle. So of old span king's daughters in Greece, so at the present day spin the Fates and all Italian women. She span and laughed, the dove sat still over her head, while far over house and all rose the mountains, their snowy summits glittering in the sun, so that they seemed life giants with polished helmets on their heads.

She span and smiled; and I believe that she span my heart fast, as the coach went along more slowly, on account of the broad stream of the Eisach. The dear features remained all day in my memory — everywhere I beheld nothing save a lovely face, which seemed as though a Grecian sculptor had carved it from the perfume of a white rose, in such breathlike delicacy, such beatific nobility, that I could believe he had dreamed it of a spring night. But those eyes! — ah, no Greek could ever have imagined or comprehended them. But I saw and comprehended those romantic stars which so magically illumined the glory of the antique. All day long I saw them, and all night long I dreamed of them. There she sat again smiling, the doves fluttering around like angels of love, even the white dove over her head mystically flapped its wings; behind her rose mightier than ever the beloved warriors, before her roared along more stormily the brook, the vine branches climbed in wilder haste the crucified wooden image, which quivered with pain, and the suffering eyes opened, and the wounds bled, and — she, however, sat still and span, and on the thread of her distaff, like a dancing spindle, hung my own heart.— *Translation of* CHARLES G. LELAND.

HELIODORUS, the earliest Greek novelist; born at Emessa, Syria, during the second half of the fourth century of the Christian Era. His father was Theodosius, and he belonged to a family of priests of the Syrian sun god Elagabalus. Heliodorus embraced Christianity and became Bishop of Tricca in Thessaly. Before the time of Heliodorus the Alexandrine poets had introduced brief love episodes into their pastorals and when rhetorical prose became the vogue among Greek writers, they often wrote the history of lovers from the time of their birth to their happy union. Antonius Diogenes and Jamblicus both wrote love stories of this sort, we are told, but none is now extant. Heliodorus's *Æthiopica* relates the history of Theagenes, a Thessalian of high rank, and Chariclea, the daughter of Hydaspes, King of Ethiopia. These lovers, after a series of exciting and improbable adventures and hairbreadth escapes, find happiness in matrimony. Theagenes is a weak and stupid character, but the heroine is a well-drawn picture of feminine loveliness and devotion. The descriptions of the manners and customs of the times, especially those of religious ceremonies, are valuable, the author having been a priest and a close observer of contemporaneous life. The work not only became the model for later Greek and Roman romance writers, but has been imitated by French and Italian authors, and translated into most of the modern European languages. Tasso praises the artful development of the plot, and the early life of Clarinda in *Jerusalem Delivered* is almost identical with that of Chariclea. Racine intended to write a drama on the subject of the

romance; Raphael made scenes from it the subject of two of his pictures, and it was the model of those heroic fictions which subsequently, through the writings of Gomberville and Scudéry became so popular in France.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THEAGENES AND CHARICLEA.

That the soul is something divine and akin to celestial things, we may infer from what happened then. For the man and the maid gazed upon one another, and loved as though each soul had, at first sight, recognized its peer, and rushed to greet what was its own by right of kin. Awhile they stood in breathless delight, and with lingering touch she placed the torch in his hand; with lingering touch he received it, each fixing a long and burning look upon the other, as though they had somewhere known or seen each other before, and were trying to call to mind the familiar features. Next they smiled faintly and involuntarily, a smile betrayed only by the confusion of their eyes. Then, as though ashamed of what had happened, they blushed, and again they turned pale with the passion of their hearts. Thus, during an instant of time, a great variety of expressions flitted across the faces of both, and infinite changes of color and countenance, declaring the agitation of their souls.—*From The Æthiopica.*

THE BEAUTY OF CHARICLEA.

She rode upon a chariot drawn by two white oxen, and wore a purple tunic spangled with golden stars. Around her waist was a girdle, upon which the artist had concentrated all his art—of which he had never made the like before, and which he would never be able to equal again. For he had wrought, as it were, two serpents with tails intertwined behind her back, and necks that met upon her bosom and wreathed themselves into a knot. From this knot he had suffered their heads to droop on either side as pendants to a girdle. You

would have said that they were actually gliding on, yet with no savage aspect, but dissolved in dreamy languor, as though lulled to sleep by love of their virgin cradle. The substance of which these serpents were wrought was gold of a dark blue color, for the metal was artificially darkened in order that the mingled gold and blue might represent the dancing changes of the scales. Such was the maiden's girdle. Her hair was not wholly confined, nor wholly free; the greater part of it falling loosely, floated about her neck and back; but the sunny auburn hair of her temples and brows was wreathed with a crown of tender laurel-spray, that did not suffer it to wanton unduly in the breeze. In her left hand she bore a golden bow, whilst the quiver was slung from her right shoulder. In the other hand she carried a lighted torch. Yet so fair was she, that the light of her eyes surpassed the lustre of the torches.— *From The Æthiopica.*

HELMHOLTZ, HERMANN LUDWIG FERDINAND VON, a German physiologist, mathematician and natural philosopher; born at Potsdam, August 31, 1821; died at Berlin, September 8, 1894. After studying medicine in the Military Institute in Berlin, and serving in a public hospital there, he returned to Potsdam as an army surgeon. In 1848 he became Professor of Anatomy in the Academy of Fine Arts at Berlin; in 1855, Professor of Physiology at Königsberg; in 1858, at Heidelberg, and afterward at Berlin. He wrote much on the physiological conditions of impressions on the senses and some able treatises on the relations of physical forces. One of these works has been translated into English by John Tyndall under the title of *Essays on the Interaction of Natural Forces.*

HERMANN LUDWIG F. VON HELMHOLTZ.

Among his works are: *On the Conservation of Force* (1847); *Manual of Physiological Optics* (1856); *Theory of the Impressions of Sound* (1862); *Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects,* two series (1872 and 1881); *Sensations of Tone as the Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music* (1875), and *Lectures on Theoretical Physics* (1890). He stood in the foremost rank among the European philosophers of his time and was a member of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh and of the learned societies of other cities of Europe.

Helmholtz did not believe in the *a priori* construction of any system of philosophy; he could not agree with Kant that at least geometrical axioms were bedrock intuitions beyond any necessity of experimental proof. Even though his beloved Goethe, whose *Faust* was always on his lips, advanced the proposition that colors owe their existence to the blending of light and shade, he flouted the idea mercilessly and talked of the poet's 'egregious failure' in this sphere of natural philosophy.

THE INTERDEPENDENCE OF THE SCIENCES

Men of science form, as it were, an organized army, laboring on behalf of the whole nation, and generally under its direction, and at its expense, to augment the stock of such knowledge as may serve to promote industrial enterprise, to increase wealth, to adorn life, to improve political and social relations, and to further the moral development of individual citizens. After the immediate practical results of their work we forbear to inquire; that we leave to the instructed. We are convinced that whatever contributes to the knowledge of the forces of nature or the powers of the human mind is worth cherishing, and may, in its own due time, bear practical fruit, very often where we should least have

expected it. Who, when Galvani touched the muscles of a frog with different metals, and noticed their contraction, could have dreamt that eighty years afterward, in virtue of the self-same process, whose earliest manifestations attracted his attention in his anatomical researches, all Europe would be traversed with wires, flashing intelligence from Madrid to St. Petersburg with the speed of lightning? In the hands of Galvani, and at first even in Volta's, electrical currents were phenomena capable of exerting only the feeblest forces, and could not be detected except by the most delicate apparatus. Had they been neglected, on the ground that the investigation of them promised no immediate practical result, we should now be ignorant of the most important and most interesting of the links between the various sources of nature. When young, Galileo, then a student at Pisa, noticed one day during divine service a chandelier swinging backward and forward, and convinced himself, by counting his pulse, that the duration of the oscillations was independent of the arc through which it moved, who could know that this discovery would eventually put it in our power, by means of the pendulum, to attain an accuracy in the measurement of time till then deemed impossible, and would enable the storm-tossed seaman in the most distant oceans to determine in what degree of longitude he was sailing?

Whoever, in the pursuit of science, seeks after immediate practical utility, may generally rest assured that he will seek in vain. All that science can achieve is a perfect knowledge and a perfect understanding of the action of natural and moral forces. Each individual student must be content to find his reward in rejoicing over new discoveries, as over new victories of mind over reluctant matter, or in enjoying the æsthetic beauty of a well-ordered field of knowledge, where the connection and the filiation of every detail is clear to the mind, and where all denotes the presence of a ruling intellect; he must rest satisfied with the consciousness that he too has contributed something to the increasing fund of knowledge on which the dominion of man over all the forces hostile to intelligence reposes. . . .

The sciences have, in this respect, all one common aim, to establish the supremacy of intelligence over the world: while the moral sciences aim directly at making the resources of intellectual life more abundant and more interesting, and seek to separate the pure gold of Truth from alloy, the physical sciences are striving indirectly toward the same goal, inasmuch as they labor to make mankind more and more independent of the material restraints that fetter their activity. Each student works in his own department, he chooses for himself those tasks for which he is best fitted by his abilities and his training. But each one must be convinced that it is only in connection with others that he can further the great work, and that therefore he is bound, not only to investigate, but to do his utmost to make the results of his investigation completely and easily accessible. If he does this, he will derive assistance from others, and will in his turn be able to render them his aid. The annals of science abound in evidence of how such mutual services have been exchanged, even between departments of science apparently most remote. Historical chronology is essentially based on astronomical calculations of eclipses, accounts of which are preserved in ancient histories. Conversely, many of the important data of astronomy — for instance, the invariability of the length of the day, and the periods of several comets, rest upon ancient historical notices. Of late years, physiologists, especially Brücke, have actually undertaken to draw up a complete system of all the vocables that can be produced by the organs of speech, and to base upon it propositions for a universal alphabet, adapted to all human languages. Thus physiology has entered the service of comparative philology, and has already succeeded in accounting for many apparently anomalous substitutions, on the ground that they are governed, not as hitherto supposed, by the laws of euphony, but by similarity between the movements of the mouth that produce them. Again, comparative philology gives us information about the relationships, the separations, and the migrations of tribes in prehistoric times, and of the degree of civilization which they had reached at the time when they parted. For the names of objects

to which they had already learnt to give distinctive appellations reappear as words common to their later languages. So that the study of languages actually gives us historical data for periods respecting which no other historical evidence exists. Yet again I may notice the help which not only the sculptor, but the archæologist, concerned with the investigation of ancient statues, derives from anatomy. And if I may be permitted to refer to my own most recent studies, I would mention that it is possible, by reference to physical acoustics and to the physiological theory of the sensation of hearing, to account for the elementary principles on which our musical system is constructed, a problem essentially within the sphere of æsthetics. In fact, it is a general principle that the physiology of the organs of sense is most intimately connected with psychology, inasmuch as physiology traces in our sensations the results of mental processes which do not fall within the sphere of consciousness, and must therefore have remained inaccessible to us.

I have been able to quote only some of the most striking instances of this interdependence of different sciences, and such as could be explained in a few words. Naturally, too, I have tried to choose them from the most widely separated sciences. But far wider is of course the influence which allied sciences exert upon each other. — *Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects; translation of* E. Atkinson.

HELPS, Sir Arthur, an English essayist and historian; born at Streatham, Surrey, July 10, 1813; died at London, March 7, 1875. He was educated at Eton and at Cambridge. In 1835 he published *Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd.* On leaving the University he became private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in

1840–41 was secretary to Lord Morpeth in Ireland. After this he had no official post until 1860, when he was appointed Clerk of the Privy Council, an office which he retained during his life. He was the author of *Essays Written in the Intervals of Business* (1841), two plays, *Henry the Second,* and *Catherine Douglas* (1843); *The Claims of Labor, an Essay on the Duties of the Employers to the Employed* (1844); *Friends in Council, a Series of Readings and Discourses Thereon* (1847–51); *Companions of My Solitude* (1851); *The Conquerors of the New World and Their Bondsmen* (1848–52); *The Spanish Conquest of America* (1855, 1857 and 1861); *Culita the Serf,* a tragedy (1858); *Friends in Council,* Second Series (1859); *Organization in Daily Life* (1862); *The Life of Las Casas, the Apostle to the Indians* (1868); *Life of Columbus; Life of Pizarro,* and *Realmah* (1869); *Casimir Maremma* (1870); *Brevia: Short Essays and Aphorisms; Conversations on War and General Culture,* and *Life of Hernando Cortes* (1871); *Thoughts on Government,* and *The Life and Labor of Sir Thomas Brassey* (1872); *Talks About Animals and Their Masters* (1873); *Ivan de Biron* (1874); and *Social Pressure* (1875).

Helps is best known by his social essays and by his histories of the Spanish conquest of America. Ruskin says: "A true thinker, who has practical purpose in his thinking, and is sincere, as Plato, or Carlyle, or Helps, becomes in some sort a seer, and must be always of infinite use to his generation."

UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITY.

Once this happened to me, that a great fierce obdurate crowd were pushing up in long line toward a door

which was to lead them to some good thing; and I, not liking the crowd, stole out of it, having made up my mind to be last, and was leaning indolently against a closed-up side door; when, all of a sudden, this door opened, and I was the first to walk in, and saw arrive long after me, the men who had been thrusting and struggling round me.— This does not often happen in the world, but I think there was a meaning in it.— *Companions of My Solitude.*

THE PRIVILEGE OF DOING A KINDNESS.

It is a great privilege to have an opportunity many times a day, in the course of your business, to do a real kindness which is not to be paid for. Graciousness of demeanor is a large part of the duty of any official person who comes in contact with the world. Where a man's business is, there is the ground for his religion to manifest itself. — *Companions of My Solitude.*

THE SPANISH ENCOMIENDA SYSTEM.

The history of *encomiendas* is, perhaps, the largest branch of the greatest public cause the world has yet seen. It is a misfortune that, with the exception of one Italian gentleman, Benzoni, we have no instance of an independent traveler going to the New World, and making his remarks upon the state of society in it. But if there had been such travelers, the aspect which the conquered country would have presented to them would have been very various and very difficult to understand. They would have seen some Indians with marks in their faces toiling at the mines, while other Indians, unbranded, and perhaps with their wives, were also engaged in the same unwelcome toil. They would have noticed some Indians at work in domestic offices in and about the Spanish houses; other Indians employed in erecting public buildings and monasteries; others working, in their rude, primitive way, upon their own plantations; others occupied in the new employment, to them, of tending cattle brought from Spain; others engaged in manufac-

tories of silk and cotton; others reckoning with king's officers, and involved in all the intricacies of minute accounts. Everywhere, on all roads, tracks, and by-paths, they would have seen Indians carrying burdens; and these travellers must have noticed the extraordinary fact that an activity in commerce, war, and public works, greater perhaps than that of Europe at the same time, was dependent, as regards transport, upon men instead of beasts of burden. Such a state of things the world had never seen before.

Then across the path of these travelers would have moved a small, stern-looking body of Spaniards, fully armed, and followed by more thousands of Indians than the men in armor numbered hundreds — probably five thousand Indians and three hundred Spaniards. These were about to make what they call *entrada* into some unknown or half-known adjacent country. If the travel lers, without attracting the notice of the conquerors, could have gained the opportunity of speaking a few words with any of the Indians engaged in these various ways, they would soon have heard narratives varying in a hundred particulars, but uniform in one respect, namely, that the Indians were all unwillingly engaged in working for alien masters.

I cannot better begin this very difficult and complicated subject, which, however, if one understood, will reward all the attention it requires, than by giving a precise definition, according to the best Spanish legists, of what an *encomienda* was. It was "a right conceded by royal bounty to well-deserving persons in the Indies, to receive and enjoy for themselves the tributes of the Indians who should be assigned to them, with a charge of providing for the good of those Indians in spiritual and temporal matters, and of inhabiting and defending the provinces where these *encomiendas* should be granted to them. The first thing that will strike the careful reader is that the foregoing definition of *encomienda* will by no means justify or account for the various kinds of forced service which I picture those travelers to have seen who might have visited the Spanish Indies within the first fifty years after their conquest. But this appar-

ent discrepancy may be easily explained. These *encomiendas* were not given, theoretically at least, until after the complete conquest of the province in which they were given. During the time of war those Indians who were made prisoners were considered slaves, and were called *Indios de guerra,* just the same as when the Spaniards made war upon the Moors of Barbary, the slaves, in that case, being called *Berberiscos.*

Then there were the ransomed slaves, *Indios de Rescate,* as they were called, who, being originally slaves in their own tribe, were delivered by the caçique of that tribe or by other Indians, in lieu of tribute. Upon this it must be remarked that the word slave meant a very different thing in Indian language from what it did in Spanish language, and certainly did not exceed in signification the word vassal. A slave in an Indian tribe, as Las Casas remarks, possessed his house, his hearth, his private property, his farm, his wife, his children, and his liberty, except when at certain stated times his lord had need of him to build his house, or labor upon a field, or do other similar things which occurred at stated intervals. This statement is borne out by a letter addressed to the Emperor from the auditors of Mexico, in which they say that, "granted that among the Indians there were slaves, the one servitude is very different from the other. The Indians treated their slaves as relations and vassals, the Christians as dogs." The *Audiencia* proceed to remark that slaves were wont to succeed their masters in their seignories, and they illustrate this by saying that at the time of the Conquest it was a slave who governed that part of the citadel which is called Temixtitan. Moreover, such confidence was placed in this man, that Cortez himself gave him the same government after the death of King Quauhtemozin. The auditors conclude by saying, "He is dead, and there is here a son of his who went with the marquis to kiss your majesty's hands."

The causes for which these men were made slaves in their own tribes were of the most trivial nature, and such as would go some way to prove that slavery itself was light. In times of scarcity, a parent would sell a

son or a daughter for two *fanegas* (three bushels) of maize. The slightest robbery was punished with slavery, and then, if the slave gave anything to his relatives from the house of his master, they were liable to be made slaves. In cases of non-payment of debt, as in the Roman law, after a certain time the debtor became a slave. If a slave fled, the lord took the nearest kinsman of the fugitive for a slave, by which it seems that relationship in those countries had the inconveniences that it seems to have in China now. But the strangest and most ludicrous way in which a free Indian could become a slave was by losing at a game of ball, in which practiced players inveigled their simple brethren, after the fashion of modern sharpers, showing rich things to be gained, and pretending that they themselves knew nothing of the game.

Referring again to what might have been seen by an observant person in the Indies at any time within fifty years after the Conquest, he would have been sure to notice certain bands of Indians who were more closely connected together than the slaves, either of ransom or of war, whose fate, up to the year 1542, we have just been tracing. After any conquest in the Indies that was not ferociously mismanaged (as was the case in the Terra-firma), the Indians remained in the *pueblos* or villages. There, according to the theory of *encomiendas,* quoted above, they were to live, paying tribute to their *encomienderos,* who theoretically stood in the place of the king, and were to receive this tribute from the Indians as from his vassals. But such a state of things would ill have suited with the requirements of the Spaniards. Money is the most convenient thing to receive in a civilized community; but in an infant colony, personal services are most in requisition. Accordingly these are what were at once demanded from the Indians: and in order that this demand might consist with the maintenance of these Indian *Pueblos,* it was necessary that a portion of the native community should, for certain periods of the year, quit their homes, and, betaking themselves to the service of the Spaniards, work out the tribute for themselves and for the rest of the Indian vil-

lage. This was called *repartimiento.* In the words of the greatest jurist who has written on this subject, Antonio de Leon, "Repartimiento, in New Spain, is that which is made every week of the Indians who are given for mines and works by the judge for that purpose (*los Juezes Repartidores*), for which the *pueblos* contribute, throughout twenty weeks of the year, what they call the *dobla* (a Spanish coin), at the rate of ten Indians for every hundred; and the remainder of the year what they call the *sencilla* (another Spanish coin), at the rate of two Indians for every hundred. The above rate was for works and cultivation of land. When it was for mines, to work at which particular *pueblos* were set aside, it was a contribution for the whole year, at the rate of four Indians for every hundred." The *encomienda,* with this form of repartition attached to it, corresponds to nothing in feudality or vassalage, and may be said to have been a peculiar institution, growing out of the novel circumstances in the New World. The history of the *encomienda* constitutes the greatest part of the history of the bulk of the people in the New World for many generations.

To any one who has much knowledge of civil life or of history, it will be obvious how many questions will arise from such a strange and hitherto unheard-of arrangement of labor. What distance will these Indians be carried from their homes? Will there be a sufficient number left to provide for the sustenance of the native community? Will the population of those communities be maintained? How will it be managed that the repartition should be fair? for, if otherwise, the same Indians may be sent over and over again, and, in fact, be different in no respect from slaves. Then, again, these services are to go for tribute. Who is to assign the value of the services or the rate of the tribute? More subtle questions remain to be considered, if not solved. Shall the tax be a capitation tax, so many *pesos* for each Indian, or shall it be a certain sum for each *pueblo?* If the former is adopted, shall the women and children be liable? Shall overwork be allowable, so that the bands of Indians in *repartimiento* may not only work out their

own taxes, and the taxes of their little community, but bring back some small *peculium* of their own, which will render them especially welcome when they return to their friends and families? All these problems, and others which I have not indicated, were eventually worked out by a course of laborious and consistent legislation, to which, I believe, the world has never seen any parallel, and which must have a very considerable place in any history, aiming to be complete, that may hereafter be written, of slavery or colonization. At the first, everything was as vague in this matter as oppression could desire; and oppression loves vagueness as its favorite element.— *The Spanish Conquest in America.*

HEMANS, Felicia Dorothea Browne, an English poet; born at Liverpool, September 25, 1793; died near Dublin, Ireland, May 16, 1835. Her father, a merchant of Liverpool, took up his residence in Wales while his daughter was a child, and the greater part of her life was passed in that country. She was noted for rare personal beauty and for precocity of genius, to which in after years she added an acquaintance with French, German, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish, together with some skill as a musician and artist. At the age of fourteen she published a little volume of poems entitled *Early Blossoms,* and four years afterward another entitled *The Domestic Affections,* which met with a not unfavorable reception. In 1812 she married Captain Hemans, an officer who had served with credit in the Peninsular War. The marriage was not a happy one, and six years afterward Captain Hemans went to Italy, leaving his wife, with four sons. The husband and wife never

met again, though some correspondence was kept up; and after some years the two elder sons were sent to their father at Rome, the younger ones remaining with their mother. The literary labors of Mrs. Hemans fairly commenced soon after the separation from her husband. She wrote several narrative poems of considerable length, of which *The Forest Sanctuary* is the longest and best. She also wrote two tragedies, *The Vespers of Palermo,* and *The Siege of Valencia,* the former of which was produced on the stage, but with very moderate success. The greater part of the poems of Mrs. Hemans consists of short pieces which may be styled Lyrics. Four years before her death she took up her residence in Ireland, where her brother was living. Her last poem, a sonnet entitled *Sunday in England,* was dictated to her brother three weeks before her death.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE WATERS.

A mighty minster, dim, and proud, and vast!
  Silence was round the sleepers whom its floor
Shut in the grave; a shadow of the past:
  A memory of the sainted steps that wore
Erewhile its gorgeous pavement seemed to brood
Like mist upon the stately solitude;
  A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er
Its white sepulchral forms of mail-clad men:
And all was hushed as night in some deep Alpine glen.

More hushed, far more! for there the wind sweeps by,
  Or the woods tremble to the stream's loud play;
Here a strange echo made my very sigh
  Seem for the place too much a sound of day!
Too much my footsteps broke the moonlight, fading,
Yet arch through arch in one soft flow pervading,
  And I stood still. Prayer, chant, had died away

Yet past me floated a funeral breath
Of incense. I stood still — as before God and Death.

For thick ye girt me round, ye long departed!
  Dust — imaged forms — with cross and shield and crest;
It seemed as if your ashes would have started
  Had a wild voice burst forth above your rest!
Yet ne'er, perchance, did worshipper of yore
Bear to your thrilling presence what I bore
  Of wrath, doubt, anguish, battling in the breast!
I could have poured out words on that pale air,
To make your proud tombs ring — no, no, I could not *there*.

Not 'midst those aisles, through which a thousand years
  Mutely as clouds, and reverently had swept;
Not by those shrines, which yet the trace of tears
  And kneeling votaries on their marble kept!
Ye two were mighty in your pomp of gloom
And trophied age, O temple, altar, tomb!
  And you, ye dead — for in that faith ye slept,
Whose weight had grown a mountain on my heart,
Which could not *there* be loosed. I turned me to depart.

I turned: what glimmered faintly on my sight —
  Faintly, yet brightening, as a wreath of snow
Seen through dissolving haze? The moon, the night,
  Had waned, and dawn poured in — gray, shadowy, slow,
Yet dayspring still! A solemn hue it caught,
Piercing the storied windows, darkly fraught
  With stoles and draperies of imperial glow;
And soft and sad that colored gleam was thrown
Where pale, a picture from above the altar shone.

Thy form, Thou Son of God! — a wrathful deep,
  With foam, and cloud, and tempest round Thee spread
And such a weight of night! — a night when sleep
  From the fierce rushing of the billows fled.
A bark showed dim beyond Thee, its mast

Bowed, and its rent sail shivering to the blast;
  But like a spirit in Thy gliding tread,
Thou, as o'er glass didst walk that stormy sea,
Through rushing winds which left a silent path for Thee.

So still Thy white robes fell! — no breath of air
  Within their long and slumbrous folds had sway.
So still the waves of parted, shadowy hair
  From the dear brow flowed droopingly away!
Dark were the heavens above Thee, Saviour! — dark
The gulfs, Deliverer! round the straining bark.
  But Thou! — o'er all thine aspect and array
Was poured one stream of pale, broad, silvery light:
Thou wert the single star of that all-shadowing night!

Aid for one sinking! Thy lone brightness gleamed
  On his wild face, just lifted o'er the wave.
With its worn, fearful, human look, that seemed
  To cry, through surge and blast — "I perish! — save!"
Not to the winds — not vainly! Thou wert nigh.
Thy hand was stretched to fainting agony,
  Even in the portals of the unquiet grave!
O Thou that art the Life! and yet didst bear
Too much of mortal woe to turn from mortal prayer!

But was it not a thing to rise on death,
  With its remembered light, that face of thine,
Redeemer! dimmed by this world's misty breath,
  Yet mournfully, mysteriously divine?
Oh! that calm, sorrowful, prophetic eye,
With its dark depths of grief, love, majesty:
  And the pale glory of the brow! — a shrine
Where power sat veiled, yet shedding softly round
What told that *Thou* couldst be but for a time uncrowned!

And more than all, the Heaven of that sad smile,
  The lip of mercy, our immortal trust!
Did not that look, that very look, erewhile
  Pour its o'ershadowed beauty on the dusk?

Wert Thou not such when earth's dark cloud hung o'er
Thee? —
Surely Thou wert! My heart grew hushed before Thee,
Sinking with all its passions, as the gust
Sank at Thy voice, along the billowy way:
What had I there to do but kneel, and weep, and pray!
— *The Forest Sanctuary.*

AVE, SANCTISSIMA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

Thy sad sweet hymn, at eve, the seas along: —
Oh! the deep soul it breathed! — the love, the woe,
The fervor, poured in that full gush of song,
As it went floating through the fiery glow
Of the rich sunset! bringing thoughts of Spain,
With all their vesper voices o'er the main,
Which seemed responsive in its murmuring flow
Ave, Sanctissima! — how oft that lay
Hath melted from my heart the martyr's strength away.

Ave, Sanctissima!
'Tis nightfall on the sea;
Ora pro nobis!
Our souls rise to thee.

Watch us, while the shadows lie
O'er the dim waters spread;
Hear the heart's lonely sigh,
Thine too hath bled!

Thou hast looked on death:
Aid us when death is near!
Whisper of Heaven to faith;
Sweet Mother, hear.
Ora pro nobis!
The wave must rock our sleep;
Ora, Mater, ora!
Thou star of the deep!

Ora pro nobis, Mater! — What a spell
Was in those notes, with day's last glory dying

On the flushed waters! Seemed they not to swell
From the far dust wherein my sires were lying
With crucifix and sword? Oh! yet how clear
Comes their reproachful sweetness to mine ear!
Ora — with all the purple waves replying,
All my youth's visions rising in the strain —
And I had thought it much to bear the rack and chain!
— *The Forest Sanctuary.*

ELYSIUM.

Fair wert thou in the dreams
Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers.
And summer winds and low-toned silvery streams,
Dim with the shadow of thy laurel bowers
Where, as they passed, bright hours
Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings
To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things.

Fair wert thou, with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,
From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,
Yet soft, as if each moment were their last
Of glory, fading fast
Along the mountains! But thy golden day
Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,
A swell of deep Æolian sound went by,
From fountain-voices in their secret glades,
And low reed-whispers making sweet reply
To Summer's breezy sigh,
And young leaves trembling to the wind's light breath,
Which ne'er had touched them with a hue of death,

And who, with silent tread,
Moved o'er the plains of waving asphodel?
Called from the dim procession of the dead; —
Who 'midst the shadowy amaranth bowers might dwell,
And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
The spirit wandering in the immortal gale?

They of the sword, whose praise
With the bright wine at nations' feasts went round;
They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays
Forth on the winds had sent their mighty sound,
And in all regions found
Their echoes 'midst the mountains, and become
In man's deep heart as voices of his home.

They of the daring thought: —
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied,
Whose flight through stars and seas and depths had sought
The soul's far birthplace — but without a guide!
Sages and seers, who died,
And left the world their high mysterious dreams,
Born 'midst the olive-woods, by Grecian streams.

But the most loved are they
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice
In regal halls. The shades o'erhang their way;
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice;
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps; till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from Summer's burning eye.

And these — of whose abode
'Midst her green valleys earth retained no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
A dim and vacant place
In some sweet home: thou hadst no wreaths for these,
Thou sunny land, with all thy deathless trees.

The peasant at his door
Might sink to die when vintage feasts were spread,
And songs on every wind.— From thy bright shore
No lovelier vision floated round his head;
Thou wert for nobler dead!
He heard the bounding steps which round him fell,
And sighed to bid the festal sun farewell.

Calm on its leaf-strewn bier
Unlike a gift of Nature to Decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before the mother lay,
E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile! Elysium, what wert thou
To her who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's fresh flowers just opening in its hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown
Which in its clear eyes shone,
Like Spring's first wakening. But that light was past: —
Where went the dewdrop swept before the blast? —

Not where thy soft winds played;
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep!
Fade with they bowers, thou Land of Visions, fade!
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep.
Fade with the amaranth plain, the myrtle grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one house with glee:
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She kept each folded flower in sight: —
Where are those dreamers now?

One, midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one;
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one — o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded midst Italian flowers —
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth: —
Alas for love! if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth!

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,

In silence and in fear: —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
Till the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free:
The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that Pilgrim band; —
Why had they some to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar? —
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the sports of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Yes, call that holy ground,
The soil where first they trod
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

TO WORDSWORTH.

Thine is a strain to read among the hills,
The old and full of voices, by the source
Of some free stream, whose gladdening presence fills
The solitude with sound; for in its course
Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part
Of those high scenes, a fountain from their heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken
To the bank in sunny garden bowers,
Where vernal winds each tree's low tones awaken,
And bud and bell with changes mark the hours.
There let thy thought be with me, while the day
Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,
When night hath hushed the woods, with all their birds
There, from some gentle voice, that lay were sweet
As antique music, linked with household words
While in pleased murmurs woman's lip might move
And the raised eye of childhood shine in love,

Or where the shadows of dark solemn yews
Brood silently o'er some lone burial ground,
Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse
A breath, a kindling as of Spring around;
From its own glow of hope and courage high,
And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.

True bard and holy! thou art even as one
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie.
Unseen a while they sleep; till, touched by thee,
Bright healthful waves flow forth to each glad wanderer free.

HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST, an English poet, critic and journalist; born at Gloucester, August 23, 1849; died at Woking, July 12, 1903. He began his journalistic career in London, and in 1877 was appointed editor of the London *Magazine*. In 1882 he became editor of the *Magazine of*

Art, and in 1888 of the *National Observer.* In 1893 he assumed the editorial management of the *New Review.* His first book, *In Hospital: Rhymes and Rhythms,* appeared in 1888, and was inspired by his own experiences as a patient in the Edinburgh Infirmary. This work was later published under the title *A Book of Verses.*

Henley then published *The Song of the Sword* (1892); *London Voluntaries* (1893); *Poems* (1898); *For England's Sake* (1900); *Hawthorn and Lavender, and Other Verses* (1901). He also edited *Lyra Heroica* (1891); *A London Garland* (1895); *Book of English Prose* (1896); *English Lyrics* (1897); *The Works of Lord Byron* (1897); *The Poetry of Wilfrid Blunt* (1898); *London Types* (1898); and a series of *Tudor Translations.* In criticism he wrote *Views and Reviews* (1890); and a second volume in 1901. In 1901 he published in the *Pall Mall Magazine* a paper on R. L. Stevenson which aroused considerable feeling and unfavorable comment. Henley had some ten years previously collaborated with Stevenson in writing four plays, *Macaire; Beau Austin; Deacon Brodie;* and *Admiral Guinea.*

In 1896, in collaboration with T. F. Henderson, he edited an important work, *The Centenary Burns,* which contained an elaborate estimate by Henley, of Burns as poet and man. This sketch was published separately in 1898. Mr. Henley's best work is shown in his verses, only a few of which are destined to live The following lines were written in 1875:

OUT OF THE NIGHT THAT COVERS ME.

Out of the night that covers me,
  Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
  For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
  I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
  My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
  Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
  Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
  How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
  I am the captain of my soul.

RHYMES AND RHYTHMS.

Why, my heart, do we love her so?
    (Geraldine, Geraldine!) —
Why does the great sea ebb and flow?
    Why does the round world spin?
Geraldine, Geraldine,
    Bid me my life renew,
What is it worth unless I win,
    Love — love and you?

Why, my heart, when we speak her name
    (Geraldine, Geraldine!),
Throbs the word like a flinging flame?
    Why does the spring begin?
Geraldine, Geraldine,
    Bid me indeed to be,
Open your heart and take us in,
    Love — love and me.

THE PAST WAS GOODLY ONCE.

The Past was goodly once, and yet, when all is said,
The best of it we know is that it's done and dead.

Dwindled and faded quite, perished beyond recall,
Nothing is left at last of what one time was all.

Coming back like a ghost, staring and lingering on,
Never a word it speaks but proves it dead and gone.

Duty and work and joy — these things it cannot give;
And the Present is life, and life is good to live.

Let it lie where it fell, far from the living sun,
The Past that, goodly once, is gone and dead and done.

MATRI DILECTISSIMAE.

In the waste hour
Between to-day and yesterday
We watched, while on my arm —
Living flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone —
Dabbled in sweat the sacred head
Lay uncomplaining, still, contemptuous, strange,
Till the dear face turned dead,
And to a sound of lamentation
The good, heroic soul with all its wealth —
Its sixty years of love and sacrifice,
Suffering and passionate faith — was reabsorbed
In the inexorable Peace,
And life was changed to us for evermore.

Was nothing left of her but tears
Like blood-drops from the heart?
Nought save remorse
For duty unfulfilled, justice undone
And charity ignored?
Nothing but love,
Forgiveness, reconcilement, where, in truth

But for this passing
Into the imaginable abyss
These things had never been?

Nay, there was we
Her five strong sons,
To her Death came — the great Deliverer came —
As equal comes to equal, throne to throne.
She was a mother of men.

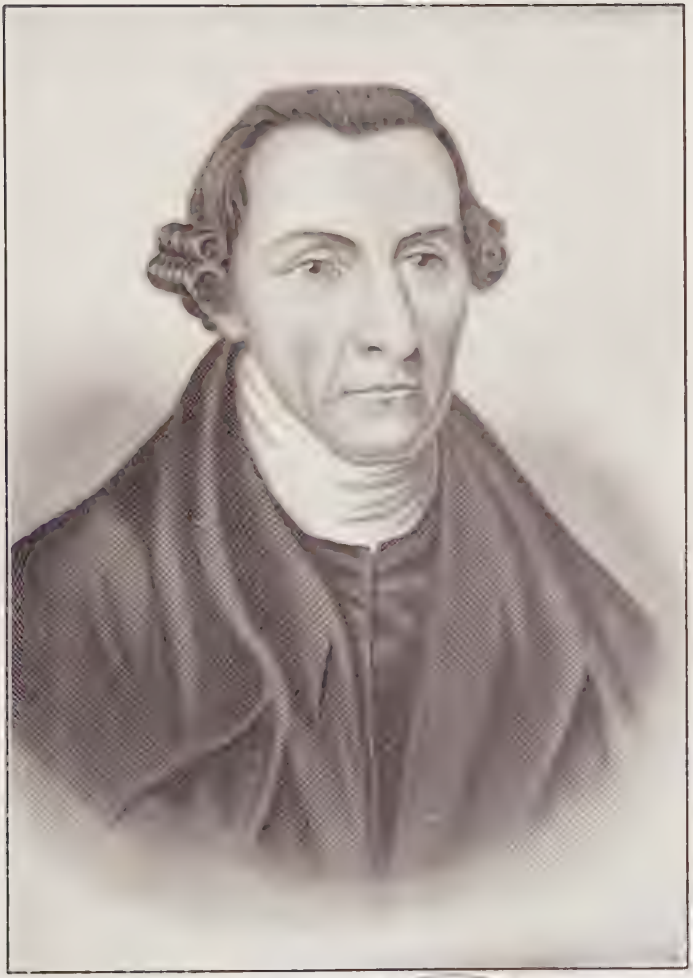
The stars shine as of old, the unchanging river
Bent on his errand of immortal law,
Works his appointed way
To the immemorial sea;
And the brave truth comes overwhelmingly home,
That she in us yet works and shines,
Lives and fulfills herself,
Unending as the river and the stars.

Dearest, live on
In such an immortality
As we thy sons,
Born of thy body and nursed
At that wild, faithful breast,
Can give — of generous thoughts,
And honorable words, and deeds
That make men half in love with faith.
Live on, O brave and true,
In us thy seed, in ours whose life is thine —
Our best and theirs? What is that best but thou —
Thou, and thy gift to us to pass
Like light along the infinite of space
To the immitigable end?

Between the river and the stars,
O royal and radiant soul,
Thou dost return, thine influences return
Upon thy children
As in life, and death
Turns stingless. What is death

But life in act? Sweetest, how should the grave
Be victor over thee,
Mother, a mother of men?

HENRY, PATRICK, an American orator and statesman; born at Studley, Hanover County, Va., May 29, 1736; died at Red Hill, Charlotte County, Va., June 6, 1799. His father was a native of Scotland, and a kinsman of Robertson, the historian. He was a man of good education, taught a grammar school in his own house in Virginia, where his son acquired a fair education in English branches, and some knowledge of Latin and mathematics. Patrick was placed at fifteen in a country store; and two years later his father set him up, in company with his brother, as a small trader. The father became pecuniarily embarrassed, and the mercantile enterprise was abandoned. At about eighteen Patrick married the daughter of a respectable farmer, who gave him a small farm. He grew weary of farming, sold his property, and converted the proceeds into merchandise. But he would shut up his little store at any time to go hunting or fishing, gave credit to any one who asked it, and soon became a bankrupt. He had now reached the age of twenty-four, and resolved to become a lawyer. After studying six weeks he applied for admission to the bar; the court granted his request, but advised him to study a little more before commencing practice. He must have made good use of this counsel, for when, three years later, an opportunity presented itself, he was found prepared at the



P. Henry

age of twenty-seven to take a foremost place in his profession.

The salary of clergymen of the Established Church had been fixed at so many pounds of tobacco, then worth twopence a pound. After some time there was an unusually short crop, and the price was greatly advanced; whereupon the colonial legislature passed an act commuting the salaries into a money payment at the old rate. This act had not received the royal sanction, and so was not strictly a law. One of the parsons brought suit to recover his salary of 16,000 pounds of tobacco. The case was regarded as a test one, and the court-room was crowded with clergymen, all anticipating triumph. For some reason Patrick Henry had been retained as counsel for the defence. When he rose to plead he halted, stammered, and seemed on the point of breaking down; but in a few minutes he broke out into a strain of argument and invective which, to judge by the report of those who heard it, has rarely been equalled. Long before he concluded the clergy had one by one slunk from the court-room, without waiting to hear the verdict. One sentence of this speech is worthy of note, as foreshadowing the war of the Revolution, which was even then impending. Speaking of the refusal of the king to sanction the act of the colonial legislature, he boldly affirmed that "A king by disallowing acts of a salutary nature, from being the father of his people, degenerates into a tyrant, and forfeits all rights to his subjects' obedience."

The cause which Henry then won, in spite of what was undoubtedly the strict letter of the existing law, was emphatically the cause of the people, with whom from that moment he became an idol, and so continued

to the end of his life. His legal practice became at once larger than that of any other lawyer in Virginia. In the spring of 1765 a vacancy occurred in the House of Burgesses, by the resignation of a member, and Henry was elected to fill his place. Tidings of the passage of the Stamp-Act by the British Parliament had just reached the colonies, and Henry introduced a series of resolutions pronouncing the Stamp-Act unconstitutional and subversive of British and American liberty. He supported these resolutions by a speech which Thomas Jefferson declared surpassed anything which he had ever heard. The resolutions were passed in spite of the opposition of all those who had been regarded as leaders in the House; and from that day Henry became the acknowledged leader in Virginia politics.

In May, 1773, Henry, in conjunction with Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, and Dabney Carr, carried through the Virginia House of Burgesses a resolution establishing Committees of Correspondence between the colonies, which gave unity to the Revolutionary struggle; and a year later he was foremost in the movement for calling a Continental Congress, to which he was a delegate, and opened the proceedings by a speech in which he declared, "I am not a Virginian, but an American." On March 25, 1775, he introduced into the Virginia Convention a resolution for putting the colony at once in a state of defence, supporting the motion by a speech — one of the few of which we have a full report. In 1776 he was elected the first Governor of the State of Virginia, and was re-elected in 1777 and 1778. The Constitution of the State provided that no person could hold that office for more than three consecutive annual terms, and that

a period of not less than four years must elapse before he could again be eligible. He was re-elected in 1784, again in 1785; but declined election for another term, and resumed the practice of law.

In 1787 he declined to become one of the delegates to the convention which framed the Federal Constitution, which superseded the Articles of Confederation. He was opposed to the Constitution then framed, and was a member of the State Convention of Virginia, by which it was ratified next year in spite of his opposition. One ground of his original mistrust of the Constitution was the power which, as he held, it gave a Congress to abolish slavery in the States. In the course of the debates in the Virginia Convention, he said: —

THE POWER GIVEN TO CONGRESS TO ABOLISH SLAVERY.

Among the ten thousand implied powers which they may assume, they may, if engaged in war, liberate every one of your slaves, if they please. And this must and will be done by men, a majority of whom have not a common interest with you. . . . Another thing will contribute to bring this event about. Slavery is detested. We feel its fatal effects; we deplore it with all the pity of humanity. Let all these considerations at some future period press with full force on the minds of Congress. Let that urbanity, which I trust will distinguish America, and the necessity of national defence — let all these things operate on their minds; they will search that paper and see if they have the power of manumission. And have they not it? Have they not power to provide for the general defence and welfare? May they not think that these call for the abolition of slavery? May they not pronounce all slaves free? and will they not be warranted by that power? This is no ambiguous implication or logical deduction. The paper speaks to the point. They have the power, in clear, unequivocal

terms, and will clearly and certainly exercise it.— *Speech in Convention, June 24, 1788.*

VIRGINIA MUST PREPARE FOR WAR.

This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings. It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that Siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes see not, and having ears hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not. It will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and

armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain an enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No; she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? We have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not deceive ourselves longer. We have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the Throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hand of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the Throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight!

I repeat it, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left to us.

They tell us that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of Hope until our enemies have bound us hand and foot? We are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, are invincible by any force which the enemy can send against us. Besides, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battle for us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Besides, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it. Let it come! It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ear the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field! Why are we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death! — *Speech in Convention, March 25, 1775.*

AGAINST THE ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The public mind, as well as my own, is extremely uneasy at the proposed change of government. Give me leave to form one of the number of those who wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the reasons of this perilous and uneasy situation, and why we are brought hither to decide on this great national question. I consider myself as the servant of the people of this commonwealth, as a sentinel over their rights, liberty, and happiness. I represent their feelings when I say that they are exceedingly uneasy, being brought from that state of full security which they enjoy, to the present delusive appearance of things. Before the meeting of the late Federal Convention at Philadelphia, a general peace and an universal tranquillity prevailed in this country, and the minds of our citizens were at perfect repose; but since that period they are exceedingly uneasy and disquieted.

When I wished for an appointment to this Convention, my mind was extremely agitated for the situation of public affairs. I consider the republic to be in extreme danger. If our situation be thus uneasy, whence has arisen this fearful jeopardy? It arises from this fatal system; it arises from a proposal to change our government — a proposal that goes to the utter annihilation of the most solemn engagements of the States — a proposal of establishing nine States into a confederacy, to the eventual exclusion of four States. It goes to the annihilation of those solemn treaties we have formed with foreign nations. Those treaties bound us as thirteen States, confederated together. Yet here is a proposal to sever that confederacy. Is it possible that we shall abandon all our treaties and national engagements? And for what? . . .

This proposal of altering our federal government is of a most alarming nature. Make the best of our new government — say it is composed by anything but inspiration — you ought to be extremely cautious, watchful, jealous of your liberty; for instead of securing your

rights, you may lose them forever. If a wrong step be now made, the republic may be lost forever. If this new government will not come up to the expectation of the people, and they should be disappointed, their liberty will be lost, and tyranny must and will arise. I repeat it again, and beg gentlemen to consider that a wrong step, made now, will plunge us into misery, and our republic will be lost.— *Speech in Convention, June 24, 1788.*

But Henry's misgivings as to the working of the Constitution were mitigated by the adoption of the first eleven Amendments, some of which had been suggested by him, and he gave his support to the administration of Washington, although not approving of all its measures. In 1795 Washington offered him the post of Secretary of State, and subsequently that of Chief Justice of the United States; in 1796 he was again elected Governor of Virginia; and in 1797 President Adams nominated him as Special Minister to France; but he declined all these positions on account of impaired health and the necessary care of a large family. In 1799 the Virginia Legislature passed resolutions affirming the right of a State to resist the execution of an obnoxious act of Congress. Washington urged Henry to offer himself for a seat in the Legislature, for the purpose of opposing a doctrine which they both regarded as fraught with the utmost danger to the Union. He did so, and was elected, but died before taking his seat.

The Life of Patrick Henry has been written by William Wirt (1817), by Alexander H. Everett, in Spark's *American Biography* (1844), and by Moses Coit Tyler, in the "American Statesmen" series (1887). Another *Life* has been published by his grandson, William Wirt Henry.

HENRYSON, Robert, a Scottish poet; born about 1425; died about 1507. After studying at the newly founded University of Glasgow, he became a notary public and schoolmaster at Dunfermline. Although chronologically his life was almost exactly a century later than that of Chaucer, there is a marked resemblance both in matter and manner between the two poets. He wrote *Robene and Makyne,* said to be the earliest English classical poem. One of Henryson's poems, *The Testament of Cressid,* is a kind of sequel to the *Troilus and Creseïde* of Chaucer, and is inserted in some editions of Chaucer's works. Henryson wrote a metrical version of several of Æsop's *Fables,* to which was prefixed an introductory poem of which Chaucer might have been proud.

A VISION OF ÆSOP.

In mids of June, that jolly sweet seasoun,
  When that fair Phœbus with his beamès bricht
Had dryit up the dew frae dale and down,
  And all the land made with his gleamès licht,
  In ane morning betwixt mid-day and nicht,
I raise, and put all sloth and sleep aside,
And to a wood I went alone, but guide.

Me to conserve then frae the sunnès heat,
  Under the shadow of ane hawthorn green
I leanit down among the flowers sweet;
  Syne cled my head and closèd baith mine een.
  On sleep I fall amang those boughès been;
And in my dream methocht come through the shaw
The fairest man that ever before I saw!

His gown was of ane claith as white as milk,
  His chimeris was of chambelote purple-brown;
His hood of scarlet bordered weel with silk,
  Unheckèd-wise, until his girdle down;
  His bonnet round and of the auld fassoun;
His beard was white, his een was great and gray,
With locker hair, whilk over his shoulders lay.

Ane roll of paper in his hand he bare,
  Ane swanès pen stickand under his ear,
Ane ink-horn, with ane pretty gilt pennair,
  Ane bag of silk, all at his belt did bear;
  Thus was he goodly graithet in his gear.
Of stature large, and with a fearfull face,
Even where I lay, he come ane sturdy pace;

And said, "God speed, my son;" and I was fain
  Of that couth word, and of his company.
With reverence I saluted him again,
  "Welcome, father;" and he sat down me by.
  "Displease you nocht, my good maister, though I
Demand your birth, your faculty, and name,
Why ye come here, or where ye dwell at hame?"

"My son," said he, "I am of gentle blood,
  My native land is Rome withouten nay;
And in that town first to the schools I gaed;
  In civil law studied full many a day,
  And now my wonning is in heaven for aye.
Æsop I hecht; my writing and my wark
Is couth and kend to mony a cunning clerk."

HENTY, George Alfred, an English novelist and writer of stories for boys; born at Trumpington, December 8, 1832; died at Weymouth, November 16, 1902. He was educated at Westminster

G. A. HENTY.

and Cambridge, served in the war of the Crimea; and as a special correspondent of the London *Standard,* accompanied Garibaldi in the Tyrol, and participated in the campaigns of the Austro-Italian, Franco-German, Turco-Servian, Abyssinian and Ashanti wars.

His works include a dozen novels and upwards of fifty stories for boys. His more important publications are: *The March to Magdala* (1868); *All But Lost* (1869); *Out on the Pampas* (1870); *The Young Franc-Tireurs* (1871); *The March to Coomassie* (1874); *The Young Colonist* (1884); *Condemned as a Nihilist* (1892); *Wulf the Saxon* (1894); *In the Heart of the Rockies* (1894); *A Woman of the Commune* (1895); *True to the Old Flag* (1895); *The Queen's Cup* (1897); *Colonel Thorndyke's Secret* (1898); *In the Irish Brigade* (1900); *Out With Garibaldi* (1900); *Through Three Campaigns* (1901); and *With the Allies to Pekin* (1902).

Henty's stories for boys are largely historical. His *True to the Old Flag* is a tale of the American Revolution, and in this work he describes the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

Being unable to obtain any supplies at Wilmington, Lord Cornwallis determined to march on into Virginia and to effect a junction with the British force under General Arnold operating there. Arnold advanced to Petersburg and Cornwallis effected a junction with him on May 20. The Marquis de la Fayette, who commanded the colonial forces here, fell back. Just at this time the Count de Grasse, with a large French fleet, arrived off the coast, and after some consultation with General Washington determined that the French fleet and the whole American army should operate together to crush the forces under Lord Cornwallis.

The English were hoodwinked by reports that the French fleet was intended to operate against New York, and it was not until they learned that the Count de Grasse had arrived with twenty-eight ships of the line at the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay that the true object of the expedition was seen. A portion of the English fleet encountered them, but after irregular actions, lasting over five days, the English drew off and retired to New York. The commander-in-chief then attempted to effect a diversion, in order to draw off some of the enemy who were surrounding Cornwallis. The fort of New London was stormed after some desperate fighting, and great quantities of ammunition and stores and fifty pieces of cannon taken. General Washington did not allow his attention to be distracted. Matters were in a most critical condition, for although to the English the prospect of ultimate success appeared slight indeed, the Americans were in a desperate condition. Their immense and long-continued efforts had been unattended with any material success. It was true that the British troops held no more ground now than they did at the end of the first year of the war, but no efforts of the colonists had succeeded in wresting that ground from them. The people were exhausted and utterly disheartened. Business of all sorts was at a standstill. Money had ceased to circulate, and the credit of Congress stood so low that its bonds had ceased to have any value whatever. The soldiers were unpaid, ill fed, and mutinous. If on the English side it seemed that the task of conquering was beyond them, the Americans were ready to abandon the defense from sheer exhaustion. It was then of paramount necessity to General Washington that a great and striking success should be obtained to animate the spirits of the people.

Cornwallis, seeing the formidable combination which the French and Americans were making to crush him, sent message after message to New York to ask for aid from the commander-in-chief, and received assurances from him that he would at once sail with four thousand troops to join him. Accordingly, in obedience to his orders, Lord Cornwallis fortified himself at Yorktown.

On September 28 the combined army of French and Americans, consisting of seven thousand of the former and twelve thousand of the latter, appeared before Yorktown and the post at Gloucester. Lord Cornwallis had five thousand nine hundred and sixty men, but so great had been the effects of the deadly climate in the autumn months that only four thousand and seventeen men were reported as fit for duty.

The enemy at once invested the town and opened their trenches against it. From their fleet they had drawn an abundance of heavy artillery, and on October 9 their batteries opened a tremendous fire upon the works. Each day they pushed their trenches closer, and the British force was too weak, in comparison with the number of its assailants, to venture upon sorties. The fire from the works was completely overpowered by that of the enemy, and the ammunition was nearly exhausted. Day after day passed and still the promised reënforcements did not arrive. Lord Cornwallis was told positively that the fleet would set sail on October 8, but it came not, nor did it leave the port until the 19th, the day on which Lord Cornwallis surrendered.

On the 16th, finding that he must either surrender or break through, he determined to cross the river and fall on the French rear with his whole force and then turn northward and force his way through Maryland, Pennsylvania, and the Jerseys. In the night the light infantry, the greater part of the guards, and part of the Twenty-third were embarked in boats and crossed to the Gloucester side of the river before midnight. At this critical moment a violent storm arose which prevented the boats returning. The enemy's fire reopened at daybreak, and the engineer and principal officers of the army gave it as their opinion that it was impossible to resist longer. Only one eight-inch shell and a hundred small ones remained. The defenses had in many places tumbled to ruins, and no effectual resistance could be opposed to an assault.

Accordingly Lord Cornwallis sent out a flag of truce and arranged terms of surrender. On the 24th the fleet and reënforcements arrived off the mouth of the

Chesapeake. Had they left New York at the time promised the result of the campaign would have been different.

The army surrendered as prisoners of war until exchanged, the officers with liberty to proceed on parole to Europe and not to serve until exchanged. The loyal Americans were embarked on the *Bonito* sloop-of-war and sent to New York in safety, Lord Cornwallis having obtained permission to send off the ship without her being searched, with as many soldiers on board as he should think fit, so that they were accounted for in any further exchange. He was thus enabled to send off such of the inhabitants and loyalist troops as would have suffered from the vengeance of the Americans.

The surrender of Lord Cornwallis' army virtually ended the war. The burden entailed on the people in England by the great struggle against France, Spain, Holland, and America, united in arms against her, was enormous. So long as there appeared any chance of recovering the colony the English people made the sacrifices required of them, but the conviction that it was impossible for them to wage a war with half of Europe and at the same time to conquer a continent had been gaining more and more in strength. Even the most sanguine were silenced by the surrender of Yorktown, and a cry arose throughout the country that peace should at once be made.

As usual under the circumstances, a change of ministry took place. Negotiations for peace were at once commenced, and the war terminated in the acknowledgment of the entire independence of the United States of America.

HEPWORTH, GEORGE HUGHES, an American clergyman, journalist and author; born at Boston, Mass., February 4, 1833; died June 7, 1902. He studied theology at Harvard, was for two years pastor of the Unitarian church at Nantucket, and in 1858 was called to the Church of the Unity, Boston. During the years 1862–63 he served as chaplain in the army. In 1870 he became pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York, but having modified his religious views, resigned that charge in 1872, and organized the Church of the Disciples, of which he was pastor for the following six years. Afterward he was engaged on the editorial staff of the New York *Herald.* He wrote *Whip, Hoe, and Sword,* a sketch of his experiences as chaplain in the Army of the Southwest (1864), *Little Gentleman in Green, a Fairy Tale* (1865), *Rocks and Shoals,* a collection of short lectures to young men (1870), *Starboard and Port* (1876), *Hiram Goff's Religion; or, The Shoemaker by the Grace of God* (1893), *Herald Sermons* (1894); *They Met in Heaven* (1894), *Brown Studies* (1895); and *Through Armenia on Horseback* (1899).

What became familiarly known as the "Herald Sermons" were the result of a suggestion made to Dr. Hepworth by James Gorden Bennett, who was of the opinion that for those who never see a religious paper, and never go into a "steeple-house," a short weekly sermon, printed in the Sunday paper, would be a good thing.

GOOD AND BAD FORTUNE.

What is called good fortune is the most dangerous thing that can come to a man. Many a one is born into

a new life by being thrown from the pinnacle of wealth to the depths of poverty. God as truly teaches you when He makes you look at life through your fears, as when He fills your hands with plenty, and wreathes your lips with smiles. Many and many a man, after twenty years of toil, stands on his half-million, and looks proudly at the position he has made for himself. He has given his brain, his muscle, his time, and his character to the acquisition of a fortune; at last he has won it. But perchance — how often is this the case! — he has forgotten to lay up treasures in Heaven. . . . In one fell, dreadful moment — it may be a panic in the market, a fall in stocks, no matter what — the whole is swept away, and he stands impoverished and alone. He is poor again, but not with the world before him as in his youth. The world is all behind him, and he has nothing before him but the certainty of old age and death. To the casual observer a great calamity has befallen him. Fortune has been not only fickle, but even cruel; and at first he is inclined to believe that God has either been very unkind, or else has neglected him altogether. He sits pondering the problem: he sees what his life has been, and what it might have been. He sees how, like a hound on the track of a hare, he has pursued money, and forgotten the better things which money cannot buy: so little by little he creeps up closer and closer and closer to God, until he finds that he has paid just half a million dollars for a strong religious faith, and feels that he has bought it very cheaply indeed.— *Rocks and Shoals.*

HERACLITUS, a Greek metaphysician and philosopher; born at Ephesus, about 535 B.C.; died there about 475 B.C. Though but little is definitely known of this eminent personage, enough has been gleaned from his works to warrant the assumption that he was one of the most subtle and pro-

found of the logicians of Ancient Greece. It is only in recent years that his true position has been assigned to him in the history of philosophy. Not only his immediate disciples, but his critics as well, including Plato, have systematically laid stress upon those features of his doctrines which are least indicative of his real point of view. Heraclitus must be understood as claiming not only the unreality of the abstract notion of being, except as the correlative of not being, but also the physical doctrine that all phenomena are in a continual state of transition from non-existence to existence and *vice versa,* without distinguishing these propositions or qualifying them by any reference to the relation of thought to experience. "Everything is and is not; all things are and nothing remains."

A valuable translation by G. T. W. Patrick, Professor of Philosophy in the State University of Iowa, of the existing fragments (130 in all) of Heraclitus *On Nature,* with accompanying historical and critical introduction and notes, was accepted as a thesis for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Johns Hopkins University in 1888. In this work, from which the following extracts are taken, Professor Patrick, speaking of the need of a translation that shall enable the English reader to judge for himself what manner of man the Ephesian was of whom so many have written so variously, says: "In the hands of these critics, with their various theories to support, the remains of Heraclitus's work have suffered a violence of interpretation only partially excused by his known obscurity. . . . The increasing interest in early Greek philosophy, and particularly in Heraclitus, who is the one Greek thinker most in accord with the

thought of our century, makes such a translation justifiable, and the excellent and timely edition of the Greek text by Mr. Bywater makes it practicable."

FRAGMENTS.

I.— It is wise for those who hear, not me, but the universal Reason, to confess that all things are one.

III. — Those who hear and do not understand are like the deaf. Of them the proverb says: "Present, they are absent."

IV.— Eyes and ears are bad witnesses to men having rude souls.

VII.— If you do not hope, you will not win that which is not hoped for, since it is unattainable and inaccessible.

VIII.— Gold-seekers dig over much earth and find little gold.

XI.— The God whose oracle is at Delphi neither speaks plainly nor conceals, but indicates by signs.

XII. — But the Sibyl, with raging mouth uttering things solemn, rude and unadorned, reaches with her voice over a thousand years, because of the God.

XVI.— Much learning does not teach one to have understanding, else it would have taught Hesiod and Pythagoras, and again Xenophanes and Hecatæus.

XX.— This world the same for all, neither any of the gods nor any man has made, but it always was and is, and shall be, an ever-living fire, kindled in due measure, and in due measure extinguished.

XXII.— All things are exchanged for fire and fire for all things, just as wares for gold and gold for wares.

XXVI.— Fire coming upon all things will sift and seize them.

XXXVI.— God is day and night, winter and summer, war and peace, plenty and want. But He is changed just as when incense is mingled with incense, but named according to the pleasure of each.

XLI.— Into the same river you could not step twice, for other and still other waters are flowing.

XLV.— They do not understand how that which separates unites with itself. It is a harmony of oppositions, as in the case of the bow and of the lyre.

XLVI.— The unlike is joined together, and from differences results the most beautiful harmony, and all things takes place by strife.

LXXI.— The limits of the soul you would not find out, though you should traverse every way.

LXXIII.— A man when he is drunken is led by a beardless youth, stumbling, ignorant where he is going, having a wet soul.

XCII.— Although the Law of Reason is common, the majority of people live as though they had an understanding of their own.

XCVII.— The thoughtless man understands the voice of the Deity as little as the child understands the man.

XCVIII.— The wisest of men compared with God appears an ape in wisdom and in beauty and in all other things.

CV.— It is hard to contend against passion, for whatever it craves it buys with its life.

CXXII.— There awaits men after death what they neither hope nor think.— *Patrick's Translation from the Text of Bywater.*

HERAUD, JOHN ABRAHAM, an English poet and dramatist; born at St. Andrews, Holborn, July 5, 1799; died at London, April 20, 1887. He was privately educated, and was originally intended for active business; but in 1818 he began writing for the magazines. In 1820 he published his local poem, *Tottenham,* and in 1821 his *Legend of St. Loy;* wrote articles for the *Quarterly,* and other reviews, and for three years assisted in the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine.* His poem of *The Descent into*

Hell appeared in 1830, and *The Judgment of the Flood* in 1834, and both were republished many years afterward, enlarged and rearranged. He also wrote *Videna,* a tragedy acted in 1854; *Wife or no Wife; Agnolo Dioro,* and a version of M. Legouvé's *Medea; The Roman Brother,* and *Salvator, or the Poor Man of Naples,* two tragedies; *The Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola,* and some orations and lectures on Coleridge, and on poetry. He was for three years editor of the *Monthly Magazine,* and subsequently of the *Christian's Monthly Magazine.* In 1865 he published *Shakespeare: His Inner Life, as Intimated in His Works.* In 1870 he re-appeared as a poet, in a volume entitled *The Ingathering,* which was followed in 1871 by another war-epic, on the conflict between France and Prussia, under the title of *The War of Ideas.* His last works include *Uxmal: an antique Love Story;* and *Macée de Lesdepart: an Historical Romance* (1878).

THE FUTURE HOME.

Prepare thee, soul, to quit this spot,
  Where life is sorrow, doubt, and pain:
There is a land where these are not,
  A land where peace and plenty reign.

And, after all, is Earth thy home? —
  Thy place of exile, rather, where
Thou wert conveyed, ere thought could come
  To make thy young remembrance clear.

Oh! there in thee are traces still,
  Which of that other country tell —
That Angel-land where came no ill,
  Where thou art destined yet to dwell.

Yon azure depth thou yet shalt sail,
And, lark-like, sing at Heaven's gate;
The bark that shall through air prevail,
Even now thy pleasure doth await.

The Ship of Souls will thrid the space
'Twixt Earth and Heaven with sudden flight:
Dread not the darkness to embrace,
That leads thee to the Land of Light.

HERBERT, EDWARD, BARON, an English soldier, diplomat, philosopher and historian; born at Montgomery, Wales, in 1581; died at London, August 20, 1648. Up to the age of fifty he was actively engaged in public affairs. In 1631 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Herbert of Cherbury, after which he devoted himself mainly to philosophical and historical pursuits. His most important philosophical work, the *Tractatus de Veritate,* was written as early as 1624; this was reprinted in 1645, with the two additional chapters: *De Caucis Errorum* and *De Religione Laici.* He subsequently wrote a book in Latin which was translated into English, and printed under the title of *The Ancient Religion of the Gentiles.* His principal historical work is the *History of the Life and Reign of King Henry VIII.* He also wrote an *Autobiography,* which was first printed by Horace Walpole in 1764, and has been several times reprinted, last in 1826. In his *Autobiography* he thus refers to his book *De Veritate:*

A DIVINE TOKEN.

Being doubtful in my chamber one fine day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book, *De Veritate,* in my hands, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words: "O Thou eternal God, author of this light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech Thee, of Thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book; if it be for Thy glory, I beseech Thee give me some sign from Heaven; if not, I shall suppress it." I had no sooner spoke these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise came forth from the heavens, for it was like nothing on earth, which did so cheer and comfort me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded; whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true; neither am I in any way superstitiously deceived herein: since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky I ever saw, being without all cloud, did, to my thinking, see the place from whence it came.

SIR THOMAS MORE AND THE GREAT SEAL.

Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, after divers suits to be discharged of his place — which he had held two years and a half — did at length by the king's good leave resign it. The example whereof being rare, will give me occasion to speak more particularly of him. Sir Thomas More, a person of sharp wit, and endued besides with excellent parts of learning (as his works may testify), was yet (out of I know not what natural facetiousness) given so much to jesting, that it detracted no little from the gravity and importance of his place, which though generally noted and disliked, I do not think was enough to make him give it over in

that merriment we shall find anon, or retire to a private life. Neither can I believe him so much addicted to his private opinions as to detest all other governments but his own Utopia, so that it is probable some vehement desire to follow his book, or secret offence taken against some person or matter — among which perchance the king's new intended marriage, or the like, might be accounted — occasioned this strange counsel; though, yet, I find no reason pretended for it but infirmity and want of health.

Our king hereupon taking the seal, and giving it, together with the order of knighthood, to Thomas Audley, Speaker of the Lower House, Sir Thomas More, without acquainting anybody with what he had done, repairs to his family at Chelsea, where, after a mass celebrated the next day in the church, he comes to his lady's pew, with his hat in his hand — an office formerly done by one of his gentlemen — and says: "Madam, my lord is gone." But she thinking this at first to be but one of his jests, was little moved, till he told her sadly he had given up the great seal; whereupon she speaking some passionate words, he called his daughters then present to see if they could not spy some fault about their mother's dressing; but they after search saying they could find none, he replied: "Do you not perceive that your mother's nose standeth somewhat awry?" — of which jeer the provoked lady was so sensible, that she went from him in a rage. Shortly after, he acquainted his servants with what he had done, dismissing them also to the attendance of some other great personages to whom he had recommended them. For his fool, he bestowed him on the lord-mayor during his office, and afterwards on his successors in that charge. And now coming to himself, he began to consider how much he had left, and finding that it was not above one hundred pounds yearly in lands, besides some money, he advised with his daughters how to live together. But the grieved gentlewomen — who knew not what to reply, or indeed how to take these jests — remaining astonished, he says: "We will begin with the slender diet of the students of the law, and if that will not hold out, we will

take such commons as they have at Oxford; which yet if our purse will not stretch to maintain, for our last refuge we will go a-begging, and at every man's door sing together a *Salve Regina* to get alms." But these jests were thought to have in them more levity than to be taken everywhere for current; he might have quitted his dignity without using such sarcasms, and betaken himself to a more retired and quiet life without making them or himself contemptible. And certainly, whatsoever he intended thereby, his family so little understood his meaning, that they needed some more serious instructions.—*History of Henry VIII.*

HERBERT, George, an English clergyman and poet; born at Montgomery, Wales, April 3, 1593; died at Bemerton, near Salisbury, in February, 1632. He was of a noble family, a brother of Baron Herbert, previously mentioned. He was educated at Westminster and afterward at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was elected Fellow in 1615, and Public Orator in 1619, his duties being to prepare the official Latin letters and addresses of the College. He gained the favorable notice of King James I., who presented him with a sinecure office worth £120 a year. Upon his ordination in 1626 he was made Prebendary of Leighton Ecclesia. In 1630 Charles I. presented him with the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury, which he held until his death two years afterward. Izaak Walton, his biographer, tells the quaint story of his marriage. A pious and wealthy gentleman conceived such an affection for Herbert that he was desirous that he should marry one of his nine daughters; he also expressed the same wish to

his favorite daughter; but he died before the young people had even seen each other. A meeting was brought about by a mutual friend. They fell in love at first sight, and were married on the third day after their first interview. Herbert was known as "the holy George Herbert."

Among Herbert's works (none of which were published during his lifetime), are *The Priest to the Temple,* in prose, in which he depicts, for his own guidance, his ideal of what the character of a Country Parson should be; *Outlandish Proverbs, Sentences,* etc., collected and translated from a variety of sources; *The Church Militant,* in verse; and *The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations.* This last, by far the most important of Herbert's works, met with universal favor, not less than twenty thousand copies having been sold within a few years of its publication; and it still holds its place in public estimation. Prefixed to *The Temple,* by way of introduction, is a poem of seventy-eight stanzas entitled *The Church Porch,* giving directions, often quaintly couched, for the practical conduct of life.

STANZAS FROM THE "CHURCH PORCH."

1.

Lord, my first fruits present themselves to Thee;
  Yet not mine neither; for from Thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
  And make us strive who best shall sing Thy Name,
Turn their eyes hither who shall make a gain:
Theirs who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.

2.

Thou, whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
  Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure

Harken unto a verser, who may chance
  Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:
A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

6.

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame
  When once it is within thee; but before
Mayst rule it as thou list, and pour the shame,
  Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground
Which would throw me there, if I kept thee round.

10.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
  It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust and Wine plead a pleasure; Avarice, gain;
  But the cheap Swearer through his open sluice
Lets his soul run for naught, as little fearing:
Were I an epicure, I could bate swearing.

13.

The cheapest sins most deadly punished are,
  Because to shun them also is so cheap;
For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
  Oh, crumble not away thy soul's fair heap
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad;
Pride and full sins have made the way a road.

22.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly;
  Think the king sees thee still; for his King does.
Simpering is but a lay hypocrisy
  Give it a corner, and the clew undoes.
Who fears to do ill sets himself to task;
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

26.

By all means use thyself sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare look into thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

31.

By no means run in debt: take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twenty pounds a year,
Cannot on forty: he's a man of pleasure —
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,
And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.

40.

Laugh not too much: the witty man laughs least
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Less at thine own things laugh, lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport abusive; for the fly
That feeds on dung, is colored thereby.

42.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer:
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

45.

When baseness is exalted, do not bate
The place its honor for the person's sake.
The shrine is that which thou dost venerate,
And not the beast that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth-of-state should be
Not of rich arras but mean tapestry.

50.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please,
  All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty;
Usefulness comes by labor, wit by ease;
  Courtesy grows in Court, news in the City.
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card.
That suits him best of whom thy speech is heard.

55.

Mark what another says; for many are
  Full of themselves, and answer their own notion;
Take all into thee; then with equal care
  Balance each dram of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friends, be with them both;
Share in the conquest, and confess a troth.

60.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
  (Love is a present from a mighty king)
Much less make any one thine enemy.
  As guns destroy, so many a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool that he may chance to use

64.

In alms regard thy means, and others' merit.
  Think heaven a better bargain than to give
Only thy single market-money for it.
  Join hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

65.

Man is God's image; but a poor man is
  Christ's stamp to boot; both images regard
God reckons for him, counts the favor His:
  Write, "So much given to God;" thou shalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep Heaven's gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

68.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
  Yet public hath more promises, more love;
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
  We all are but cold suitors; let us move
Where is the warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most; for where most pray is Heaven.

69.

When once thy foot enters the church be bare.
  God is more there than thou; for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
  And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings; quit thy state:
All equal are within the church's gate.

71.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
  And send them to thy heart; that, spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise;
  Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

72.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part;
  Bring not thy plough, thy pots, thy pleasures, thither
Christ purged His temple; so must thou thy heart.
  All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well;
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

73.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge;
  If thou mistake him, thou conceivest him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
  To pick out treasures from an earthen pot:
The worst speak something good: if all want sense
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

77.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it; if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

78.

In brief, acquit thee bravely: play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come but go.
Defer not the least virtue: life's poor span
Make not an ill by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

The Temple consists of about one hundred and sixty poems, most of them short, but a few extending to several hundred lines. Some of them are marked by those quaint conceits characteristic of the time in which Herbert lived. Thus the first poem *The Altar* is so arranged that the lines form a kind of altar.

THE ALTAR.

A broken altar, Lord, Thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears;
Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame;
No workman's tool hath touched the same
A HEART alone
Is such a stone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame
That if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise Thee may not cease.
O let Thy BLESSED SACRIFICE be mine,
And sanctify this ALTAR to be Thine.

PARADISE.

I bless Thee, Lord because I *Grow*
Among Thy trees, which in a *row*
To Thee both fruit and order *ow.*

What open force or hidden *Charm*
Can blast my fruit, or bring me *harm,*
While the enclosure is Thine *arm?*

Inclose me still for fear I *Start,*
Be to me rather sharp and *tart,*
Then let me want thy head and *art.*

When Thou dost greater judgments *Spare*
And with thy knife but prune and *pare,*
E'en fruitful trees more fruitful *are.*

Such sharpness shows the sweetest *Friend:*
Such cutting rather heal than *mend:*
And such beginnings touch their *end.*

ON MAN.

My God, I hear this day
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately, hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is everything,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is or should be more:
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

My body is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest brother;
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,
But Man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star
He is in little all the sphere;
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow;
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fount Rains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure:
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain which the sun withdraws;
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are things neat!

More servants wait on Man
Than he'll take notice of: in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan,
Oh, mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built, Oh dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last!
Till then, afford us so much wit,
That as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
And both Thy servants be.

THE VIRTUOUS SOUL.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie!
My music shows ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives.
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

TO ALL ANGELS AND SAINTS.

O glorious Spirits, who, after all your bands,
See the smooth face of God, without a frown
Or strict commands;
Where every one is king, and hath his crown
If not upon his head, yet in his hands!

Not out of envy or maliciousness
Do I forbear to crave your special aid.
I would address
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid
And Mother of my God, in my distress.

Thou art the holy mine whence came the Gold,
  The great restorative for all decay
    In young and old.
  Thou art the cabinet where the Jewels lay
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now, alas! I dare not; for our King,
  Whom we do all jointly adore and praise,
    Bids no such thing:
  And where His pleasure no injunction lays
('Tis your own case), ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
  Of His rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
    At the last hour:
  Therefore we dare not from his garland steal
To make a posy for inferior power.

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